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MICHAEL WOLFF on the Year of the Angry White Television Commentator

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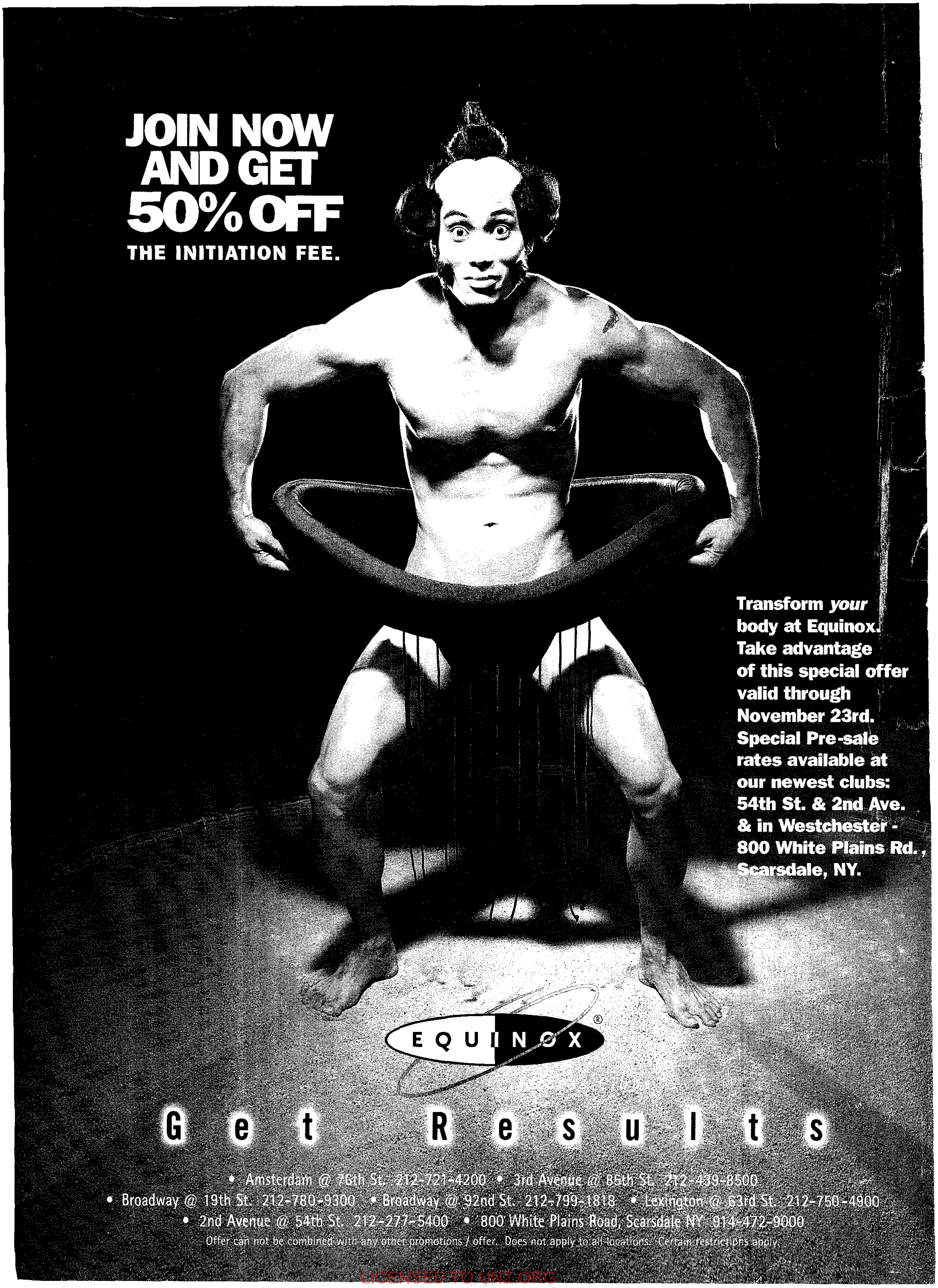

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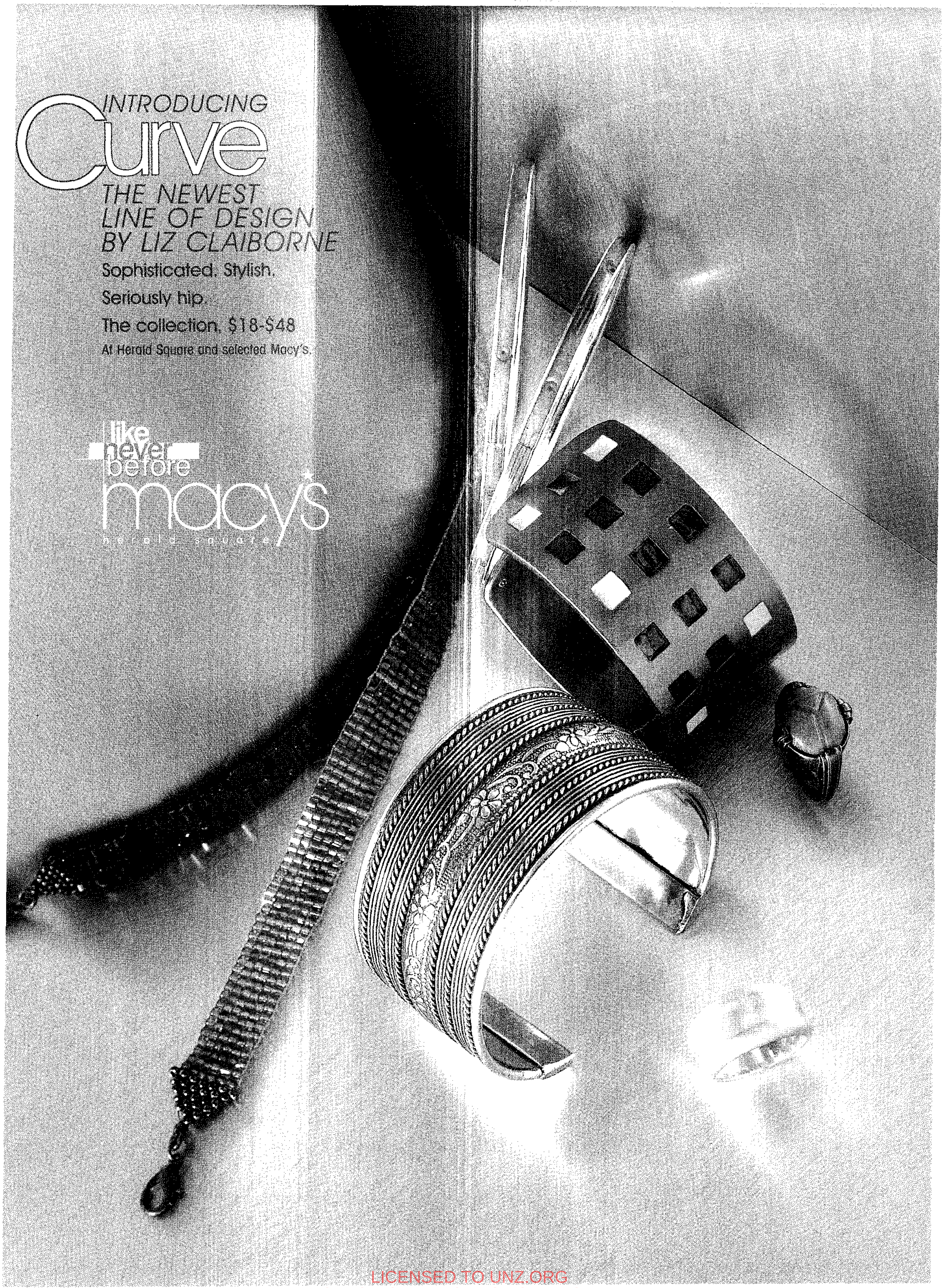

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"I don't think hour after hour of details about Lewinsky are very newsworthy."

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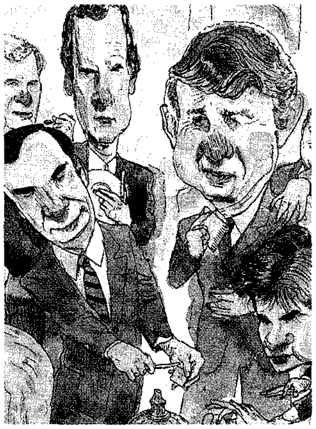
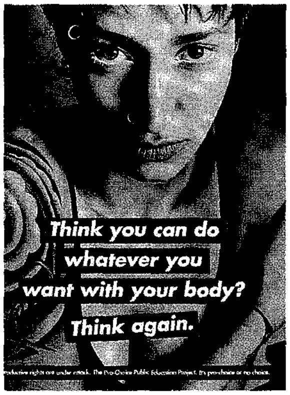


26 Stop the Press!

Since the Lewinsky story broke, many in the media have tried mightily (if unsuccessfully) to tell the public what to think. Now, an exclusive poll shows, the public has made up its mind: The media are as out of touch as GOP scandal-mongers. Michael Tomasky on the press's dismal approval ratings. Michael Wolff on why opinion-makers don't make opinion like they used to.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want with your body?
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36 Uncivil Rights

By Nina Burleigh

With violence against abortion providers on the rise and the Republican right relentlessly battering Roe v. Wade in Congress, the pro-choice movement is mounting a get-tough counterattack. The kickoff: a provocative ad campaign for New York City buses and subways that's already headed for a showdown with city fathers.

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Graphic designer Tibor Kalman's stylish stunts earned him a reputation for contrarian brilliance. A long illness hasn't diminished his cranky verve, or his collaboration with wife Maira—artist, muse, and the M in M&Co.

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Jean Doumanian has produced Woody Allen's movies since 1993, including his new *Celebrity*. Can she be more than the Woodman's best pal?

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The fashion flock went home happy last week, lapping up the sporty, sophisticated designs from classic designers and cutting-edge tyros alike. Suddenly, 14th Street didn't look like the Great Divide.

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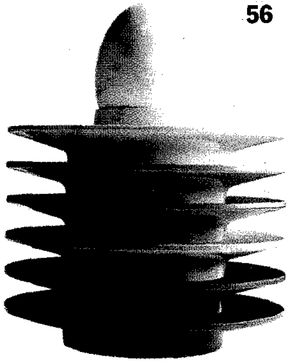

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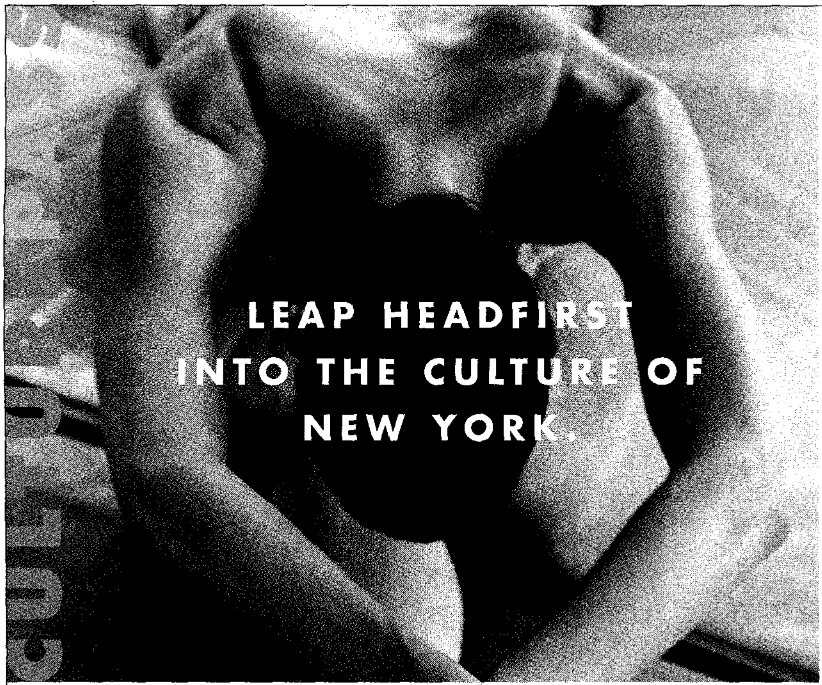

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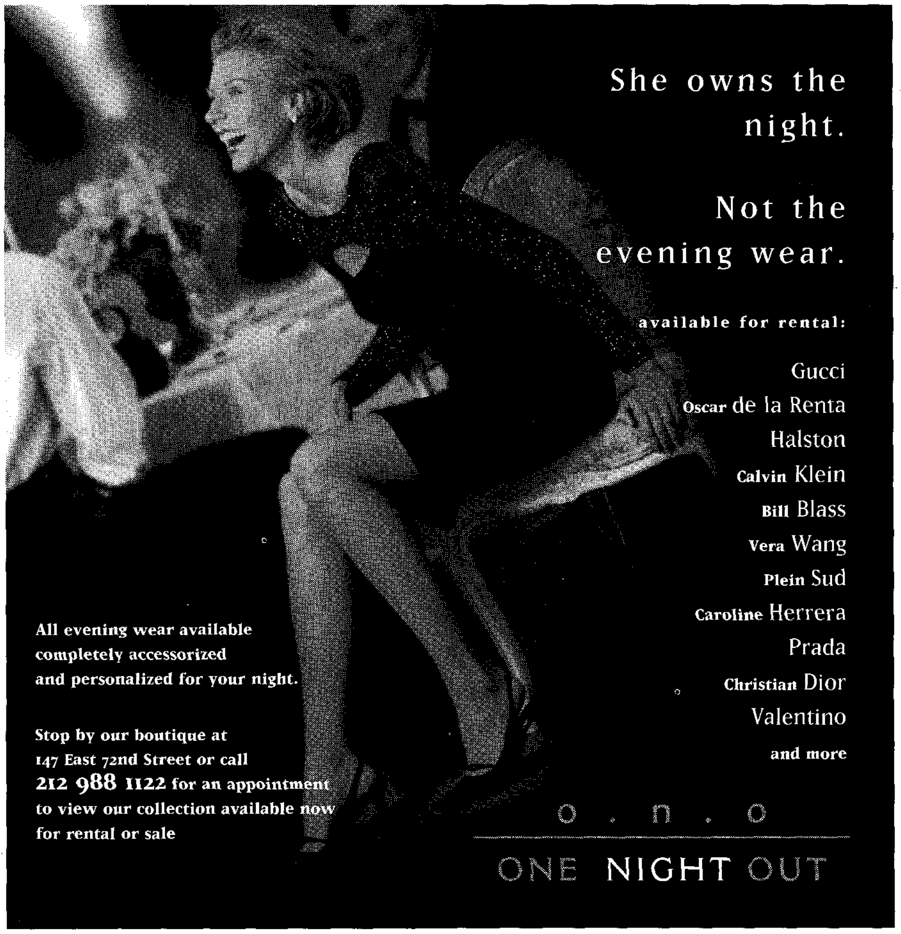
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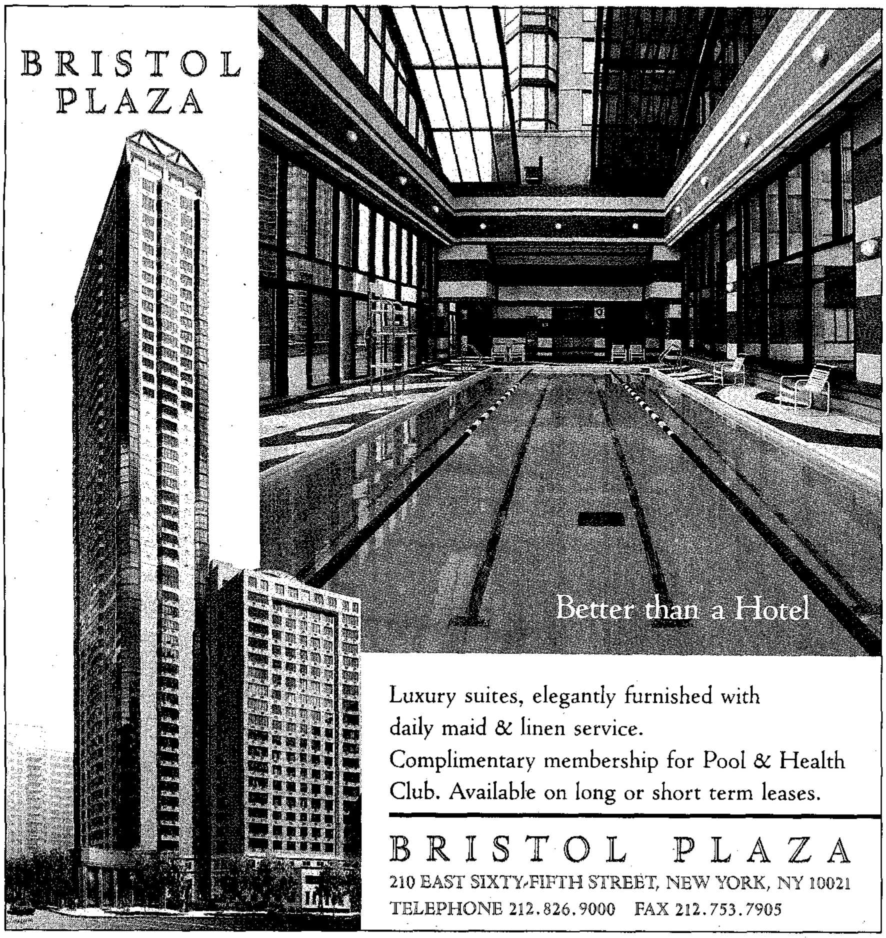

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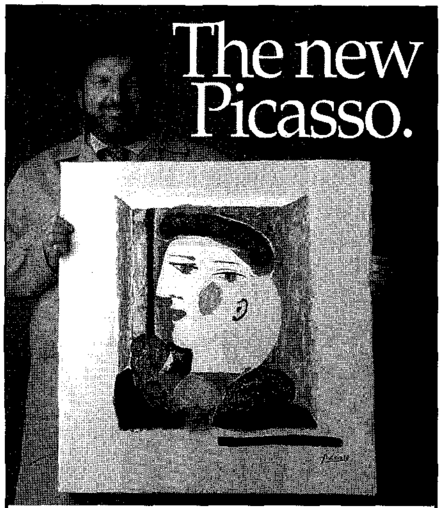
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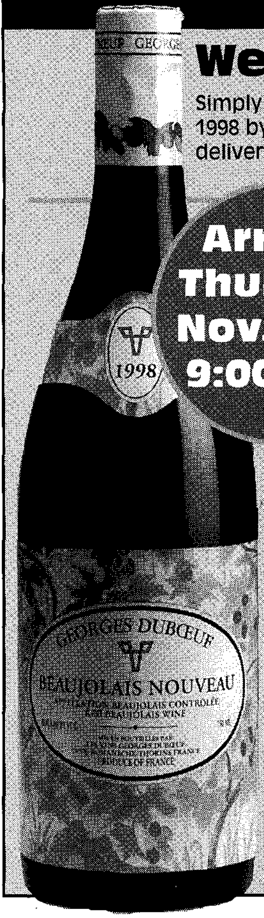

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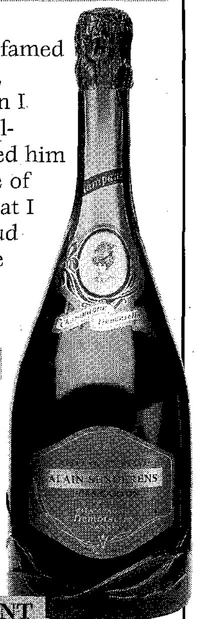

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Tough Guys

Wrestling should provide better role models for prepubescent fans—and their fathers; Simon's 'Swan' song doesn't suit, nor does Davis's dis of Domingo.

NANCY JO SALES'S ARTICLE "BEYOND Fake" [October 26], on Vince McMahon and his pro-wrestling empire, reconfirmed for me a sad truth about the society we live in. Violence, abusive behavior, and sex sell. Not only do they sell, but they are sought after fervently by a ravenously sadistic public that has nothing better to do with its time. I cannot fathom that wrestling would actually be the No. 1–rated program on cable, or that 10 million people would actually watch this obscenity.

Let's look at what Vince's $500 million–a–year company is reinforcing in terms of gender roles in our society: To be a real man, first you have to be pumped up and huge, and be able to maim, cripple, even kill another human being. Second, you have to be fiercely competitive and aggressive, and become "No. 1" or you are worthless. Third, you can succeed only by being violent, verbally abusive, and disrespectful. What about promoting the kind of man we women really admire? One who is caring, gentle, emotionally available—and who maybe reads books instead of watching wrestling.

Lisa Permut
BROOKLYN

IT'S A PITY SALES'S ARTICLE ENDED WHEN it did, as she missed the end of the saga. After Vince McMahon "fired" Stone Cold Steve Austin, Vince's son Shane, who had worked himself up from ringside commentator to "officer" and "stockholder" of the WWF, publicly broke with his father and bitterly denounced "Mr. McMahon" while standing in the ring.

Norton N. Black
TUCSON, ARIZ.

Footloose

IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT JOHN SIMON DREW upon his own sexual frustrations, acerbic sense of humor, and consistent intolerance for modern times in reviewing *Matthew Bourne's Swan Lake* ["Theater: Birdbrained," October 19]. Yes, perhaps Bourne's interpretation of the classical ballet is not of the caliber or vision of Ivanov and Petipa. However, Simon exaggerated the references to homosexuality in this piece and peppered his review with such terms as "all-male," "seedy," "bathhouse," "homosexual melodrama," and "swan queen"—better suited to a petition by Senator Jesse Helms than to a theater review. This interpretation of the dance is refreshing, creative, and reflective of the times in which we live. For people married to classical ballet, it may not be appealing; however, those who are willing to open their minds to another interpretation may find this exciting and beautiful to watch.

P. K. Greenfield
MANHATTAN

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DID THE OTHERWISE BRILLIANTLY SARDONic John Simon snooze during *Corpus Christi* ["Theater: The Boys in the Sand," October 26]? Is that why we didn't have the usual insight into the malignant soul of Terrence McNally? As the only arrested protester, I had been waiting, following the excessive zeal of my arresting officers, for at least a chuckle, but none came. John, are you losing it to political correctness?

Maia Wojciechowska Rodman
OAKLAND, N.J.

INDEED, "IT WOULD BE CHURLISH TO suggest," as the deck accompanying Peter G. Davis's "One Tenor" ["Classical Music," October 19] does, that Plácido Domingo is "doing middling work these days." Davis's piece is not really unfavorable to the great tenor—why would it be, for heaven's sake?—but the only rational response can be that if this is middling work, let's have more of it. His admirers *have* just about elevated him to sainthood. In fact, we have difficulty understanding why some critics must always scrutinize his performances for signs of weakness. He is as close to being a superhero as a very great artist could ever be. Nevertheless, in spite of Plácido Domingo's near-divine status, he is very human. That is part of his enchantment—miracles confound attempts at explanation.

Carol N. Rackmales
TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

Intelligent Life

I AM IN TOTAL AGREEMENT WITH MICHAEL Tomasky's column "Political Science Fiction" ["The City Politic," October 5]. When the history of this age is written, historians will note how the political and media elites united for their own selfish and self-serving purposes in their effort to destroy President Clinton. Furthermore, as a 52-year-old spinster, I find the hypocrisy and sanctimonious talk of people like George Will, Tim Russert, George Stephanopoulos, Cokie Roberts, Sam Donaldson, Jeff Greenfield, Don Imus, William Bennett, Chris Matthews, Howell Raines, and Michael Kelly is enough to make me throw up.

Reba Shimansky
BROOKLYN

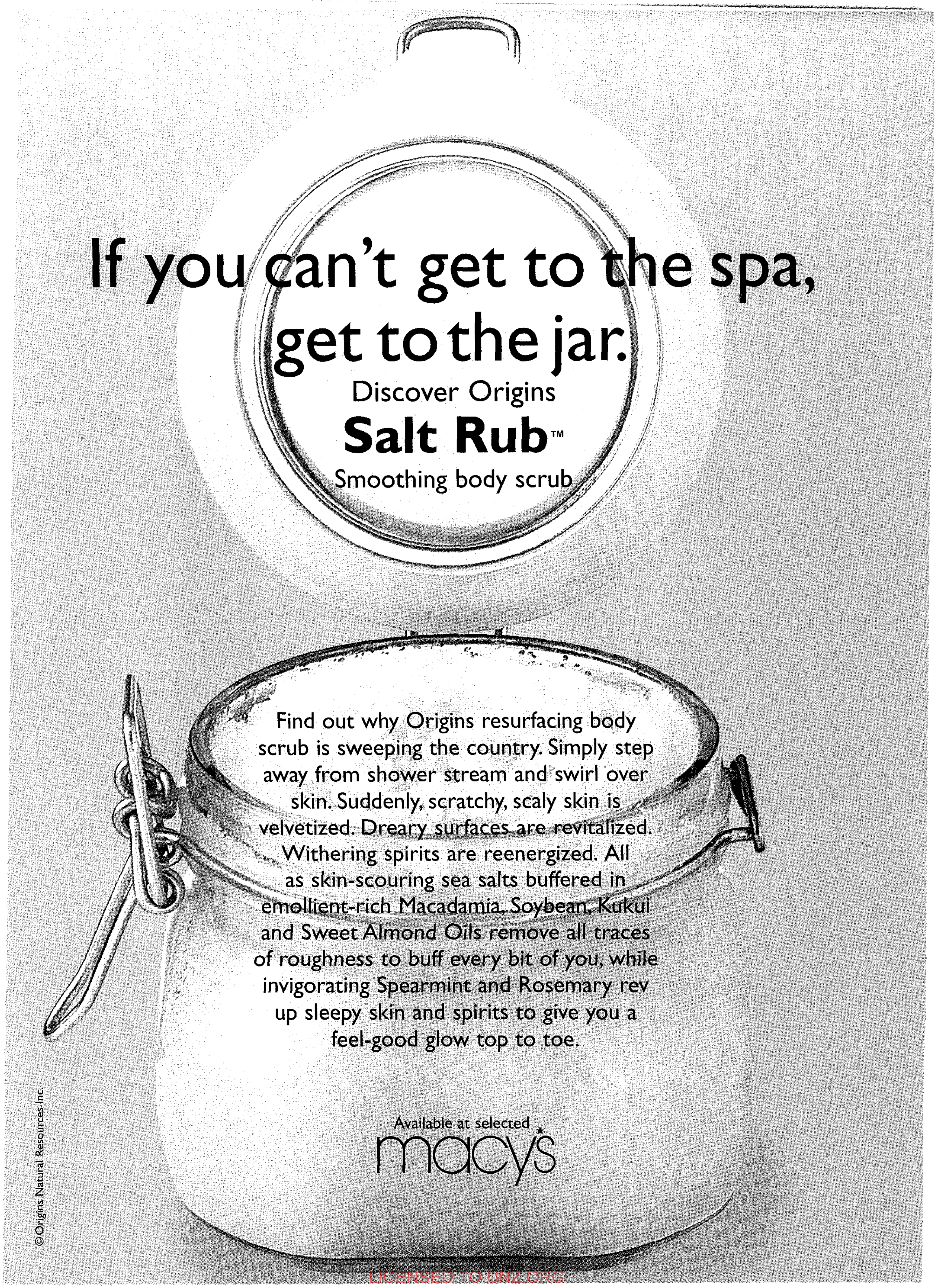
Denby Devotees

I HAVE A RITUAL. I AVOID READING ALL movie reviews prior to seeing a film—then I read only David Denby's column. In the fifteen years that I've been reading *New York* and adhering to this rite, I have not been disappointed. Denby has a way of crystallizing ideas and emotions I have experienced during a film that I could not put into words. His sardonic wit and insightful critiques are unparalleled. Movies in New York will never be the same now that he's gone.

Dina Weintraub
MANHATTAN

DAVID DENBY NEVER SOLD HIS READERS OUT by taking part in the onslaught of false hype. He distinguished himself by his astute and visual descriptions of the movie he was reviewing, and gave your readers their money's worth. In fact, I always enjoyed rereading his review *after* seeing the movie he recommended, for an additional perspective, and I would focus especially on his concluding paragraph, which seemed to have a life all its own.

M. R. Friedman
MANHATTAN



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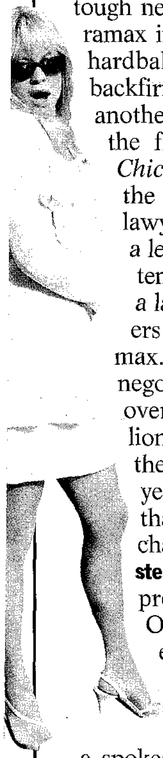
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

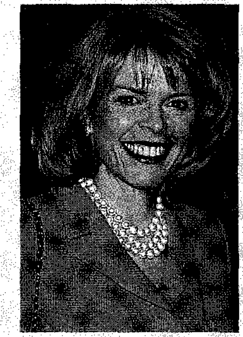
BLONDE AMBITION



Goldie Hawn didn't become one of the most successful women in Hollywood without being a tough negotiator. But a Miramax insider says Hawn's hardballing seems to be backfiring and adding yet another impediment to the film production of *Chicago*. According to the source, Hawn's lawyer recently sent a letter of demand (often a first step toward a lawsuit) to the powers that be at Miramax. Among her nonnegotiables: top billing over **Madonna**, $3 million and 5 percent of the profits, and—oh, yes—a diamond ring that Miramax cochairman **Harvey Weinstein** had allegedly promised her at the Oscars. "Harvey never agreed to those points," says the source. Hawn comments, through a spokesperson, "That's so incredibly funny. It's totally untrue." A Miramax rep insists that *Chicago* is moving along swimmingly, with Goldie still on board.

BETSY'S MODEST PROPOSAL

Divorce may be a lot easier on **Wilbur Ross**'s wallet than marriage ever was. His three years of wedded bliss with **Betsy McCaughey Ross** carried a hefty $2 million price tag—his pledge to her failed Liberal Party gubernatorial campaign, which he withdrew just two weeks before the primary. But now Betsy seems to be offering him a cut-rate divorce. She's asking for only $175,000, according to one F.O.B. Betsy's pal reports that she wants $72,000 to make up for the money she took out of her children's college-tuition fund to pay staffers after Ross withdrew his campaign contribution. With another $103,000 for "miscellaneous expenses," the source continues, "It's no money at all." **Judith Ross**, whom Wilbur left for Betsy, is still fighting with him to reach a financial settlement in their 1995 divorce. After Betsy was served with divorce papers on November 5, she promptly phoned Judith. "We share a common goal," Betsy told her, according to a source with whom Judith discussed the call. Evidently Judith didn't say much in return—which is exactly what her lawyer, **Bernard Clair**, advised. Betsy's attorney, **Rita Warner**, says that "Wilbur broke his promises to Betsy last summer, and she used her own savings in the final days of the campaign." She adds, "We don't think his reputation will ever recover—no matter how hard he tries to resurrect himself in the press." Neither Wilbur nor his attorney, **Eleanor Alter**, returned calls.



CITY OF LOST ANGEL'S FOOD AND FUN

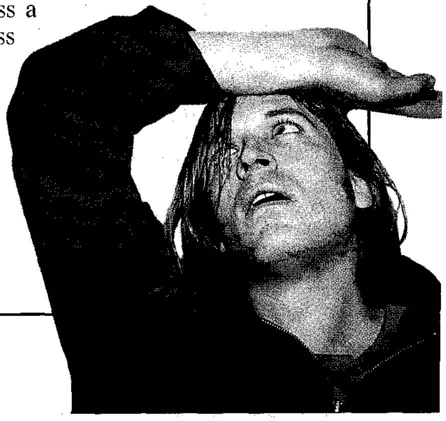
The road to hell—and Los Angeles—is paved with good intentions. **Christopher "Madonna's Brother" Ciccone**'s restaurant of the minute, Atlantic, was to host a benefit party for Project Angel Food (the L.A. counterpart of God's Love We Deliver) with *Genre* magazine earlier this month. But feelings were anything but celebratory among some 300 soiréegoers who'd paid up to $75 for tickets and arrived to find the nightspot already packed full of regular customers. "It was crazy. It was nuts," says Project Angel Food special-events manager **Peter Corpus**. "We were all standing on the sidewalk staring incredulously." One event organizer calls the scene "a fiasco," adding, "You couldn't even get to the bar." And those who did manage to make their way into the restaurant say there was no food, which Atlantic had promised to donate. Project Angel Food workers were dispatched across the street to Pane e Vino, where the charity shelled out for a spread. "Of course we served food," says Ciccone. "We're a restaurant—that's what we do. And as far as I know, everybody had a good time." Peter Corpus, however, disagrees on just how good a time was had, fuming, "They could torch the damn place for all I care."

ST. MORITZ PICKS UP THE MANTLE

Plans are already moving ahead at **Ian Schrager**'s latest New York acquisition, the St. Moritz on Central Park South, which he intends to make his most luxurious project to date. For now, the hotel's restaurant, Rumpelmayer's, famous for its ice cream and stuffed animals, will be turned into a seafood restaurant called Mack's, with "everything under $20," according to Bill Liederman, who owns Mickey Mantle's next door and will cover the

EVAN DANDO: HOT (LEMON) HEAD

It may have been a Belle & Sebastian concert, but **Evan Dando**, the hunky lead singer of the Lemonheads, took center stage at the Supper Club earlier this month. According to witnesses, the angst-ridden rocker threw his beer in the face of an acquaintance who'd simply said hello. The victim, a British sound engineer for rival pop bands like Blur, said, "I've met him twenty times, and it's always the same old shit." Dando skulked back later to mumble an apology. Maybe it's less a case of rock-star rowdiness than of the blues: Dando's recently been linked with **Kate Moss**, who checked herself into an English clinic for "nervous exhaustion" last week. Dando could not be reached for comment.



Photographs: clockwise from left, Lawrence Schwartzwald/Gamma Liaison; Gregory Pace/Sygma; Steve Azzara/Gamma Liaison.

LOST IN SPACE AT CHANNEL 2

"We're Not Going to Take It Anymore"—a lighthearted new feature on Channel 2's local newscast—has so far reported on hard-to-unwrap CDs and newspaper ink that comes off on your hands. But the slogan now has an ironic twist, thanks to the resignation of general-assignment reporter **Trish Bergin**, who quit after being asked to dress up in a space-suit costume, according to one newsroom source. The idea was to find a space-shuttle simulator in New York, from which Bergin, dressed as an astronaut, would help viewers get a feel for **John Glenn**'s experience in space. "The issue became, if we did a story about a simulator, should we wear a space suit, and I say, 'Why not?' " explains news director **Bill Carey**. Bergin—who worked for Long Island's all-news cable network News 12 until she was recruited eighteen months ago for the big time in the city—complained about the outfit, according to the source, though she gamely went out looking for a space simulator. When she couldn't find one, taping from a video arcade was suggested—and that's when Bergin quit, says the source. But Carey insists that once the simulator couldn't be found, the segment was killed. He says they never even rented the space suit. Bergin, who's said to be headed back to News 12, won't discuss the situation, except to say that she's decided to leave "for a host of private reasons."

Calvin Klein: Copping a deal?

hotel's food service from lobby bar to ballroom. "While the hotel is under construction, I want to make use of this restaurant space," says Schrager. **Marilyn Frobuccino**, who earned three stars as chef at Arizona 206 and last tempted New York palates at Mimosa, returns from her stint at Regions, in Aventura, Florida, to serve as consulting chef at Mack's, which is slated to open by December. Frobuccino will be working with Mediterranean and "Florida-Caribbean" influences to create, say, crawfish gnocchi. (This doesn't mean southwestern food is passé—the Santo Family Group, which owned the recently shuttered Arizona 206, is looking for a new downtown space.) Enjoy the bargain while you can: Once Schrager's newest upscale hostelry actually opens, we'd be surprised if big-name chefs and restaurant operators don't vie for the space.

ANDREW YELLS; CALVIN SELLS

SOLOMON'S MINES: Central Park turned into a minefield for writer **Andrew Solomon** on Halloween. Unable to find a cab after attending a costume party with **Salman Rushdie** (in an Arab headdress), Solomon cut through the park at 1:30 A.M. or so. Evidently his terrorist get-up—he was wearing a John Bartlett leather camouflage outfit and had smeared his face with mud—was convincing enough to get him stopped by the cops, who cuffed him for breaking the park's curfew. Boy, did they pick the wrong target. The next morning, Solomon—who, like most New Yorkers, had never heard of a park curfew—called Parks Commissioner **Henry Stern**, who immediately instigated an investigation. Solomon spent the next five days in New York Hospital with a serious inner-ear infection, a consequence of his three hours in custody. **Marilyn Mode**, the Police Department's spokeswoman, says the case is currently being reviewed, adding that her office helped Solomon file a report on the incident with the Civilian Complaint Review Board.

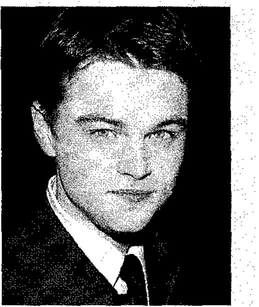
NOTHING COMES BETWEEN CALVIN AND HIS CO-OPS: When the New York *Times* recently ran an ad for a triplex in the Police Building, real-estate pros sniggered that **Calvin Klein** was at it again. Klein bought the co-op just six months ago for $1.8 million. Now that it's been renovated by **Christian Liagre**, it's back on the market for $2.4 million. Klein never moved in. One well-connected realtor, who does not handle Klein, speculates that he may be eager to sell the Police Building place to make up for his shortfall on Central Park West. Klein recently sold his co-op there to **Mike Nichols** and **Diane Sawyer** for $7.5 million—even though he could have gotten more. "There were offers above it, but Calvin had given his word to Mike Nichols," explains the agent. Klein's own realtor, **Roger Erickson**, refused to comment.

RAISING THE BAR: Court TV's **Rikki Klieman** is getting ready to go back into the courtroom—as a New York City attorney. While she was sparring with **Johnnie Cochran** and co-hosting *Prime Time Justice*, she also worked at a Boston law firm. "The practice is active. *I've* been somewhat inactive," says Klieman. Now she's teaming up with New York attorney **Joseph Tacopina**, whom she first met when he was a guest on her show. Tacopina is finalizing a deal that will have him setting up a criminal-law division next year at Kudman, Trachten & Kessler, where Klieman will join him. "My full-time job is Court TV," she explains, "but I'd certainly like to put my foot in that little pond that's called criminal law." Klieman didn't take the Fifth even when faced with the inevitable **Bill Bratton** question. She's been dating New York City's ex–police commissioner since the spring. So are wedding bells in her future? "Not yet. He hasn't asked yet."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

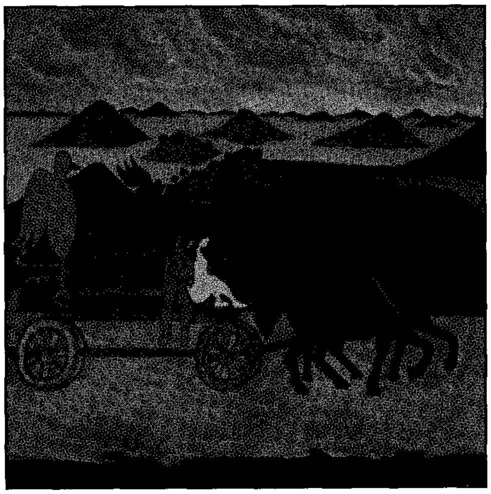
LEO'S NEW PLAY ACTING

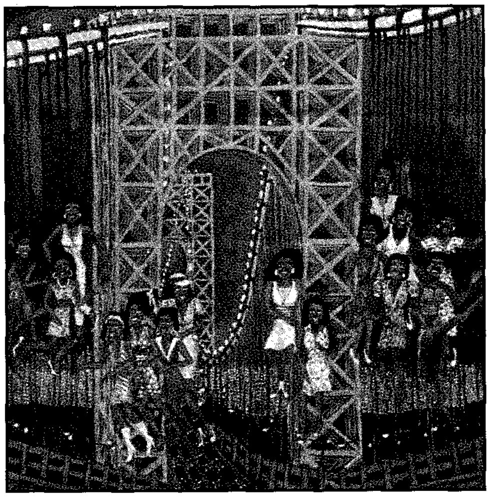
Leonardo DiCaprio may have more in common with his throngs of prepubescent fans than just his schoolboy looks. West Coast real-estate insiders say the house DiCaprio has just rented—tucked deep, deep in the hills—is equipped with almost a dozen TV sets, and that Leo has hooked up a Sony PlayStation to every last one. Sources say the ultrasecluded new digs are just a rest stop for DiCaprio (who's recently been living with his mom) until he finds an even more Salingeresque dream home—a search that so far has taken nearly three years. A spokesperson for the "king of the world" had no comment.

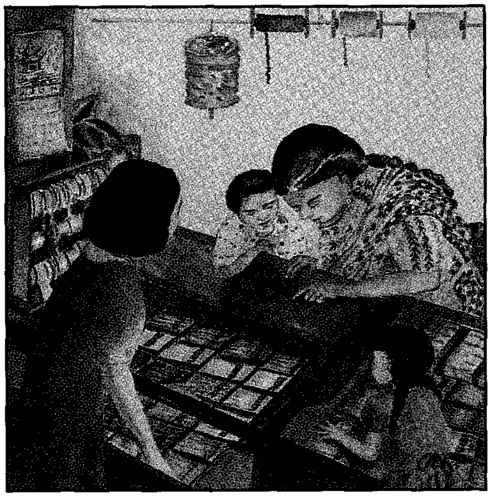


Photographs: left, Gregory Pace/Sygma; right, Steve Azzara/Sygma.

Exhibits from the far corners of the globe—on four corners in New York City.







Bob Thompson, *An Allegory,* 1964
BOB THOMPSON
Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Avenue
September 25, 1998 – January 3, 1999

Faith Ringgold, detail from *Dancing on the George Washington Bridge,* 1988
DANCING AT THE LOUVRE
New Museum of Contemporary Art
583 Broadway
October 1, 1998 – January 3, 1999

Reiko Sudo, *Stainless Steel Gloss,* 1990
STRUCTURE AND SURFACE: CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE TEXTILES
Photo by: Karin Willis
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
November 12, 1998 – January 26, 1999

Amelia Lau Carling, detail from *Mama & Papa Have a Store*
MI FAMILIA, MI COMUNIDAD
Photo by: D. James Dee
Museum of Chinese in the Americas
70 Mulberry Street
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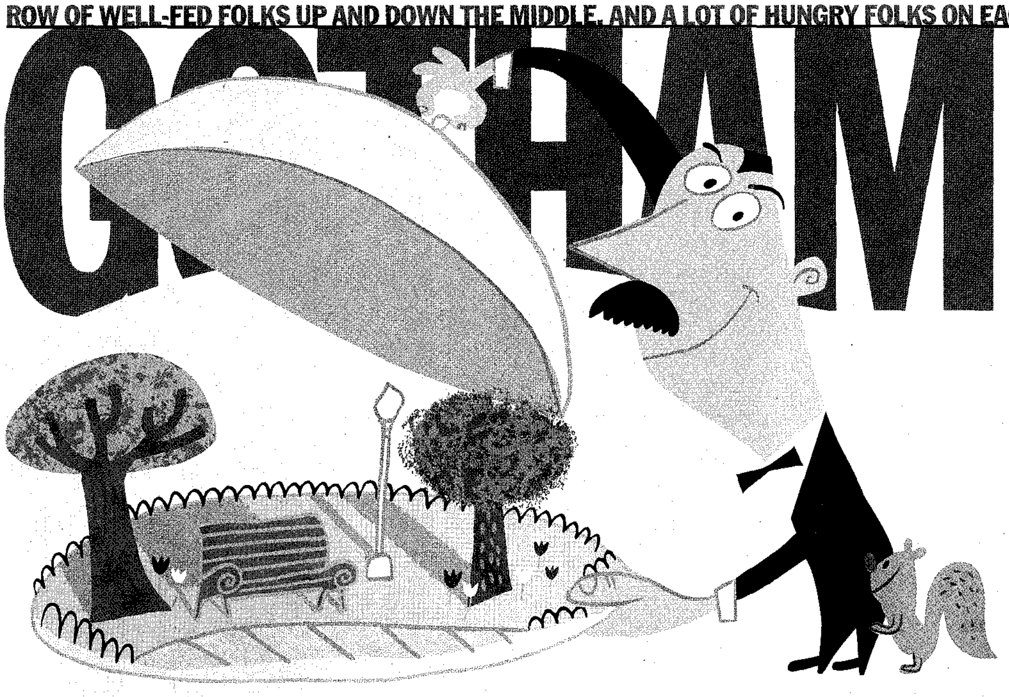


The Green Marketer

Restaurateur Danny Meyer: A man, a plan, and yet another park.

"I LIKE GREENERY," SAYS Danny Meyer, the owner of three (and soon four) major New York restaurants and one of the best-liked people in the business. Despite his interest in farm-fresh produce, in this case he's referring to his habit of naming restaurants after parks.

Already the proprietor of Union Square Cafe and Gramercy Tavern, Meyer has just opened Eleven Madison Park, on the edge of one of Manhattan's most overlooked patches of grass. Next month, the Indian-inspired Tabla will open, just up the block. "I'd been nosing around for years," he says. "One of the transitional moments for me was reading *The Alienist* by Caleb Carr, which opened the pages on the neighborhood 100 years ago." Meyer has also spearheaded a public-private partnership to renovate the park and attract business to the area. Through these efforts, the restaurateur has emerged as an improbable but effective new force for urban renewal.

In bringing elegant cuisine to an underappreciated park, Meyer is following a formula that he himself developed, and by which he helped transform Union Square Park from a drug-infested eyesore into a trendy destination. There, however, he was one among many players. In his new neighborhood, he has been the leader, identifying the park's improvement as the critical first step for the entire neighborhood.

Unlike Union Square, Madison Square Park does not fall within a Business Improvement District, which would have made it easier to bring the local constituencies together and raise money. Nor is there a Union Square–style Greenmarket, which, Meyer says, "brought more restaurants, which brought other residential tenants, which brought other businesses."

Instead, he has had to rely on his considerable powers of persuasion. When he began negotiating for a lease with MetLife, the landlord of 11 Madison, he was adamant—in a nice, unconfrontational way, of course—about one term of the deal. "I told MetLife that the project would be of interest only if they would commit to playing a lead-

(continued on page 16)

SUBPLOT

When You Care Enough to Spend The Very Most

AT FAO SCHWARZ, ANXIOUS parents can already be seen trolling through aisles of Sega cartridges and Barbie dolls and struggling to decide whether Furby, a furry interactive doll, will really turn out to be this season's runaway toy hit.

For those who would rather throw money at the problem, the store has a special refuge. Up the escalator to the second floor, past the electric Erector set, is a wood-paneled chamber filled with the world's most precious toys.

This year, many are *Titanic*-derived, such as a $1,500 jeweled purse and a $2,500 glass ship model. Some items are classics, such as a glass-and-silver Rubik's Cube, which goes (in theory) for $2,500.

If these fancy baubles don't suit your 10-year-old, an even-more-secluded room contains some *really* big-ticket items. How about a fiberglass Range Rover convertible, with a gasoline engine that can go as fast as twenty m.p.h.? All for just $18,750. "We get very excited when someone buys something from here," says a saleswoman. ROBERT MARA

CAMEO

Master of His Universe

"*A MAN IN FULL* DOESN'T RISE TO THE LEVEL of literature," wrote John Updike. "Not Balzac," wrote Harold Bloom. But what do they know? What do *they know about white suits and tall collars? About the struggle to be America's Dickens? About really truly suffering?* Tom Wolfe has suffered—for his sartorial style, for his writer's block. But now that he's the heavyweight champion of the literary world (contested only by a few arty shut-ins of marginal market value), he's not suffering anymore. Instead, he's been smiling contentedly on the cover of *Time,* with David Letterman, at the 92nd Street Y, at a wall-to-wall-celebrity book party, and as the *toast of the town.* (By contrast, Philip Roth is said to have responded to Updike's criticism by checking into a sanatorium.) Of course, if Wolfe were a classic Wolfe character, he'd currently be racing headlong toward humiliation. Another film adaptation starring Bruce Willis, perhaps?

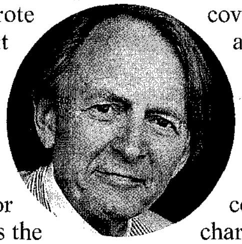


Illustration by David Sheldon. Photograph by Deborah Feingold/Outline.

Meyer *continued from page 15*

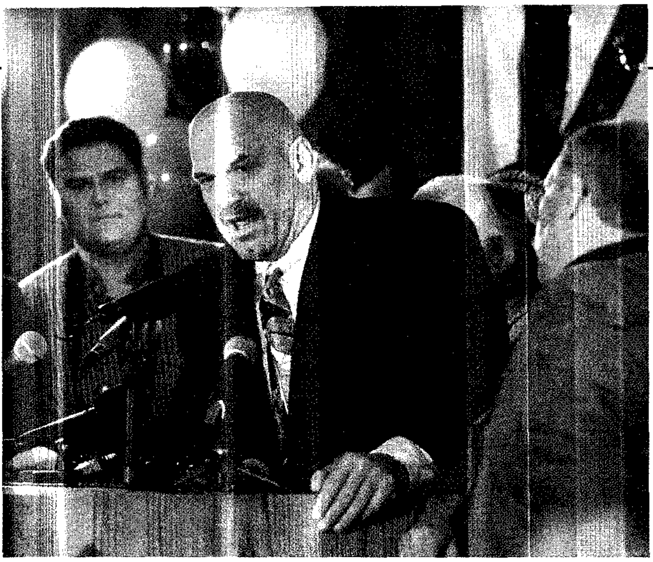
ership role in its restoration," says Meyer. MetLife pledged more than $1.4 million and helped to wangle more donations from local businesses like New York Life, Credit Suisse First Boston, and Rudin Management. Meyer kicked in $60,000; all told, $2.5 million has been raised.

The rest looked easy. In this era of billion-dollar budget surpluses, shaking loose a few paltry million in public matching funds for a much-needed park rehab would seem to be no problem. But the Parks Department was tapped out, so the City Parks Foundation—a fund-raising offshoot of the department—passed the hat; the mayor's office, City Council, and borough president chipped in.

By the fall of 2000, Madison Square Park will have new fencing, perimeter plantings, grand entrances, new paving and benches—and two Danny Meyer restaurants across the street.

Not everyone endorses this model of urban renewal. Raising private money to fix up parks is okay in commercial districts, critics say, but it's problematic in residential neighborhoods. "The thinking becomes, 'Why can't the other neighborhoods take care of their parks?' " says Marcia Reiss, of the Parks Council, who worries that the city's increasing reliance on initiatives like Meyer's punishes neighborhoods that can't afford to renovate their own parks. Local housing activists also worry that the accelerated gentrification of the neighborhood will encourage the many SRO-hotel owners in the area to force out their working-class tenants in favor of higher-paying tourists and businesspeople.

Meyer, though, believes that much is to be gained from the neighborhood's resurgence. But despite his inspiring civic virtue, he admits that urban renewal is not his only motivation. "I guarantee you that any investment we make in the community costs less than what other restaurants pay on advertising. We don't take out ads. This," he says, indicating the park, "is our marketing program." ROBIN RAISFELD



Mind/body problem: Governor-elect Jesse Ventura of Minnesota.

POLITICS

Feeling Minnesota

Distraught by the election of Jesse "the Body," a Minneapolis native phones home.

AS A FORMER MINNESOTAN, I suffer from some very particular neuroses, even phantom snow-shovel back pain. But the most difficult problems—which have only been amplified by my relocating to Manhattan—stem from being raised on an island of arch-liberalism surrounded by a rising sea of conservatism. To be formed from the rich humanitarian loam of the Grange movement, William Jennings Bryan, Hubert Humphrey (the elder), George McGovern, et al., only to watch the topsoil of the New Deal social compact wash away, is something I've never gotten over. But since Minnesota was the only state Reagan lost in 1984, I've taken comfort in knowing that if the world goes to hell in a handbasket, at least my kinsmen will have a grip.

Until, that is, last Election Day, when the folks back home elected as their governor Ross Perot's party-mate Jesse "the Body" Ventura. I understood the urge to protest, the desire to "send a message" to the political and media Establishments—not to mention the temptation to pull the lever for a guy who can hold his own in the ring with Baron "the Claw" von Raschke while wearing tights. But I suspected that, as the stunning results sank in, Minnesotans might feel a twinge of regret about their impulsive decision. Do they really expect this nincompoop to behave like a proper governor, to make statehouse deals and preside over a huge budget?

I turned first to my father, who floored me by comparing the former wrestler to Honest Abe. "One of the things Jesse's reminded people of is that Lincoln ran on a third party, too," said my dad. "Next week, he's going to Delaware, where some national organization puts on a training thing for new governors. That's something. And what did Reagan know about being president? If he gets some reasonably decent people around him, he'll do all right. And he'll be colorful."

Whatever, Dad. Like any intelligent child of divorce, I turned to the other parent for the answer I wanted. "I didn't vote," my mom said, "but I think it's good-good-good. He's making very intelligent choices. Yesterday, he appointed Steven Bosacker to head his transition team. He was on the staff of congressman Tim Penny in Washington for eight years. So it's not like he's surrounding himself with a bunch of wrestlers and motorcycle people."

Must be a generational thing, I thought, and dialed my brother. I got his 18-year-old stepson, Alex, instead. He voted for Norm Coleman, the Republican candidate, but even he's not unhappy. "I think things are gonna be okay with Jesse. He doesn't know what he's doing, and I think he'll respond by trying really hard to do a good job. It's incredibly difficult to destroy an entire state, you know?"

I started to suspect Jesse had gone from rassler to mind controller. Were Land O'Lakes expats safe from his powers? I called my sister, Marisa, who lives here in New York. "When he lashed out at Clinton for having sex in the White House, saying he should have done it in a motel and all that, I thought it was funny but ultimately stupid. On the other hand, maybe he could really be incredibly clever, and he knows that this simplicity routine's a winner with the public. That's probably it. Besides, I hear he's making some really normal appointments."

I speed-dialed another transplant, Richard Ellison, who now lives in Chelsea: "He's been negotiating for years with scumbags from the wrestling world—how much worse can political scumbags be? Besides, I think he's surrounding himself with—you know, normal people."

The arguments of my friends and family began to wear me down: When even Minnesota is no longer acting properly Minnesotan anymore, why should I? I put myself in their place: If instead of, say, Pataki or Vallone, I'd been able to choose some lumbering, largely untested third party doofus who wasn't afraid of saying, "I don't know," to questions he didn't know the answer to, would I vote for him? Suddenly, I felt their pride. We'd sent a message. We'd elected a new king! And just to make sure everything went okay in the exact way it always has, we got him to appoint the same old party hacks to the same old cabinet posts. A properly Minnesotan revolution! JOHN BOWE

Photograph by Eric Miller/Gamma Liaison.

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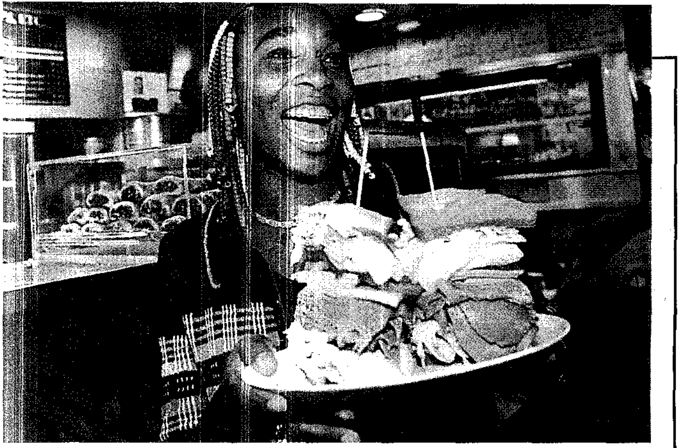
Venus Rising

Teenage tennis superstar plays the hype game.



Venus Williams at Carnegie Deli, holding the sandwich that bears her name.

VENUS WILLIAMS IS slouched along a back booth of the Comfort Diner on East 45th Street wearing a cobalt-blue warm-up suit, her Reeboks sticking out over the edge of the seat. She's supposed to be taking a break between a 6:50 A.M. TV appearance and a tennis match with sports-radio host Chris Russo, but instead she finds herself on the job again, fending off questions about her personal life: "Hang out? I don't hang out. That's called *loitering.*" She giggles, impressed with herself for using a favorite vocabulary word, while her mother, Oracene, nods approvingly. But spying her own press release on the table, Venus scowls. "I have *two* doubles championships," she says. She grabs a pen and furiously corrects the misprint.

Venus Ebone Starr Williams isn't just an 18-year-old tennis star; she's also a globe-trotting pitchwoman, selling the game and all its trappings to a worldwide audience. Having just flown back from a Moscow tournament (she lost in the semifinals), she's in New York to plug Madison Square Garden's Chase Championships. In the end, she won't even get the chance to play, withdrawing the day before the draw because of a knee injury.

But today, a daunting series of interviews, signings, and publicity stunts all over town does not allow for downtime. As she climbs into the limo that will take her to a last-minute signing at the Wiz, she's handed a cell phone: A reporter wants to know what she eats. Meanwhile, her handlers fret about whether the appearance got enough advance publicity.

Not to worry. A crowd is already waiting, holding tennis balls, racquets, and magazines for her to sign. Venus settles in behind a folding table and churns out loopy signatures with a star for her middle name, politely deflecting personal entreaties. Known for her on-court volatility (such as her alleged "bump" with Irina Spirlea), she's charming in person. "She's my favorite," beams one fan, autograph in hand. "I'm going to take this home and put it right next to Andy Pettitte and Jayson Williams."

Back in the limo, Venus is suddenly sullen and unresponsive, scoffing at a question about her rivals. She wants to talk about being a Jehovah's Witness. "It helps with discipline," she says, and describes how she and her sister Serena do door-to-door proselytizing when they're at home in Florida. "I take my beads out so I'm not as recognizable. But it doesn't help that much anymore."

Lunch is more work, a sandwich-naming ceremony at the Carnegie Deli. Photographers circle her as she holds up the mountain of meat and cheese. The deli owner wants her to open her mouth like she's taking a big bite, but Venus demurs. She tries carving her sandwich with a knife and fork, then gives up and orders a plate of red Jell-O.

By the time she arrives at the *Sports Illustrated* offices for a late-afternoon TV spot, Venus is just about done for. "I'm getting bored and tired," she says quietly, putting her head down on a conference table. Seizing another free moment, her handlers have her dial up Russo during his show to haze him about their earlier match. And Venus manages to turn it on one more time. "I gave him the spin today," she says on the air, aptly summing up her day's activities as well. "Spin treatment is worse than the power. You never know where it's going to go."

Sarah Bernard

SITE LINES

The Public Library Bids Farewell to Its Poky Old Dumbwaiter

ROOM 315—OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS THE DEBORAH, JONATHAN F. P., Samuel Priest, and Adam Raphael Rose Main Reading Room—is truly magnificent. That's the bad news. Researchers will now have to elbow aside gawkers who think it's the Sistine Chapel.

The good news is simply that it's back. As of Monday, November 16, the Main Reading Room of the New York Public Library, closed for sixteen long months of renovation, is open again. The Room's North Hall, which in recent years became cluttered with eyesores like the Paleozoic copy center and an enclave of creaky microfilm readers, has been reclaimed and filled, just like the South Hall, with long oak tables. Each one has been refinished and discreetly wired so that clever bookworms can link their own portable computers to the library's myriad catalogues and databases.

Standing at the northern tip of the North Hall, admiring the view to the far end of the South Hall, a panorama dominated by the ornament-encrusted, gold-and-copper-leafed ceiling, its newly repainted cloud murals almost radiating daylight, library president Paul LeClerc can hardly contain himself. "I get a rush every time I come up here," he declares.

The grandly restored Main Reading Room.

The Rose Reading Room, returned to its former glory by Davis, Brody, Bond, is Beaux-Arts Heaven, no doubt about it. Library regulars, however, may be more impressed by the least ambrosial aspect of the makeover: The poky old dumbwaiter system for hauling books up from the shelf-lined catacombs beneath Bryant Park has been replaced with a swifter "Selective Vertical Conveyor," a perpetual-motion machine that promises to deliver volumes to readers in twenty minutes. Provided that human error does not intervene. Provided that the book is not—some things even a $15 million restoration can't fix—at the bindery.

Karrie Jacobs

YELLOW JOURNALISM

THE TAXICAB REPORT

Up on the Roof

New York's Taxi and Limousine Commission has initiated a number of ambitious design changes among its fleet of 12,000 taxicabs over the past few years, from the installation of air-conditioning to the introduction of minivans. This week, however, a visually striking change makes its debut on the city streets—and it's one that the TLC long opposed.

Carrying forth a little bit of the Times Square aesthetic, 360 cabs will hit the streets bearing bright neon advertisements on their roofs. The lighting, which accentuates Old Navy ads, is the handiwork of Let There Be Neon, a tiny, crowded TriBeCa shop.

Someone there got the idea for the project twenty years ago, but he lacked the technology and money to pull it off. Last year, Jeff Friedman, who runs the outfit, presented it to Old Navy, whose in-store logos he'd been making for several years. "They were like 'Wow, you're kidding. What do we have to do?' " he recalls.

The biggest obstacle was winning approval from the TLC. Officials there were concerned that colorful ads would distract drivers and cause accidents.

So right off the bat, certain colors were ruled out. Red, because drivers might mistake it for a wayward traffic light. Yellow, lest it resemble the lights on a garbage truck. Old Navy's trademark color, however, is blue. Mike Leible, executive vice-president of Medallion Media—which places more conventional taxi-top ads, and which helped with this project—says even that was no good. "We took a prototype to the traffic-control bureau and they panicked," he explains. "They said it looked like the emergency lights used by volunteer fire departments."

Not all traffic-safety advocates shared the TLC's concerns. "Given the cluttered backdrop of New York City," says Douglas Love, spokesman for the Automobile Club of New York, "we don't really see neon as a distraction. You could even argue that neon lighting will improve the visibility of cabs and make things safer."

> **"Given the cluttered backdrop of New York City," says a spokesman for the Automobile Club of New York, "you could even argue that neon lighting will make things *safer*"**

Three weeks ago, the TLC finally agreed to allow white neon, as long as it was dimmed slightly.

Old Navy is also trying to turn down the wattage on its new campaign, though for a very different reason: It's fearful of a community backlash. "They saw what happened in TriBeCa with the Travelers umbrella," says someone who was involved in the process. "They don't want this to backfire."

But after twenty years of sketching, and one long year of bureaucratic wrangling, the folks at Let There Be Neon are beaming brightly. "We are so pumped," says Friedman. "When you're seeing something come to fruition and you're getting paid for it, it's a beautiful thing."

Neil K. Gray

THE SCENE

Mothers' Days

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

At Simply Caviar, Lulu de Kwiatkowski and her stepmother, Barbara Allen de Kwiatkowski, at a dinner in honor of Sergio Rossi.

Chiara Mastroianni and her mother, Catherine Deneuve, at the French Institute/Alliance Française's 1998 Trophée des Arts gala.

British models Erin O'Connor and Karen Elson at the New York Service Center, where Taittinger champagne fêted the new issue of *Visionaire.*

Meryl Streep at the premiere of Sony Pictures Classics' *Dancing at Lughnasa.*

Isaac Mizrahi at the Dia Center for the Arts' Fall Gala, honoring Frank Gehry and Philip Johnson.

Run-DMC (Joseph Simmons and Darryl McDaniels) at the opening of the flagship Gap, on Fifth Avenue.

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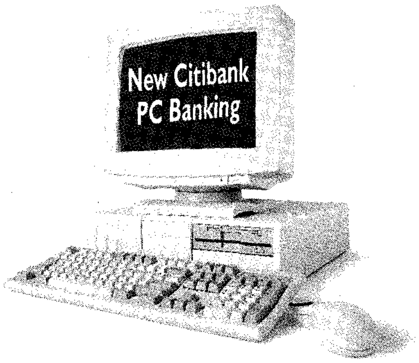

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GOTHAM STYLE

New-Shoe Review

Save your cross-Atlantic frequent-flyer miles; four new footwear boutiques, by the fashion flock's favorite names, have opened in town this fall. Stiletto king Manolo Blahnik's new townhouse store (31 West 54th Street) is twice the size of his old spot, and has a backyard garden serving cappuccino and Chardonnay. Sergio Rossi has reclaimed family control of his midtown shop (835 Madison Avenue, at 70th Street), which is now filled with sexy, pointy pumps. J.P. Tod's, of the coveted driving shoes, has a new home on Bergdorf Goodman's main floor. Finally, Jimmy Choo, whose shoes are beloved by English society girls—above left, a spring-summer slide—opened a small, plum-colored boutique this week in Olympic Tower (645 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street).

The Catwalk's New Kittens

Over Erin? Sick of Sunniva? Hip to Haylynn? Meet the latest crop of malnourished moppets from the New York fashion shows—and the labels that have signed them.

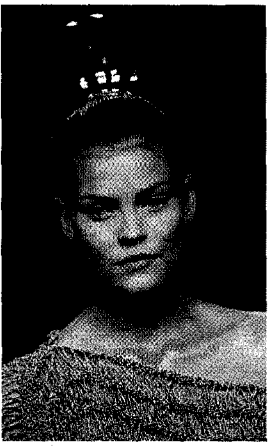
Malgosia, a 21-year-old Pole who began modeling in August. Just landed the new Jil Sander campaign.

May, a 16-year-old Dane. Fashion's new Big Thing, she's already posed for Italian *Vogue* as well as for Miu Miu, Plein Sud, and Gieffe.

Zoe, a 22-year-old Brit who resembles an impudent tomboy and was the toast of Milan. Campaigns: Iceberg Jeans and Joseph.

Oluchi, an 18-year-old Nigerian who is the "Face of Africa." She's six feet one with fetchingly imperfect posture. Under option to Versace; big in *Vogue* and *W.*

Noot, a 15-year-old Vancouver, British Columbia, native. Five months into her career, she's shot cKone perfume, Polo Jeans, and Strenesse, is under option to TSE, and just signed with Versace. SALLY SINGER



Beauty and the Blowout

The faces on the runways during New York Fashion Week were relatively fresh and rosy—but they didn't get that way on their own. Herewith, the makeup hits from backstage (and the gift bags).

1. Peachy cheeks. For Daryl K, NARS picked Orgasm, a real blusher.
2. Shiny pale lips. For Halston, Bobbi Brown went with Rose Sugar Shimmer Lip Gloss.
3. Messy buns. At Donna Karan, they were crimped and unkempt; at Julien MacDonald, they were encased in plastic fishbowls (top right).
4. Disco glam. Anna Sui is launching her own line of glittery makeup, heavy on red lipstick and black eyeliner.
5. Untinted lashes. NARS 's Black Orchid, at Marc Jacobs, was the rule-proving exception.
6. Blown-out hair. At Bill Blass, Sebastian Fizz Mousse warded off fuzzies; Cher hair worked for Patrick Robinson.
7. Plastic headbands on the runway at Jacobs and Michael Kors (left); bronzing powder for extra oomph. SHYAMA PATEL

Wearable Art

The strikingly innovative fabrics on display at MOMA's "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles" aren't just museum pieces to be admired at a respectful distance. Issey Miyake's Madison Avenue boutique now carries the "Star Burst" series, which features aged cloth that's been heat-treated with silver, gold, and copper foil; as the pieces are worn, the foil tears a bit to create one-of-a-kind patterns (right). The Tokyo design collective NUNO is also selling unusual scarves—which incorporate slivers of mulberry-bark paper—at MOMA's Design Store. If you want to know more, visit the Brooklyn Museum's "Japonism in Fashion" exhibit (or at least the gift shop).

JANICE P. NIMURA

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Dan Lecca (5); courtesy of Issey Miyake; Dan Lecca (2).

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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

Fox Trap

Murdoch's public offering of his entertainment properties is a thrill ride for investors charmed by the idea of owning a chunk of Hollywood (return on investment be damned).

IS $25 TOO MUCH TO PAY FOR THE chance to walk up to Calista Flockhart—resisting the temptation to say, "Won't you at least have a ham sandwich?"—and say, "You're working for me now"? Is it too much to pay for a cut of *Body by Jake,* a stake in The Golf Channel, and a small chunk of the *Room 222* archives? Is it too much to pay for the knowledge that *When Good Pets Go Bad* is making you money?

Well, maybe.

In any case, these are the questions that Wall Street had to ask itself about the third-largest initial public offering in history, the sale of 125 million shares in the Fox Entertainment Group last week. (It was priced at $22.50 and rose almost two points on its first day.) The new company, which will remain majority-owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation, includes the Fox film and TV production studios, Fox Broadcasting, cable networks ranging from FX to Fox Sports Net, 22 TV stations, and the Los Angeles Dodgers. (And that share in *Body by Jake.*)

News Corp. is breaking out Fox Entertainment as a separate company as a way of improving its overall stock-market valuation. Although News Corp.'s shares have risen steadily in recent weeks, the company has been a perennial laggard in terms of shareholder return, mainly because investors have been skeptical of Murdoch's empire-building ways, which have made his company into a global powerhouse but have also kept it weighed down by debt and only mildly profitable. The Fox IPO won't actually make the company less susceptible to Murdoch's influence, since each of his shares in Fox will have ten times the voting power of the shares you can buy on the open market. But the idea is that as a stand-alone company, Fox can finally be valued on its own terms.

Although stock-market analysts have been mum about the deal in recent weeks (thanks to the fact that Murdoch lined up nine investment banks to underwrite the offering, as TheStreet.com recently pointed out), they were lavish in their praise when News Corp. announced its plans back in June, emphasizing that this was an unusual chance to invest in a pure-play broadcast-and-film-entertainment company. Pure plays are hard to come by in the media world. MGM is the only movie studio that's public, and its performance on Wall Street has matched its dismal performance at the box office. The major TV networks, record companies, production studios? All of them are either private or else part of a larger conglomerate. But while analysts have trumpeted Fox's relative "purity" as a great reason to buy the stock, it's actually a pretty great reason to run away (if not screaming, then at least murmuring).

I say that even though the Force has clearly been with Fox over the past 18 months. Revenues for all of last year were up 25 percent, and profits were also up sharply. And the company enjoyed a very good summer, thanks to the curiously universal pleasure of seeing Cameron Diaz use a bodily fluid as hair gel in *There's Something About Mary* and the equally crowd-pleasing (if slightly more refined) pleasure of seeing a dog say, "I am Keyser Söze" in *Dr. Dolittle.* Operating income was up 53 percent in the quarter, with the company earning $202 million before interest and taxes. Despite slow growth in its television business (in no small part the result of General Motors' cutting back on advertising because of the UAW strike), it was pretty much a blowout quarter for Fox, precisely the kind of quarter you want to have just before you go public.

Ah, but here's the rub. Even in this ideal quarter, when Fox had the good fortune of having a string of hits on its hands, the operating-profit margins for its filmed-entertainment division (which includes movies and TV programming) were just 13 percent. By contrast, the operating margins of a company like Microsoft were 44 percent in its last quarter, while those of Coca-Cola were near 30 percent. Profit margin isn't everything, but if you looked at Fox's return on capital (taking into account all the money it's invested in hard assets), the contrast would be even worse.

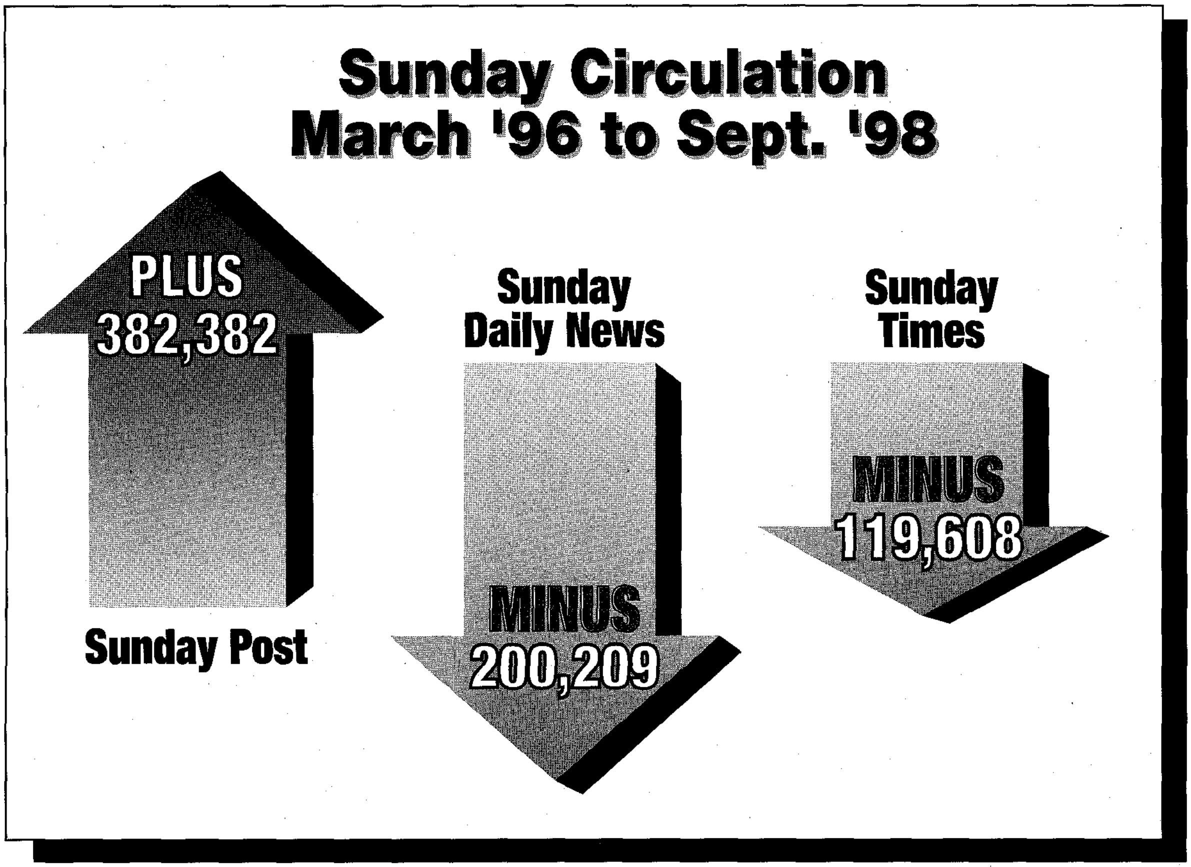
More importantly, no one has any idea whether Fox will be able to sustain those margins in the future. The entertainment business is defined, after all, by its unpredictability. If you look at GE, you have a pretty good sense that what it did last year is a useful guide to what it will do next year. The revenue from GE's turbines and light bulbs isn't suddenly going to disappear. But the money Fox made from *There's Something About Mary* and *Dr. Dolittle* will, if not disappear, then diminish sharply. (The great exception to this rule is syndication profits from the TV shows Fox produces.) To replace that lost revenue, Fox is going to have to come up with a whole new series of hits this year, and it's anyone's guess whether it'll be able to do so. Fox's last year has been a grand carnival, but the painful thing about Hollywood is that every year the carnival has to be shut down and reopened, and no one knows if the new rides will be anywhere near as cool.

And even if the rides are cool, they're so damn expensive that it's tough to clear much of a profit. Consider that in 1998, a banner year, Fox's operating margins on filmed entertainment were

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

THE NEWS IS OUT!!

THE SUNDAY POST IS UP AGAIN!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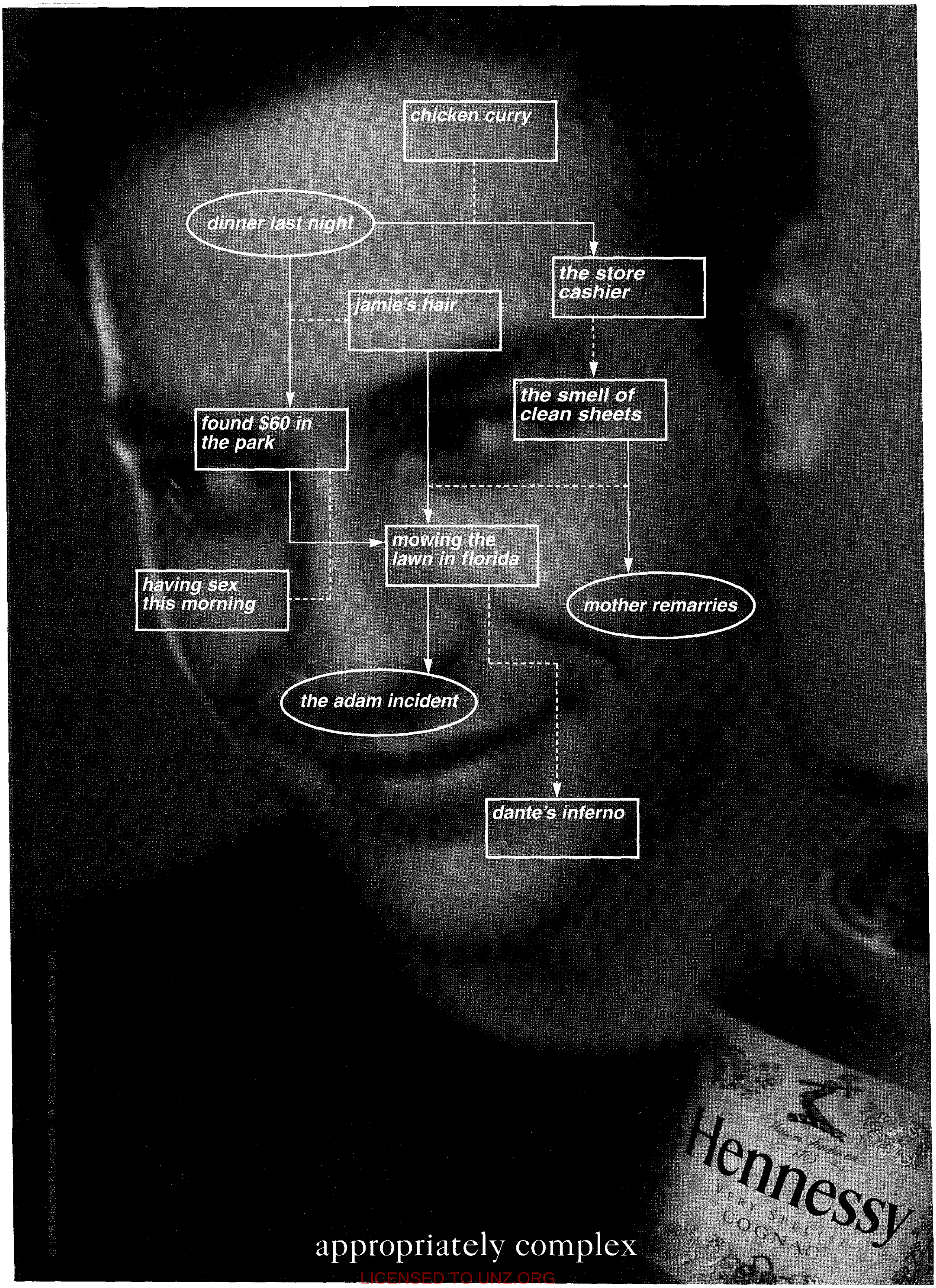
Source: ABC FAS-FAX for 6 months ending Sept. 30,1998 vs. 6 months ending March 30, 1996. Sunday Post began publication April 1996.

NEW YORK POST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dinner last night
the store cashier
jamie's hair
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just 7.5 percent, while in 1997 they were 4.4 percent. What that means is that even if you set aside the amount of money that Fox already has invested in studios and production facilities, last year the company spent more than $3 billion on movies and TV and got back less than $300 million. Needless to say, there are a lot of things you can do with $3 billion—like, say, invest in an index fund—that'll earn you a better return with much less risk.

The strange thing about all this is that it's not exactly a secret. The average cost of producing and marketing a Hollywood film rose 27 percent last year, to $75.6 million, and costs for television series are soaring as well.

Does Fox have a strategy for getting around the increasingly disastrous economics of the industry? Well, sort of. Fox is now truly a vertically integrated entertainment company, in the sense that it creates content with its production division, distributes it via its various networks, and carries it on the 22 television stations it owns (far more than any other network). One important effect of this integration has been to smooth out the company's earnings volatility. Even though network ratings are at historic lows, owning a local TV station is still the next best thing to being a trust-fund baby. And the profit margins for Fox's TV division are uniformly solid, even if you include the cost of the Fox News Channel (a classic example of pouring money into a product for which there is no demand). And by producing TV shows as well as films, Fox has created a situation where, in theory, if the movie business has a bad year *Ally McBeal* can pick up the slack, and vice versa. So you can buy stock in the company without wagering everything on, say, *Titanic II.*

Vertical integration is no magic bullet. In the first place, it magnifies the impact of your mistakes—if you both produce and broadcast *Costello,* you fail twice as hard—and in the second place, it's not as if Fox couldn't sell *The X-Files* to NBC for hundreds of millions of dollars if it didn't have its own network. But Fox has used vertical integration in a way that would have made Henry Ford proud. The company has done a very good job of showcasing the series it produces—*The X-Files, The Simpsons, King of the Hill*—and turning them into the kinds of properties for which the word *synergy* was invented. The *Simpsons* name has been attached to 1,800 consumer products, while *The X-Files* has moved into film, video games, and, for all I know, anti-alien home-protection devices.

The revenue streams that really matter, though, are those that Fox is getting from selling its series into syndication. Although the video market means that movies have vibrant afterlives, syndication is the place where real profits—pure profits—can be made. Fox just made a deal to sell more than 100 episodes of *King of the Hill*—a two-year-old show—at a reported price of $4.5 million an episode, which puts it in the company of *Seinfeld* (which snagged $6 million per episode in its most recent syndication round). That's the closest thing in the entertainment realm to the kind of economics you see in the software business, where an up-front investment generates a tidy flow of expense-free income further down the road, and Fox will presumably be able to do the same shortly with *Ally McBeal* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* both of which it produces. Over the next few years, Fox's TV studio will be able to just print Benjamins.

In other words, Fox's management, led by Peter Chernin, appears to have run this company over the past 18 months about as well as anyone possibly could. But if that's the case, then the inevitable question becomes: "If this is the best we can do, should we even be doing it?" It may sound odd to dismiss the $663 million the company cleared last year as piddling, but when it comes to business, what's important is not the absolute return but rather the return-to-effort ratio, and Fox is having to work awfully hard to bring home those dollars.

Now, the same thing could probably be said of any number of American industries. (Has anyone checked the steel industry's return on capital recently?) But there's something especially striking about the fact that even though we supposedly live in a national entertainment state, entertainment remains an incredibly tough business in which to flourish. It's not surprising, of course, that people want to be in the business nonetheless, since who doesn't want to be in the movies? According to *Fortune*'s latest ranking of the best companies in the world, in fact, last year all of Fox's independent competitors—Time Warner, Disney, Viacom—destroyed more wealth than they created. These companies' profits will never—save perhaps in the case of Disney—match the glamour that surrounds them. We like to think of Hollywood as the place where commerce destroys art. But the strange truth is that it's the place where exactly the opposite happens. ▬

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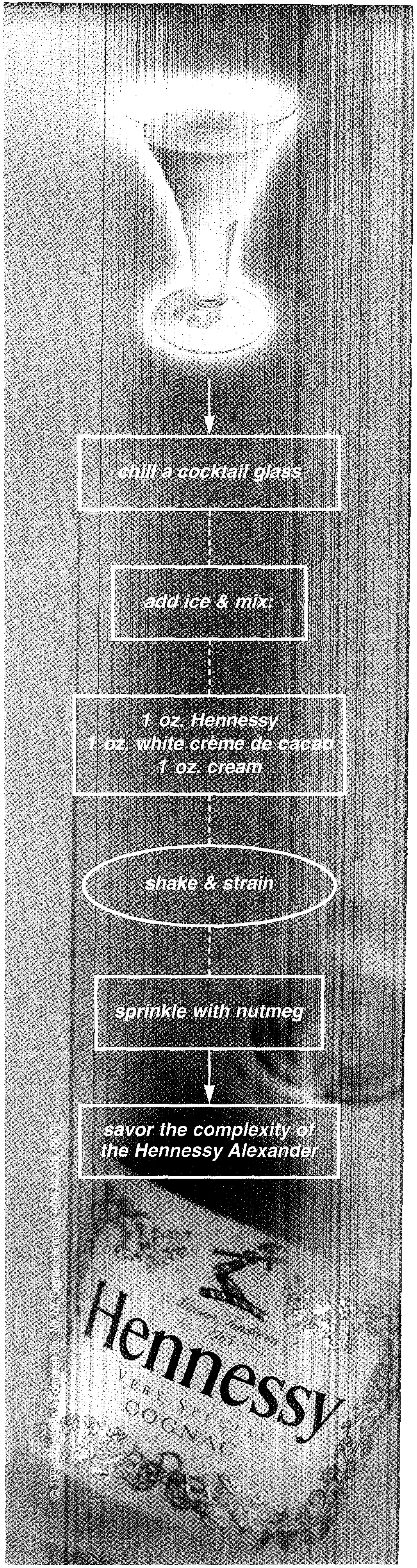
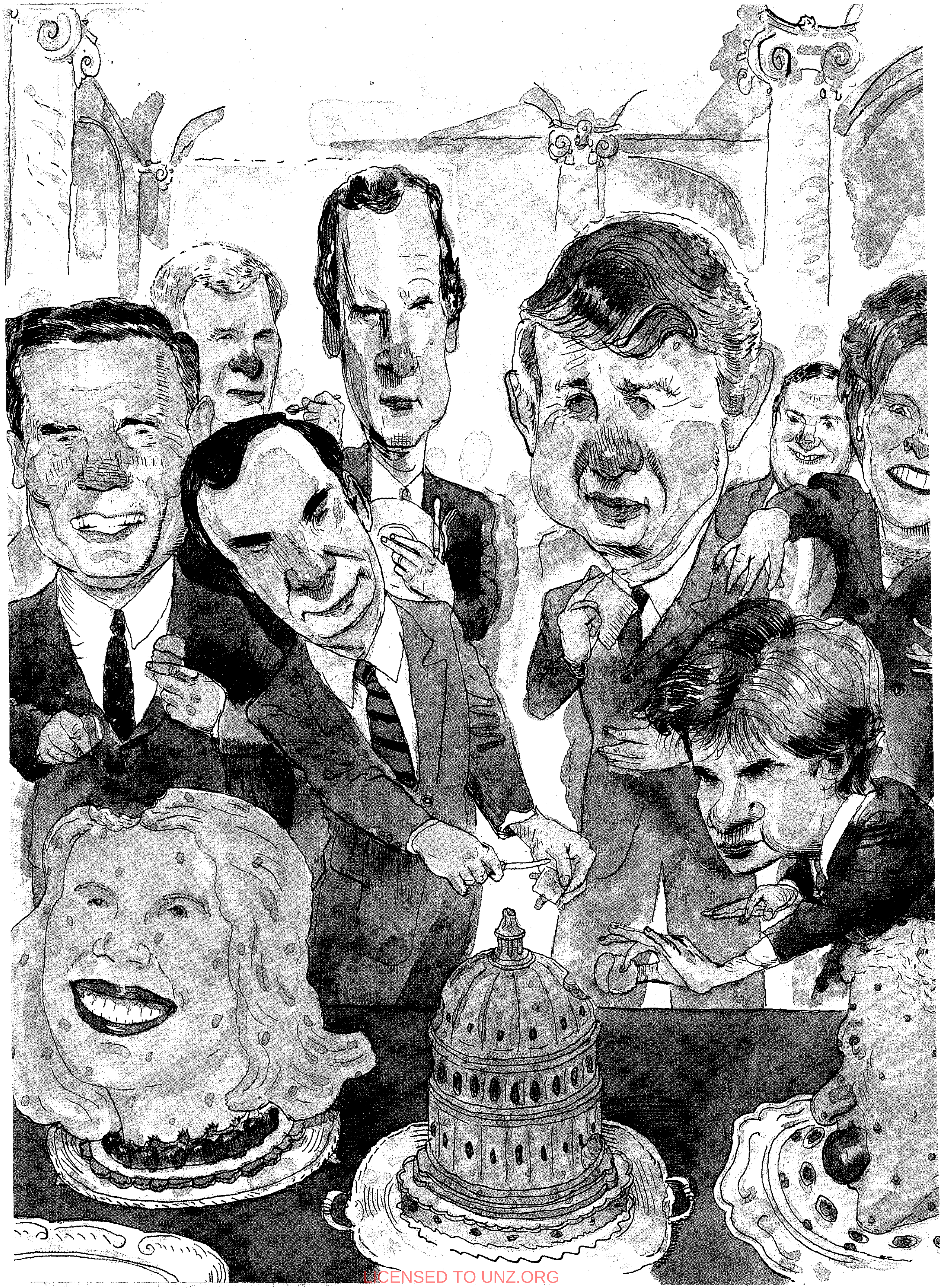




A NEW YORK MAGAZINE POLL

Off With Their Talking Heads

WHAT DO CLINTON, GINGRICH, AND THE PUBLIC ALL AGREE ON? THE PRESS BEARS MUCH OF THE BLAME FOR THE MONICA MESS. MICHAEL TOMASKY DISSECTS THE RESULTS OF AN EXCLUSIVE POLL ON THE ROLE OF THE MEDIA IN AMERICAN LIFE.

Yes, they *are* chopped liver: Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Sam Donaldson, Peter Jennings, Ted Koppel, George Stephanopoulos, and Cokie Roberts.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

WHO'S BEEN INJURED IN THIS CAR CRASH OF A political year? Obviously, Newt Gingrich and the Republicans. The public took care of them on November 3. Ken Starr, who, it's safe to say after this episode, will see the Supreme Court only when he happens to drive past the building. Even Bill Clinton—he's riding high politically, but he has endured a degree of public humiliation that would make most of us relocate to Saskatoon. • We in the media, however, always waltz out of the wreckage. We didn't do anything wrong. We just report this stuff, right? Right? • Well, not really. The media have actively pushed this story along in the past year. And while people may not be able to vote us out of our jobs, they still have a right—since we do exist to serve the public interest and all that—to voice an opinion. So we at *New York* decided to ask. • Do you trust us? Do

58% think Lewinsky coverage influenced Congress's decision to hold impeachment hearings.

you respect us? Do you . . . love us? After his Election Day nightmare, Newt Gingrich tried to deny the existence of a GOP Monica fixation. To Katie Couric: "I don't think we are nearly as obsessed as the press corps. . . . Look at all the hours that Tim Russert spent on *Meet the Press* this year on that topic versus the number of hours on Social Security. . . . I don't think hour after hour of details about Lewinsky are very newsworthy."

Strange, that, coming from the one man in America who had it in his power to listen to the polls and cut a pre-election non-impeachment deal that, in retrospect, would probably have saved his job. But is he right?

Last month, *New York* asked 1,000 Americans, including 400 New Yorkers, how they felt about the media's role in the Monica mess and other matters. Here's what they think.

50% think coverage of the Lewinsky story has been irresponsible, including 19% who say it has been very irresponsible.

The good news: The public is not seething with hatred of the media—people aren't as obsessed with the press as the press is with the president (or itself). The bad news: A solid half, and often more, trust us less than they did five years ago and think we do an irresponsible job, twisting the facts and moralizing too much without having the authority to do so. And most media people, even those high in the firmament, remain virtually invisible.

FIRST, SOME LEWINSKY NUMBERS: 58 percent of Americans believe the media have influenced the Republican Congress's decision to hold impeachment hearings either "a great deal" or "a fair amount." Half think the media have covered the story irresponsibly—with one out of five nationwide, and 30 percent in New York, saying "very irresponsibly." Half also say that Bill Clinton's rising popularity in the wake of the scandal was not a simple expression of public support for the president; rather, it was people "sending a message to the news media that they are tired of this story."

91% don't want to hear more about the story, including 48% who say they aren't paying attention anymore.

Fully 91 percent "don't want to hear more about the story," including 48 percent who say they're not paying attention at all anymore. Seventy-seven percent nationwide, and 84 percent in New York, say there's been too much coverage of Clinton's sexual relationship with Lewinsky. And Maureen Dowd and Michael Kelly and George Will and their various brethren and sistren might note that 63 percent (and 75 percent in New York) say there's been too much commentary and opinion.

And finally, this one, which surely won't sit too well with the punditocracy: Two thirds of Americans, and three quarters of New Yorkers, say the media pot should take care in judging the Clinton kettle. Forty-four percent nationally (50 percent in New York) say the media have "the same moral standards" as the president. Worse, 23 percent nationally, and 26 percent in New York, say the media have "lower moral standards" than Clinton. Attributing to the media "higher moral standards" came in last: Twenty percent across the country, just 8 percent in New York City.

"It says basically that the American people are thumbing their noses to the media in some ways," says Jefrey Pollock of the Global Strategy Group, Inc., which conducted the survey for *New York.* "The poll showed that people have been frustrated with the coverage, and there was a way to say it on Election Day."

SO IF THEY DON'T CARE FOR US MUCH generally, what media stars, specifically, don't they like? Well, it was hard to say—the great important men and women of television, the network anchors and the Sunday-morning savants, don't exactly resonate with people. Just 16 percent of respondents could name all three network news anchors; another 16 percent could name two of the three; 35 percent nationwide could name none of them. The Sunday crew, who act at times as if they hold Clinton's fate in their hands, don't even register: 6 percent could identify ABC's Cokie Roberts and NBC's Tim Russert; 5 percent knew Roberts's stablemate Sam Donaldson; 4 percent knew CBS *Face the Nation* host Bob Schieffer.

The poll was not confined to Monica-related questions. *New York* asked people about their attitudes toward the media generally. The good news for defenders of the media's handling of the Lewinsky affair is that general attitudes are even worse.

Things don't start too badly. Fully two thirds of the nationwide sample say they trust the press—although only 7 percent trust the media "a great deal," with 59 percent choosing "somewhat" as their answer. Twenty-two percent say "not that much," and 10 percent say "not at all." From there, though, things go downhill. Just 10 percent of respondents trust the media more than they did five years ago, while 46 percent trust the media less.

Then we asked people whether they think the media play a positive or negative role in society. Results? Forty-eight percent positive, and 47 percent negative. This split held up virtually unchanged within the New York sample. We asked people whether they agreed with this statement: "Legitimate news organizations and outlets are sinking to the level of tabloids in reporting gossip and unsubstantiated stories." Fully 71 percent agreed (27 percent strongly), and just 25 percent disagreed. To gauge how aggressive a press people believe the country should have, we asked them what they thought a journalist's job should consist of, giving them five options. Your basic "report the facts" won with 61 percent, followed by "uncover corruption" with 33 percent, "seek out scandals" with 25 percent, and "serve the public interest" with 20 percent. "Uphold moral values" pulled up the rear with 15 percent.

We also asked people how often they thought the news media "distort or rearrange facts to make a story more interesting." The sorry result is that 31 percent said "very often" and 48 percent said "somewhat" often, meaning that four out of five Americans think the media don't give it to them straight. Just 18 percent said "not that often" or "never."

The poll was conducted for New York *by the Global Strategy Group Inc., a New York– and Washington-based polling and consulting firm. One thousand people—600 nationwide and 400 in New York City—were interviewed October 14 through 18. The margins of error are ±4 percent for the national sample and ±4.9 percent for the New York sample.*

THE ONCE-FEROCIOUS FIRE THAT WAS THE Lewinsky story is cooling to embers now. As this goes to press, the Linda-Monica tapes should be coming to a Website near you; some Republicans still want to impeach; Ken Starr will testify. But as trope, as metaphor, and as Warholian moment for the army of raw-meat-chewing former prosecutors who once controlled Cableville, it's over. Isn't it?

"It appears the press has finally gotten that message," says Charlie Peters, editor of the *Washington Monthly*. "It took them a long time, though. For ten months, they were insane. It was the most disproportionate coverage I've ever seen in my lifetime, and that is true by a large margin."

77% **say there has been too much coverage of Bill Clinton's relationship with Monica Lewinsky. 63% say there has been too much commentary and opinion.**

His view of things, as you might expect, is not widely held in Washington. "When you have controversial stories," says Tim Russert, "the press is always seen in a less positive light than during normal times. Was this coverage too sensational sometimes? Of course. But necessary? The answer's yes." Russert insists the public was mostly well served by the media. "The American people had to go through the process," he says. "Who knows where they would have come down, but they had to go through the process. You can't predict this stuff."

No? The story broke January 21; by early February, the public had stated its view of things clearly, which holds steady even today: People didn't approve of Clinton's behavior, but they disliked the investigation intensely, and they never wanted impeachment. So public support for Clinton in the wake of, say, the release of the Starr report was entirely predictable. Washington, pols and press alike, just refused to accept it.

New York asked people what they thought motivated the media to cover this story so relentlessly. Most, 64 percent, said it was about ratings and sales; 28 percent said the media believe it's "an important story to cover"; only 17 percent said they were "out to get" the president; and 16 percent said they were "personally obsessed" with the scandal. Peters thinks differently, and so, in her own way, does Sally Quinn.

The day before the election, the Washington *Post* published a much-discussed piece by Quinn. Headlined NOT IN THEIR BACKYARD, it's as perfect a distillation of Washington-think as will likely ever exist. She quotes many Washington insiders in politics and the media describing their despair at how Clinton violated the mores of the "village" of Official Washington. "He came in here and he trashed the place," Quinn quotes David Broder as saying, "and it's not his place." And this from Tish Baldrige, Jackie Kennedy's former social secretary: "When you think back to other presidents, they all had a lot of class." (A Kennedy person talking like this? It used to be said in Britain, before the Profumo scandal, that sex was all right if you'd been to university. In America, it's apparently all right if you've been to Harvard.)

Quinn says she interviewed "more than a hundred" people, and "to a man and to a woman," they all said pretty much the same thing. Is Washington that right? Is the rest of the country—the world, even—that wrong? "I like the way she calls [Washington] a village," says James Carville. "Remember how you were taught in grade school about what every village had? Idiots."

What motivated the media to cover the Lewinsky story so relentlessly?

64% "ratings and sales"
17% "out to get Clinton"
16% "personal obsession"
28% "it's important"

To the partisan Carville, Quinn's piece was "valuable and instructive because it said essentially that there was unanimity among the Washington press corps that they hate Clinton. David Broder just out-and-out admitted it. And the public has known it, and now we get confirmation of it." A less partisan reading of the piece leads to a different, but still unforgiving, conclusion: Washington is surely full of good and decent people, as Quinn asserts, but that doesn't mean they should anoint themselves a national morals squad. In fact, good and decent people don't do that.

"This has obsessed D.C.," Quinn says. "You can't describe it unless you live here. Friends have turned on friends. There's poison in the atmosphere. The media hate it because they have to cover it. . . . It's like a layer of green slime over the city. And there's only one person who's responsible for this, ultimately. . . . His presence is the cause of the acrimony."

Peters finds rich irony in such talk: "When you know how many of these people have been involved in adultery, and they lie about it, and get their friends to cover up for them . . . I mean major, major people. At the New York *Times*. At the Washington *Post*. In politics. And then to see them go crazy over this. . . . Sally's had a very interesting sex life of her own."

That's her business, of course. The public's business is whether we do our jobs in a responsible and civic manner. The press is not supposed to follow public opinion or strive for popularity, but there's nothing very ennobling about turning into a hyperventilating mob, either.

Quinn is married to Ben Bradlee, former, and for the most part admirable, editor of the Washington *Post*. Quinn did not report, but *Salon* magazine did, that after Bradlee's *Post* had initially lost an $11 million libel case, the decision was reversed on appeal by . . . Judge Ken Starr. "In my book, Ken Starr can do no wrong," Bradlee said on C-SPAN last fall. Well, it takes a village, as they say.

WHERE DOES IT LEAVE US? PEOPLE AREN'T furious, say the poll numbers, but they don't respect or care about us too much, either. Which word, we asked, comes closest to describing your feelings toward the media today? *Admiration,* 6 percent; *respect,* 22 percent; *disgust,* 20 percent; *indifference,* 45 percent.

"I don't know how damaged we are as a result of this," says Washington *Post* columnist E. J. Dionne. "Chastened a little, maybe. Certainly on the level of punditry, people should be chastened. Some of them reached conclusions a little quickly."

"We all loved the scandal, in terms of just enjoying the gossip about who did what when, who discussed what when," Peters says. "I think he deserved the gossip richly. . . . What should have been criticized along with Clinton's behavior was Starr's investigation. Starr had no more business investigating this than Clinton did doing it. And that should have been the position of an intelligent press corps from the beginning."

True enough. But *intelligent* doesn't describe much of what the press has done this year. ▬

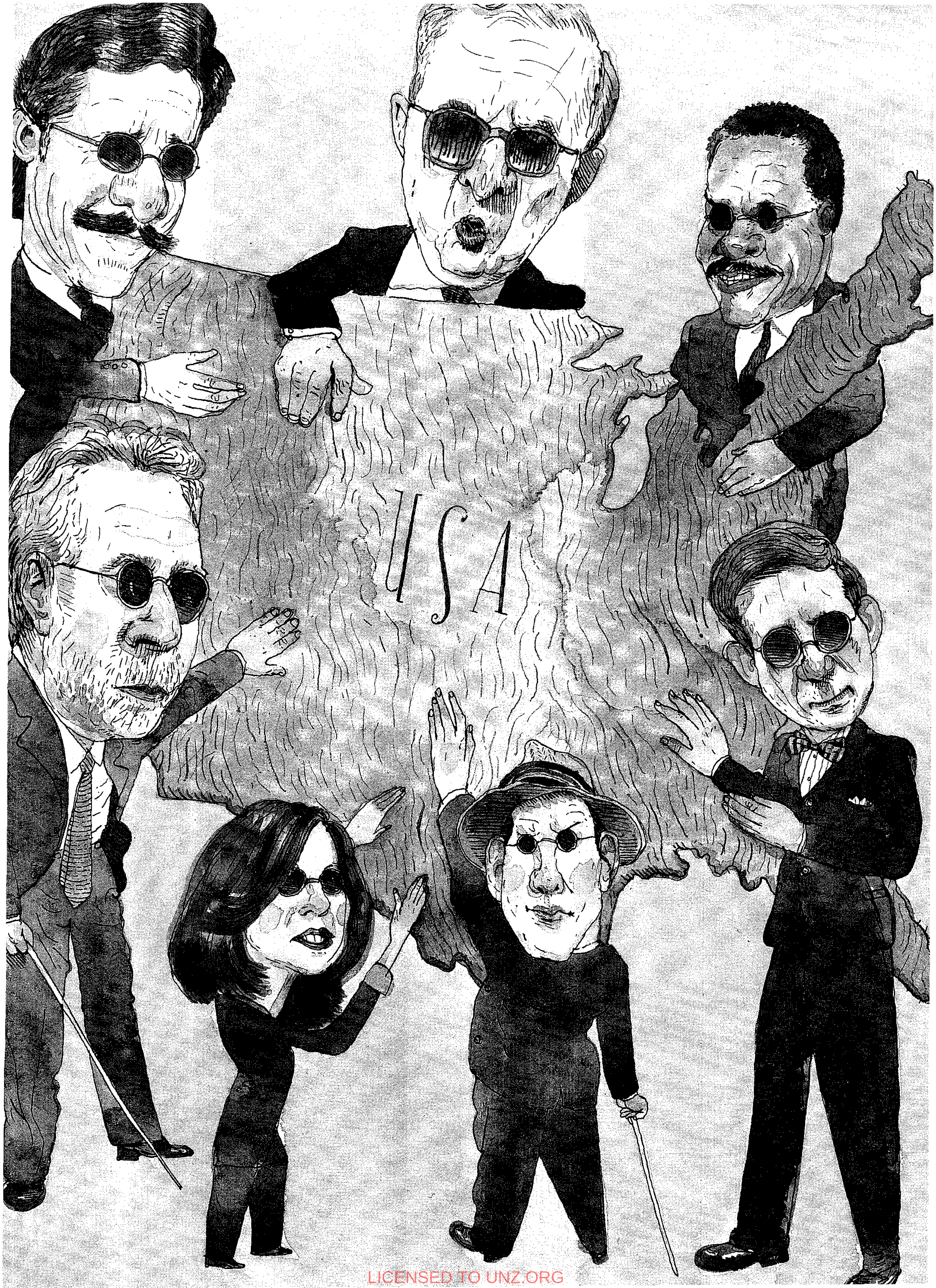
44% **say the media have the same moral standards as the president. 23% say the media have lower standards.**

Bad News for the Media Elite

THE NATIONAL PRESS, AMONG THE MOST KNOWLEDGEABLE AND POWERFUL (AND SELF-IMPORTANT) PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY, ENDED UP OUT OF THE LOOP ABOUT THE MONICA MESS. AND, WRITES MICHAEL WOLFF, RECLAIMING THEIR FORMER STATUS WON'T BE EASY.

THIS IS WHAT THE PRESS DOES BEST: MAKE INSTANT adjustments to the balance sheet, immediate photo-finish assessments, snap judgments about the direction of history, the value of careers, the weight of morality, the meaning of meaning. The other thing the press does best is pick itself up, dust itself off, and begin all over again when it gets the story flat-out wrong. And never before, not DEWEY BEATS TRUMAN, not Liston-Clay, not the Dodgers' 1963 World Series sweep, has the press been so wrong. • If there were justice, Cokie Roberts would resign, too. It was her morality—and personality—that people voted against. • It is not, at least this season, the media as a whole that we despise—we seem to understand that even *Jerry Springer* is just entertainment. It's the news we don't like. It's the serious guys—the national anchors, the Sunday-morning talking heads, the big-time columnists and pundits, the White House correspondents—who are trying to assemble

Oh say can't you see: Clockwise from top center, John McLaughlin, Bernard Shaw, George Will, Matt Drudge, Maureen Dowd, Wolf Blitzer—and the anti-anchor Geraldo.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facts, deal with issues, present, analyze, and digest what's happening today, whom we don't trust and more and more can't abide. Ted Koppel, chin tucked in, face darkening, voice slowing, disapproval rising, wondering each night how a man who is the leader of the American people can so disgrace the White House . . .

The reversal here, newsmen morphing from our most respected symbols to among our least, judged by some to be lower than lawyers even, has come home to roost in the startling discrepancy between what Americans think of Clinton and what the media thinks Americans should think about Clinton. But it isn't only a story about a bad news call; it's about the public's media innocence evolving into finely nuanced media sophistication (in what other realm have we gained such experience? Only sex), and, conversely, of media professionals grown obvious, heavy-handed, square—hot under the collar in a cool medium. Power not only corrupts but plateaus, then degrades. The press, which arguably has been the real party in power for the past generation, faces all the forces that undermine the powerful: complacency, inertia, age, arrogance.

48% believe the media play a negative role in society, 47% a positive role.

HOW DID IT HAPPEN THAT THE PRESS NOT only misread the mood of the electorate but got on the wrong side of it?

I grew up in a newspaper family (my mother became a reporter at 17; my father graduated from newspapers into the advertising business) at the end of the age when every town had at least a morning and an evening paper, when newsgathering was, openly and even proudly, a more or less slapdash, slapstick, drunken *Front Page* affair. Everybody made up stories. Nobody investigated anybody. A hack was a hack. Journalism was not an exalted career. But at 6 P.M., who wasn't unfolding the paper? The local paper wasn't, after all, just news; it was the bulk of one's media life. It was a great package of conventional attitudes and wisdom. Nothing more. Nothing less.

But in the new age of status and professionalism (the world *journalist* being largely a postmodern usage), the newsgathering function broke free from the rest of the paper, and from the rest of the media. First there was Teddy White's *Making of the President*—you could cover politics for its own self; the game of politics had news value. Then Vietnam, when newsmen became a moral force in American life. Then Watergate, where the news media took on a police function. What's more, the algebraic explosion of airtime needed to be fed—and, relatively speaking, political talking heads were something cheap to fill it with.

What was created was not only a new profession—the political commentator—but a new class. A political-mandarin class.

A big career in journalism is a career that brings you to Washington. Getting to Washington is everything you've ever worked for (the disappointments you endure when you get there, the cramped quarters, the cutthroat competition, the parochial politicians, are another story). There's no better platform, says the Washington *Post*'s Howard Kurtz about the White House beat in his book *Spin Cycle*, "no faster ticket to the top of the nightly news." That's how Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Lesley Stahl, Sam Donaldson, Chris Wallace, Judy Woodruff, and Brian Williams got launched.

The reverse has happened, too: Political professionals now aspire to careers in journalism (or, perhaps more accurately, they see little difference between a politician's career and a pundit's). Tim Russert, Diane Sawyer, Dee Dee Myers, George Stephanopoulos, Chris Matthews, Pat Buchanan, and David Gergen were all political professionals (Newt may now, naturally, become a journalist).

Ironically, it's television that's provided the most powerful reinforcement of the primacy of Washington. Television, at the same time it was making the news a lowest-common-denominator experience, emphasizing entertainment rather than issues, soft stories instead of hard, still valued its Washington reporters way above all others. The multi-million-dollar guys covered Washington. Washington was journalism. Politics was news. Anything else was, well, television.

46% trust the media less than they did five years ago; just 10% trust the media more.

Now, one of the frequent criticisms about the press is that it is cynical about politics—more interested in who has power than in the value of the issues at hand. But I think that this is not true; I think that this is the press trying, vainly, to analyze itself (an I'm-too-smart-for-my-own-good analysis). I don't think we find the press cynical at all (as in wondering what they're doing here; as in questioning the value of what they're reporting on). What we have difficulty relating to is the fundamental belief on the part of the Washington press class in the power, importance, and meaning of politics—a critical interpretation of the world that comes pretty directly out of a high-school civics book.

79% think the media rearrange and distort the facts to make a better story.

The problem here, the disconnect, is that it may be that the only groups of Americans left still talking passionately about politics are politicians and the press (and the emotionally troubled). The Democrats, Republicans, and press play out a drama of villains and cowards and saviors in the battle over health care, for instance, to absolutely no resolution, while at the same time the health-care system, through no fault of anyone in politics, is radically transformed in everyone's life. Hello?

Is it a surprise that in the post–Cold War, post-labor-union, post-big-social-spending era, Americans might lose that civic-minded sense of politics and government as the main organizing principle of public life? Is it such a shock that the decisions we make as consumers, the mergers or acquisitions of companies we work for, the technology we adopt in our daily lives, make a quicker and often more substantial impression on the fabric of society than the effects of federal, state, or local legislation?

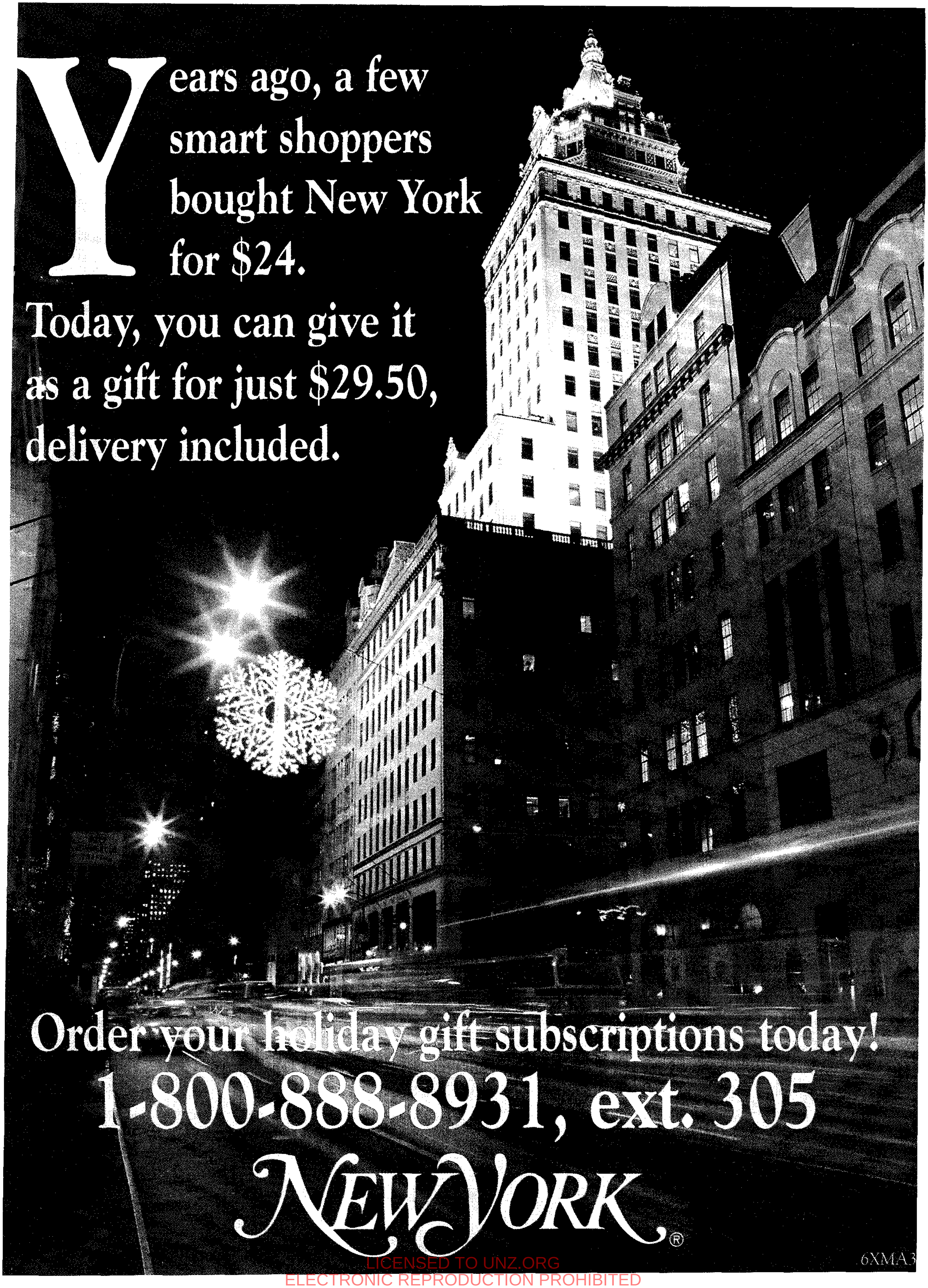
Nowhere does that trend—the vastly diminishing importance of the political process in American life—even shade the reporting of the national press.

In the Monica story, the press charged ahead and applied its single-minded political analysis. But understanding the story, how it played not against a political reality but against personal experience, required a palette of feelings that no one in dead-below-the-head Washington had.

Indeed, only you-know-who was not dead below.

Where the political analysis looks for strength, the president benefited from his display of weakness. Where the political analysis recoils from emotion, the American people were suddenly riveted by details of desire, longing, jealousy, and good old-fashioned crushes. Where the political analysis exalts above all else the singular aura and distinction of being presidential, this president communicates by being just another baby-boomer, as capable and as dysfunctional as the next.

How big is the divide between what the press understands and what a sizable por-



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tion of Americans perceives? Well, the press believes that even if Clinton avoids impeachment, he is a ruined political figure who leaves an ignominious legacy. Meanwhile, that sizable portion of America seems to be moving to embrace Bill Clinton in an altogether new relationship of fascination, equanimity, and friendship—out of which might even come a legacy of greatness. The divide is that big.

HERE'S WHAT I THINK HAPPENED. THE PRESS made a deal with Clinton (or, in its own collective mind, it thought it was making a deal). Remember: They absolutely had him. There were tapes! In his own words! Whispering to Gennifer Flowers. At any point, they—the press—could have ended his first campaign for president. But they rationalized that he was basically a good kid, a serious, brainy student of social policy—just the sort of kid that this sort of parent likes. So they let him slide on the condition that he wouldn't do it again. Of course he wouldn't! Who would take that kind of risk? It seemed safe to assume he'd just be Bill the Wonk, not Bill the Hound.

45% regard the press with indifference, 22% with respect, 20% with disgust, 6% with admiration.

At that moment, the law of unintended effects kicked in. The public, having held its breath, having waited for the press to bring him down, accepted the obvious: The man sleeps around. (The public was put in the position of being the guy's guilty friend: Will he get caught? Will he get away with it?)

So Clinton, the smart kid, the valedictorian, the uncontrollable flirt, attracted to pretty much every woman he's ever met, gets elected.

You've got to believe Clinton knows this about himself, and accepts it: He likes sex (or seduction), needs sex (perhaps even love), and wants more of it. Surprise: That's an attractive quality. We're drawn—women especially are drawn—to guys who want you to love them. It's certainly more exciting than the other kind of guy. After Starr nailed Clinton on the dress, David Gergen predicted that the public upset would soon turn to rage. Well, not only was the public not enraged; it was compelled, fascinated—loving him even more. I mean, these approval ratings are not just high: These are FDR's ratings!

Did Clinton ever reckon with the fact that someday he'd get caught flat out? I'll bet he prepared himself. I'll bet he played this out in his head. He thought about how to communicate the nuance and dimension and sizzle of a new kind of politician to the American people: i.e., *This is all of me.* In fact, he doesn't look shamefaced or awkward at all when he's caught. He looks—could it be?—dignified, ennobled. At any rate, he certainly looks like he's fully prepared to cope with it. He has a lot going for him, of course. He knows his generation, after all—and who among them hasn't had a sexual secret? Plus, he has this bedrock of women supporting him—they get the vibe (remember, he's a mama's boy, having to keep winning his mother back after each of her many marriages). And he has the right opponents—the religious right, the sex haters.

Now, of course, this drives the press nuts. It's not America that's enraged; it's the press that's crazy with rage. Not least of all because they let him off. What could they say now to the charge *You knew he was a sleep-around*? They said: *Yes, but not in the White House! Harrumph!* The betrayal went deeper still. Because Clinton turned out to be not, first and foremost, a wonk, a policy brother, a bureaucrat, but instead some other kind of character that confused the political-commentator class. The guy was communicating over their heads. Talking soft. Sending vibes. Emoting. Even having some secret communication with American women.

Indeed, Clinton understood exactly the question he needed the American people to ask. Not *Who lied?* Not *What did he do?* Not *Who said what to whom?* But: *Who is the real hypocrite?*

He got the best of all possible answers: the press.

And the media hypocrisy was of a very unattractive kind. It was country-club hypocrisy. Arch. Insider. Condescending. *Oh, you see, I told you he wasn't of our class, darling. He wasn't discreet. And that girl, she has such a weight problem! Oh, yes, thank you, Sally, I will take a freshener.*

71% believe legitimate news outlets are sinking to the level of the tabloids with gossip and unsubstantiated stories.

Only Geraldo, the anti-anchor, seemed to sort of get it, muttering sotto voce: "I love the guy, but what a schmuck . . ."

Just 15% think it's the press's job to uphold moral values; 61% think the media should report the facts, 33% uncover corruption, 25% seek out scandals, 20% serve the public interest.

THE PRESIDENT SENT A LAYERED MESSAGE the weekend after his unsatisfying August confession when, with the press demanding contrition of some operatic order and predicting imminent and inevitable resignation, he went out on a boat with Walter Cronkite. Not only did he choose to align himself with a figure of larger-than-life rectitude, but he chose one who provided a marked contrast to the present-day faces who deliver the news. (As a sea-change measure, Nixon, in somewhat similar circumstances, used Billy Graham as his moral foil.) Cronkite, the last and greatest figure of an all-powerful network-news media that offered not only information but temperament, credibility, heroism even, proffered a cheerful wave and a sage smile as his sloop moved out of the Vineyard harbor past the press jackals on the shore.

But it wasn't just the stark contrast that Clinton wanted to point out. The other layer woven into Clinton's Cronkite message is that as much as the present crop of newsmen couldn't eat Cronkite's crumbs, they were also, at least in form and affect, not that different from him. Everything had changed—except these newsmen.

We've all gained a lifetime of savviness about how the media works, about how we get information—the process of getting it, how much we get, what kind we get—and about who is giving it to us. And yet, in the face of this deluge, Sam Donaldson ("Clinton, if he's not telling the truth, will resign") stands pat. By his tone, stance, manner, hair, he continues to maintain: *I impart the message (indeed, I am the message).*

At the same time, part of the frustration of the national news media—a frustration that in and of itself does nothing to endear it to its audience—is that the message it sends does not seem to register. This is a relatively novel situation. The press says the most straightforward and damaging things to a network-size audience, but there is no fluctuation in the nation's opinion. The press doesn't even seem to be able to create doubt. The audience is imperturbable.

(continued on page 120)

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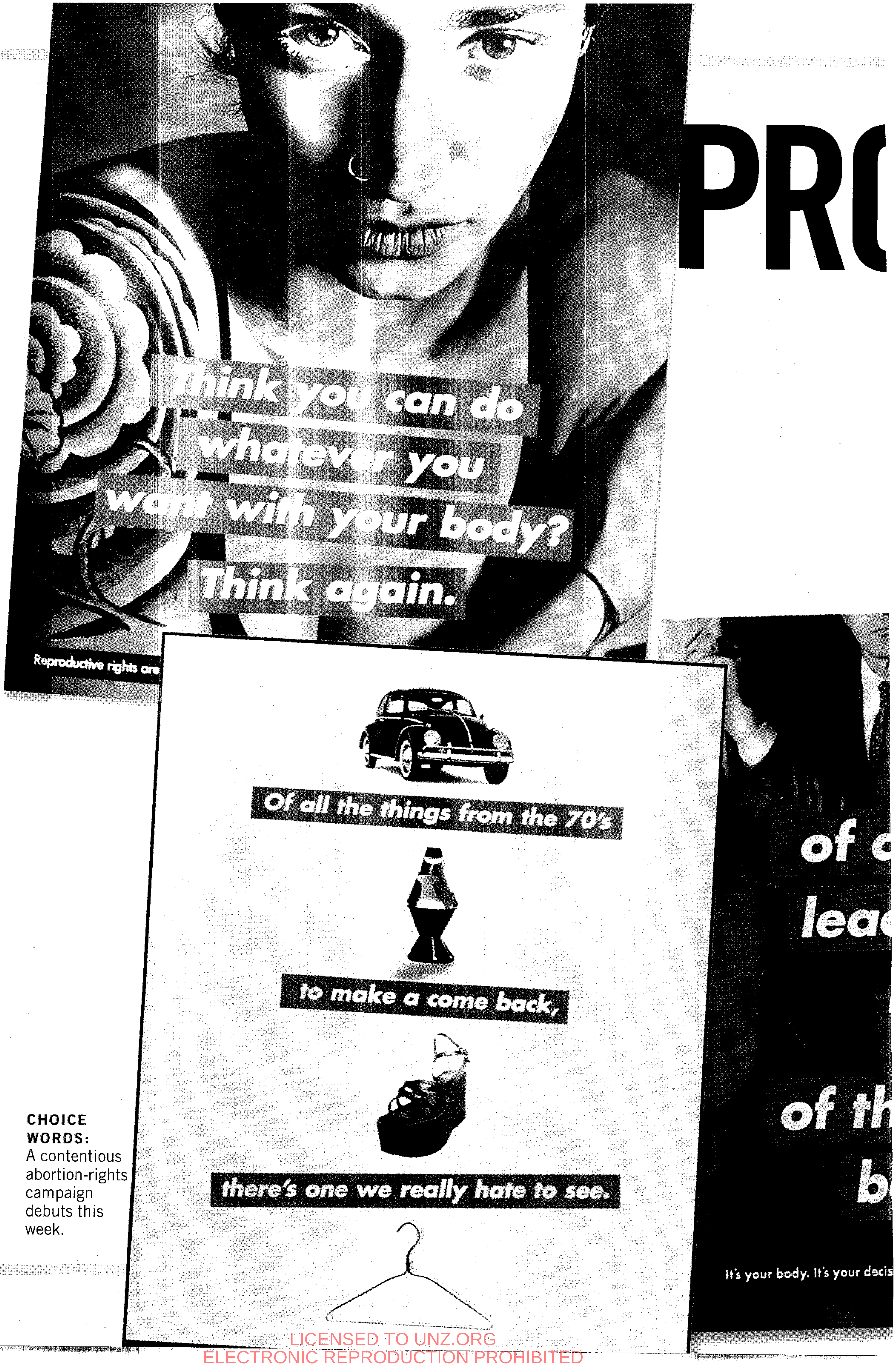
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to make a come back,
there's one we really hate to see.
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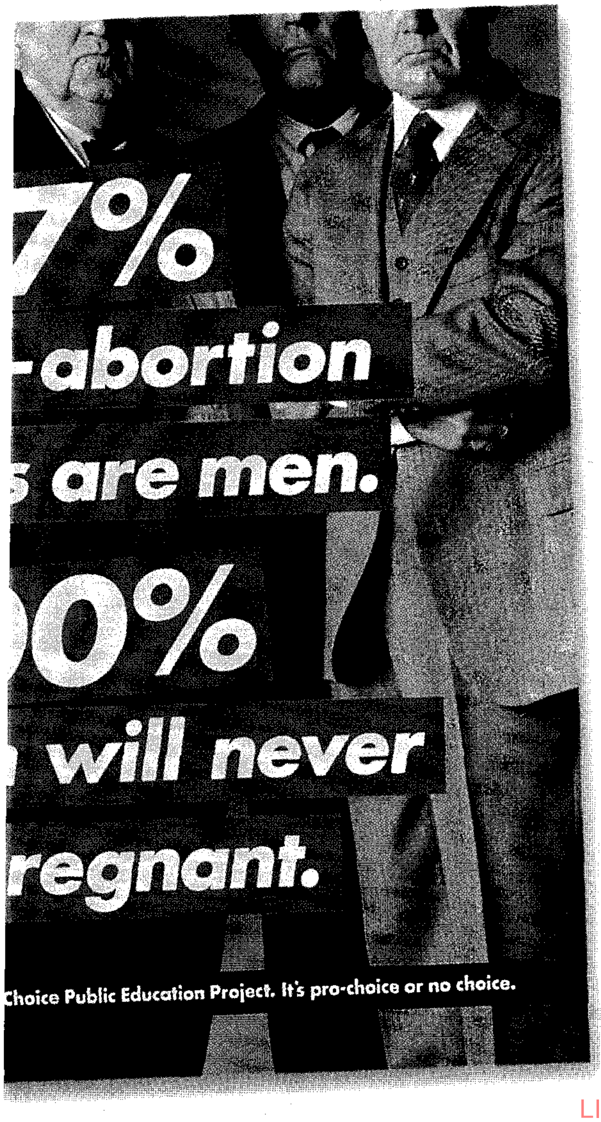
CHOICE WORDS: A contentious abortion-rights campaign debuts this week.

-CHOICE COUNTERSTRIKE

by Nina Burleigh

Dismayed by escalating anti-abortion violence, political backsliding, and apathy among young women, a coalition of 46 pro-choice groups turned to Madison Avenue. But their series of provocative ads, shown here for the first time, may not even make it to the sides of New York City buses.



7%
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Choice Public Education Project. It's pro-choice or no choice.

THIS WEEK, THE FIRST OF THE ADS WILL ROLL OUT IN subway cars across the city: a black-and-white photo depicting a bunch of anonymous aging white men overlaid with red-and-white text, in the style of artist Barbara Kruger: 77% OF ANTI-ABORTION LEADERS ARE MEN. 100% OF THEM WILL NEVER BE PREGNANT. Designed by the feisty New York ad agency DeVito/Verdi, the ad is just the opening salvo in a provocative national print-and-TV campaign aimed at making as much noise in defense of abortion rights as abortion opponents have been making in their attempts to limit rights. With anti-abortion initiatives in Congress and violent attacks on abortion providers on the rise, 46 pro-choice groups have linked arms to launch a P.R. effort aimed at mobilizing complacent abortion-rights supporters, especially young women, across the country. The slogan appearing on all the ads: IT'S PRO-CHOICE OR NO CHOICE.

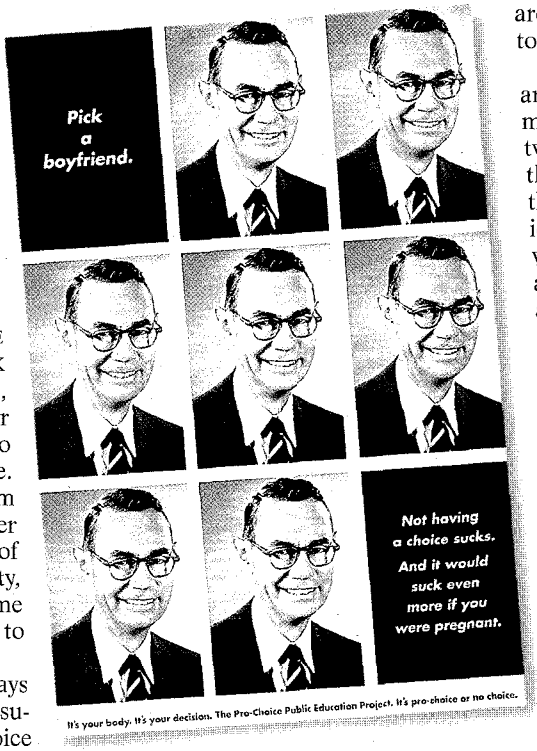
The campaign, which has sparked controversy even before its unveiling, doesn't mince words. "We wanted to make sure they were grabbing people's attention," says Eleanor Smeal, president of the Feminist Majority Foundation, one of the groups that make up the Pro-Choice Public Education Project (PEP), the coalition behind the campaign. "The minute the word *abortion* is used, the level of attention totally changes."

OF ALL THE THINGS FROM THE 70'S TO MAKE A COME BACK, THERE'S ONE WE REALLY HATE TO SEE, reads one print ad, which features photos of a VW bug, a lava lamp, platform shoes, and a coat hanger. Another ad is a black-and-white photograph of a young woman with a tattoo and nose and eyebrow rings, overlaid with the words THINK YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH YOUR BODY? THINK AGAIN. Still another, nicknamed "The Geek Ad," features multiple photos of a nerdy young man. In one corner are the words PICK A BOYFRIEND. In another corner, NOT HAVING A CHOICE SUCKS. AND IT WOULD SUCK EVEN MORE IF YOU WERE PREGNANT. PEP intends to run the campaign in mass-market magazines such as *People* and *Rolling Stone* and in college newspapers nationwide.

AT THE MOMENT, THE GROUP'S BIGGEST STRUGGLE IS JUST TO GET the new campaign on the sides of New York City buses. TDI, the agency that contracts with the city to fill bus ad space, has stalled the contract, sitting for two months on the ad submitted, which reads, WHEN YOUR RIGHT TO A SAFE AND LEGAL ABORTION IS FINALLY TAKEN AWAY, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? The question mark is a coat hanger.

"It's extraordinary," says Kate Michelman, president of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League (NARAL). "They bomb and threaten us, and we can't even get ads on buses."

The ad's designer, DeVito/Verdi, whose client list includes Sony, MCS Canon, Linens 'n Things, and Circuit City, is no stranger to controversy. In 1995, the firm created, for Planned Parenthood of New York City, what was thought to be the first TV ad showing a condom being taken out of its aluminum-foil container ("It's easier than putting on a diaper"). DeVito/Verdi's ad for Daffy's discount clothing stores featuring a straitjacket and the text IF YOU'RE PAYING $100 OR MORE FOR A DRESS SHIRT, MAY WE SUGGEST A JACKET TO GO WITH IT? provoked strenuous objections from advocates for the mentally ill. And the firm's 1997 bus ad for *New York* Magazine, which included the slogan POSSIBLY THE ONLY GOOD THING IN NEW YORK RUDY HASN'T TAKEN CREDIT FOR, provoked a legal battle with Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who objected to the unauthorized use of his name. The MTA removed the ads from buses but had to return them under court order. After a succession of courts supported the ads' legality, the MTA appealed to the Supreme Court, which last month declined to hear the case.


Pick
a
boyfriend.
Not having
a choice sucks.
And it would
suck even
more if you
were pregnant.
It's your body. It's your decision. The Pro-Choice Public Education Project. It's pro-choice or no choice.

MULTIPLE CHOICE: Abortion groups have pledged up to $6 million a year to air the controversial ads.

Ellis Verdi, the firm's director, says TDI has conducted itself with unusual slowness regarding the pro-choice bus ad. TDI hasn't definitively rejected the ad, he says, but has deviated from the normal approval process, leaving the issue stranded in bureaucratic limbo. "We were told 245 buses were available," Verdi says. "Usually it's a simple matter of paperwork after that, but it has been almost two months. We sent them copies of the ad. They never responded."

Nor did TDI respond to phone calls from this magazine.

If the bus ads continue to languish in the bureaucratic void, the PEP groups say they'll initiate legal action. Former state attorney general Robert Abrams, who is representing the coalition, calls the dispute "a watershed First Amendment issue.

"We are living in very dangerous times when a doctor is gunned down in his home, clinics are being bombed, health-care providers are being threatened and pro-choice voices are being silenced," says Abrams. "We are in danger of losing valuable freedoms."

THE ANTI-ABORTION MOVEMENT HAS LONG MOUNTED its own public-relations campaign, of course. One 1996 ad by the anti-abortion Christ's Bride Ministries appeared on mass-transit vehicles in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., erroneously warning of a connection between breast cancer and abortion. A more familiar series is television's "Life, what a beautiful choice" campaign by Philip Dusenberry, Lyn Nofziger, and Richard Wirthlin, begun in 1992 and funded by the conservative DeMoss Foundation to the reported tune of $100 million.

PEP plans to spend $6 million a year to air the new ads, which are primarily aimed at women between the ages of 16 and 25. Among that group, according to a PEP-commissioned poll conducted by Hickman-Brown Research, 57 percent call themselves "pro-choice"—a higher percentage than in the rest of the population. But the polling, which was done in advance of the ad campaign, also found that pro-life women in the same age group are slightly more likely to be registered to vote.

PEP leaders concede that women around the activist table today are more often in their fifties than in their twenties. "Young women don't think these rights will be taken away in their lifetime," says PEP director Marion Sullivan, at 32 one of the younger women in the group. "Yet if you look at what is happening in Congress and at the state level, you see that incremental changes are taking away rights."

There are now no abortion providers in 80 percent of American counties, according to Nancy Yanofsky, a member of the PEP steering committee and president of the Pro-Choice Resource Center, one of the groups supporting the project. Yanofsky says it's "women in the post-*Roe* generation" who really need to be reached: "For these young women, reproductive rights have always been there. The word *pro-choice* is part of their lexicon, and a lot of them believe that it's here to stay and not in jeopardy."

Another reason cited for the urgency of the ad campaign: terrorism. "Most Americans view the threat to abortion rights as coming from limited attacks of madmen when in fact it is happening in legislatures and from a whole web of individuals who advocate violence," says James Wagoner, also a member of the PEP steering committee and president of Advocates for Youth, a national organization that focuses on adolescent sexual health. "There is a psychology that this is a political issue when in fact it is a terrorism issue."

Kate Michelman says that NARAL was unable to hire models for its own ad commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade* this January: "The models were afraid of violence and afraid for their careers."

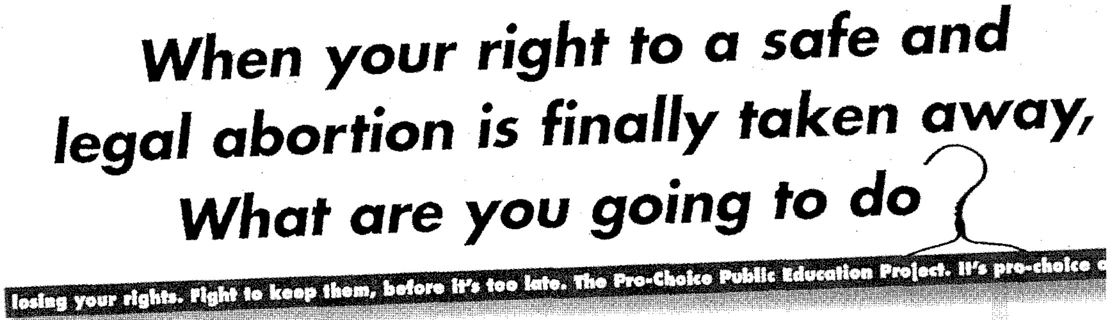
The issue of violence is reflected in at least one PEP ad: A set of snapshots of people killed by anti-abortion extremists, similar to the now-ubiquitous drunk-driving ads. Beneath the photos of the dead are the words THE PRO-LIFE MOVEMENT. IT'S AMAZING HOW MANY DEATHS THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR.

"Snipers do not exist in isolation," says Eric Schneiderman, a New York attorney who has represented clinic escorts. Schneiderman believes the Feds should be able to find indictable links among an "underground network" of anti-abortion terrorists. "The authorities need to come to grips with this," he says. "If Khallid Muhammad was exchanging bomb recipes, you can bet your life there would be an investigation in five minutes."

IN THE WAKE OF THE MURDER OF OB/GYN BARNETT SLEPIAN, pro-choice groups are charging that the Justice Department has not responded to anti-abortion violence with the same energy and resources applied to southern church arsons or men blowing up buildings in the name of Allah. They blame a complicated mix of abortion politics, court rulings, and baby-boom lawyers' own deep reluctance to initiate aggressive investigations like those launched against their own civil-rights and antiwar movements.

For starters, the Supreme Court has limited the Justice Department and local authorities by failing to classify anti-abortion violence as a violation of women's civil rights, the way attacks on black institutions are a violation of black civil rights. A 1993 decision in a Klan Act case found that anti-abortion violence was not a violation of women's civil rights because it was not motivated against women.

"Anti-abortion violence is not equated with misogyny or racism," says NOW president Patricia Ireland. "Under the same logic, you could have argued that the church arsons were anti-church, not anti-black. Most of us believe it's the very freedom that women have been given that is driving these people to violence. Didn't anyone tell Rehnquist that only women can get pregnant?"


When your right to a safe and legal abortion is finally taken away, What are you going to do
losing your rights. Fight to keep them, before it's too late. The Pro-Choice Public Education Project. It's pro-choice o

DIFFICULT QUESTION: A nervous TDI bounced this ad into bureaucratic limbo.

Ireland and others in the pro-choice movement think the federal government should be able to find some trail of conspiracy behind the violence. Last spring, NOW won the first civil RICO case against two militant anti-abortion groups, Operation Rescue and the Pro-Life Action League, in Chicago, when a jury found evidence of a civil conspiracy. (Criminal-conspiracy charges can't be brought by private organizations.)

But the trouble with trying to find a conspiracy involving the Army of God—which has taken credit for some anti-abortion violence—is that it's essentially a phantom group. "The Army of God is not a *them*," says Joe Roy, director of the Intelligence Project at the Southern Poverty Law Center. "It does not exist in a place. It's how you receive canonization in the movement." Roy believes that fugitive Eric Rudolph, wanted for the Olympic Park bombing and a gay-bar bombing in Atlanta, as well as several clinic bombings, probably had help. Whether it came from people who consider themselves soldiers in the Army of God is harder to prove. And Justice Department prosecutors have a difficult job trying to connect the dots from people who believe in a nation ruled by their own interpretation of biblical laws to people willing to kill for that belief. Says Roy: "They are hamstrung since Watergate."

The political climate, too, has not been propitious for an all-out attack on anti-abortion militants. House Judiciary Committee chairman Henry Hyde actually testified in the Chicago trial as a character witness for Joseph Scheidler, the executive director of the militant Pro-Life Action League. Hyde also quickly introduced legislation trying to repeal the use of RICO in similar cases, backing down only when pro-choice groups brought Emily Lyons, a nurse blinded by a bomb (allegedly one of Eric Rudolph's), into Congress to testify.

David Yassky, a former chief counsel to Charles Schumer's House Subcommittee on Crime who helped author the 1994 FACE Act (which made clinic vandalism and acts of violence subject to federal jurisdiction), says the Justice Department reacts adequately when clinic-violence cases are brought to its attention but fails to aggressively investigate and make cases on its own. Yassky says there are two specific areas where the FBI should be looking for a conspiracy: the annual November shootings and the butyric-acid attacks on two dozen clinics in the south.

"There is a very large and legitimate pro-life movement," says Yassky. "The real fear in the Justice Department is that the FBI would wind up unintentionally investigating legitimate anti-choice groups and be subject to horrendous criticism. They have a fear of being criticized by the right wing and by a Republican Congress. And they see this as a special-interest crime."

Following the Slepian murder, Attorney General Janet Reno met again with pro-choice leaders and promised them that the Justice Department would redouble its efforts to combat the violence. Those in attendance said Reno agreed to beef up regional abortion-violence task forces and assign more agents to deal with the threats. Last week, she announced the creation of a new national task force to investigate links between the acts of violence, and said she would designate more federal marshals to clinic defense. But even as Reno characterized the attacks as seeking "to undermine a woman's basic constitutional right—the right to reproductive health care," she felt compelled to add diplomatically, "and while some people may oppose that right, no one should ever use violence to impede it."

Reno's evident need to placate anti-abortionists is politically understandable—but it's just the sort of nicety the PEP organizations find exasperating. As Eleanor Smeal says, "Code words might be good for politics, but they do not carry a message as clearly. Young women do not realize how fragile this right is." ▬

tibor

Design legend tibor kalman made his mark by breaking the rules, but his most contrarian achievement is a 30-year romantic collaboration with offbeat illustrator maira kalman.

FOR A POWER COUPLE, TIBOR AND Maira Kalman don't get out much. They tend to spend a lot of time in the nice old Greenwich Village apartment building they live in with their two children, Lulu, 16, and Alex, 13, and their dog, Pete. If important collaborative matters are to be discussed, they repair to Joe Jr.'s coffee shop across the street.

Tibor Kalman is—for lack of a better formulation—a graphic designer. Maira Kalman writes and illustrates what would appear to be children's books. Through its two-decade history, Tibor Kalman's firm, M&Co—which also designs Maira Kalman's books—has overturned preconceptions in virtually every area of graphic design, from restaurants to magazines to album covers to matchbooks to movie titles. Maira Kalman—as muse, sounding board, wacky-idea generator—has been instrumental in most of M&Co's major projects. (The *M* in M&Co stands for Maira.)

The Kalman apartment is pleasantly large but not killingly enviable. The views are primarily of other buildings. There is a slight dogginess about the smallish living room, whose central object is a big cage for Pete. Despite the Diane Arbus photograph in the front hall, despite the canvas by Bruno Jakob (a.k.a. the Invisible Painter) over the fireplace, it's that dog cage that really radiates importance. Clearly, Pete looms large in the Kalmans' lives. Over in the corner, Tibor has a small desk with a computer on it. On the white wall above the computer, in neat rectilinear array, hangs his collection of (actual) onion rings, bagels, and doughnuts.

"Their apartment kills me," says Isaac Mizrahi, a longtime friend and upstairs neighbor, with affection and exasperation. "You can't tell what anything really *is.* Is that a Noguchi, or is that an Alex Kalman at the age of 4? It's like this big mind game. Which is the best part about stylish people—they don't have rules; they just have a great eye. You almost wish you could accuse them of reverse snobbery, but you can't—they appreciate Fred Astaire as much as Krispy Kremes."

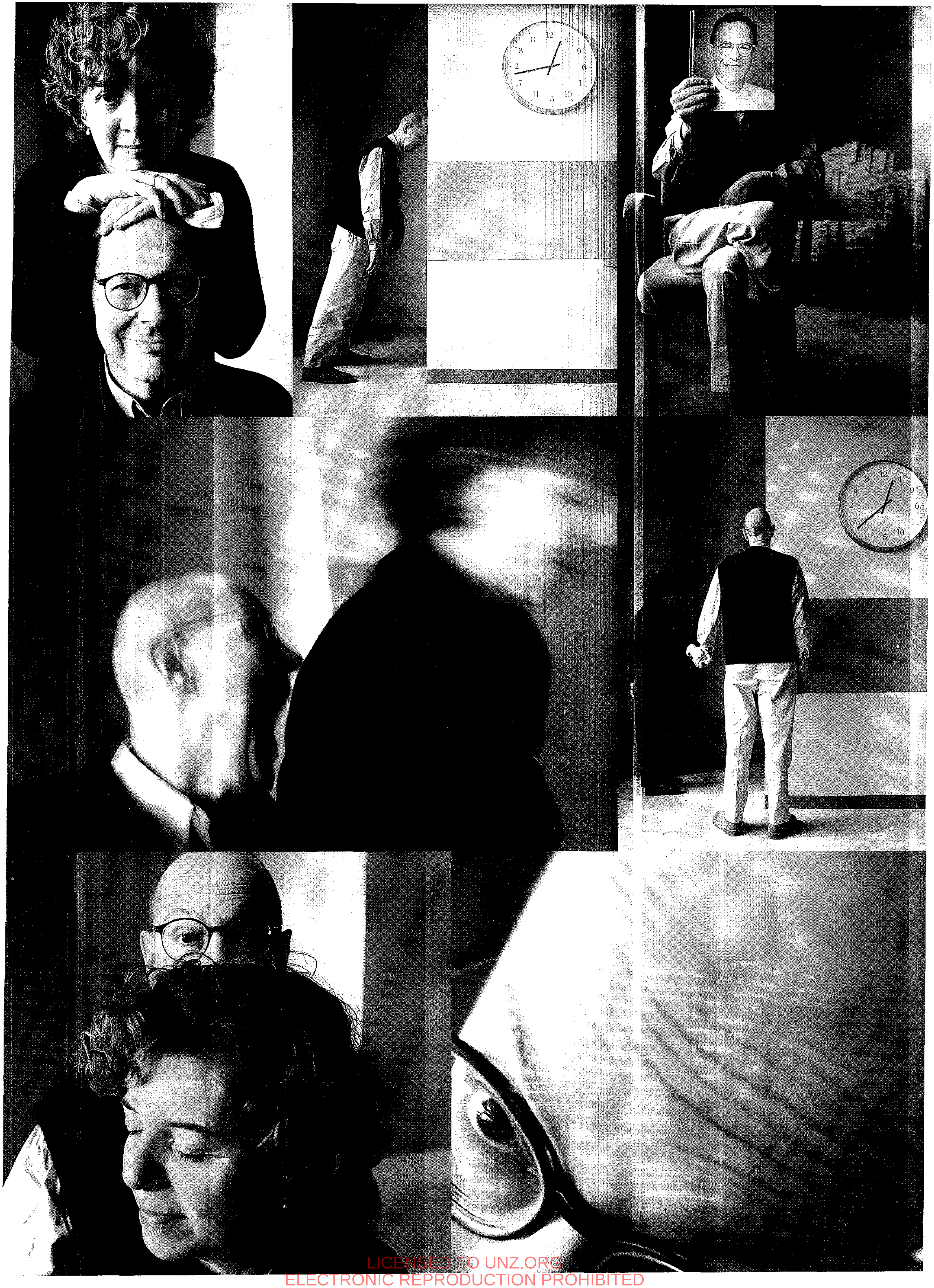
Who are these people? And what's with the onion rings? There are a zillion graphic designers in New York, but at 49, Tibor Kalman is legendary in his field, more, in many ways, for what he doesn't do than for what he does. He never went to design school; he is the first to admit that he doesn't so much design things as nudge others into doing so, after first having convinced whatever powers that be that their previous notions were horribly, tragically wrong. Unlike many designers, who specialize in a look until they get famous for it—and ossification sets in—Kalman has won fame for never staying put. What, after all, is the common thread between a clock with misplaced numerals and, say, the 42nd Street Development Project?

While his ideas have infused, plagued, and generally inspired the Project, it couldn't be said, precisely, that he *designed* anything over there. Kalman's primary contribution—while one faction in the

maira

By James Kaplan

Photographs by Karen Kuehn



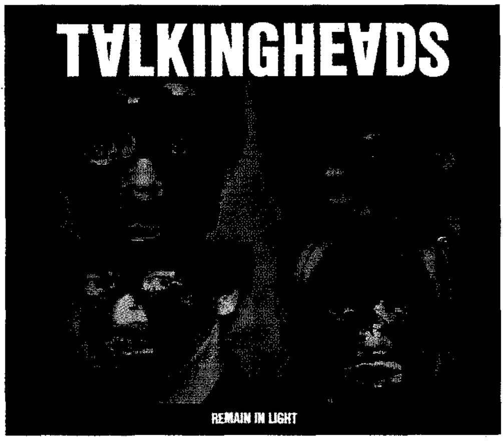
team he led along with architect Robert A. M. Stern pushed for a sanitized, Japanese-entertainment-palace look for the Street—was to argue vociferously and persuasively that the block's essential unruliness should be maintained and nourished. "Tibor's view was the understanding of the vernacular through time," says Rebecca Robertson, the Project's former president. A key idea that Kalman pushed through was cascading, conflicting commercial signage—constantly developing chaos instead of sealed-off order. "He would say, 'We are just a layer of time; this is our layer.' "

Likewise with Benetton's *Colors* magazine, which he edited for five years in the early to mid-nineties. Was it in Italian or English? (Both.) Was it meant to sell Benetton clothes or push an obscurely left-wing, multiethnic, ecological agenda? (Both.) The magazine was a chaotic product, full of blaring, tumbling graphics, but its stark photo essays on AIDS, racial harmony, and drug addiction had a huge international impact.

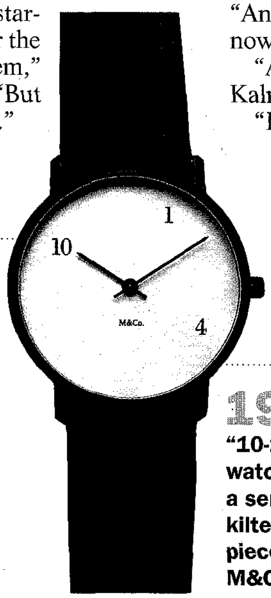
And those children's books of Maira's: The language noodles; the paintings look as if they were done *by* a child. A closer look, however, reveals a sophisticated sensibility with a resolutely uncondescending connection to childish whimsy. There's the Max series, about a world-traveling dog-poet named Max Stravinsky, who is really—the truth can finally be told—Maira Kalman. There's a new book, called *Next Stop Grand Central*, some of whose seemingly primitive, but actually piercingly incisive, painted portraits of travelers also decorated temporary partitions during the terminal's recent renovation.

Tibor Kalman has a new book out, too, about his career as designer and troublemaker, called *Tibor Kalman: Perverse Optimist*. What makes Kalman a perverse optimist? And is it truly possible for a power couple to derive their power not from money or public relations but from the romantic union of similarly off-kilter minds? It seems fitting that the party the Kalmans are throwing for themselves this week is taking place in a totally inappropriate Chelsea storefront, and celebrates not only their two books but their 30 years together. It also seems fitting that they first got together in the romantic year of 1968, the year Tibor Kalman joined SDS, the romantically radical organization for which Maira Kalman, then Maira Berman, had no affection whatsoever.

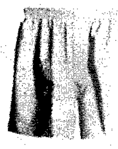
WHAT TURNED TIBOR KALMAN into a radical was getting beaten by the New York police and thrown into the Tombs overnight for taking part in a demonstration by the Yippies at, of all places, Grand Central Terminal. "It's kind of a wimpy way to get radicalized, as opposed to your awareness of starvation in the world, or the inequity of the system," Kalman says dryly. "But that's what happened."



1980
M&Co's breakthrough album-cover design for the Talking Heads' *Remain in Light*.



1984
"10-1-Four" watch, first in a series of off-kilter timepieces from M&Co Labs.



24 Hours

Gansevoor

"Tibor would use bad language, talk in Hungarian, show things tha

The Kalmans are sitting in the living room of their apartment on a sunny afternoon, he in an armchair, she on the couch. An extended bout with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma has transformed the legendarily energetic designer, once famous for bounding onto tabletops in the middle of client presentations, into a kind of coiled version of himself. His cane leans on the chair. He speaks so softly that his words, as provocative as ever, gather unexpected force.

Maira Kalman seems to sit tentatively on any surface, her posture a strange amalgam of grandeur and the urge to flee. The Kalmans met at NYU, "at summer flunk-out school," as Maira Kalman puts it, after freshman year. He was a history major and a firebrand, working part-time as a cashier at the Student Book Exchange; she was a literature major who wrote bad poetry. In the charged-up climate of the time, they made an inconvenient couple.

"I approach everything from the personal point of view, and I reject everything that doesn't interest me, politics being top on the list," she says. "To me, what happens when we have an argument on the corner is the only thing that's real." This attitude was incorrect enough to spur Tibor's SDS chapter into holding a meeting condemning their relationship.

"And politically, I had to agree with them," Tibor Kalman says. "And emotionally, I couldn't agree with them, because I loved her."

The culmination of Tibor's SDS career came in 1970, when he dropped out of NYU and went to Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade to participate in Fidel Castro's 10 million-ton sugarcane harvest, the leftist cause célèbre of the moment. "And then I came back," he says. "I had nowhere to go. I joined—"

"A cockamamie commune," Maira Kalman interjects.

"I joined a collective," he says, not quite giving her a look.

It was a workers' collective in Paterson, New Jersey, and Kalman grew more disaffected with radical politics by the second. "Organizing young blue-collar factory workers in Paterson to be Communists—it seemed to me that it wasn't going to be worth much."

Being a leftist was an interestingly knotty matter for Kalman. His family had left Hungary in 1956, when he was 7, shortly after the Soviet invasion. Kalman's father was a wealthy engineer, and the family walked across the border in the middle of the night with whatever they could carry in suitcases. They wound up in Poughkeepsie, where Tibor grew up in the late fifties and the sixties, loving all things American with the intense and puzzled passion of an outsider who desperately wanted in yet

Photographs: preceding page, hair and makeup by Jim Crawford for Garren New York; this page, courtesy of M&Co.

couldn't give over his whole soul.

And so it was that Tibor Kalman, still brimming with only partially submerged socialist passions, left Paterson and went back to his job at the NYU Student Book Exchange.

When Kalman had first worked there, the SBX (as it was then known) was a friendly, low-wattage business that had recently been opened by a young entrepreneur named Leonard Riggio. It was a fun place to work, yet while Kalman had been extremely good at running a cash register and alphabetizing stock, he wanted something more. One rainy Saturday morning, when the store's window dresser called in sick, Kalman asked if he could design a display. Why not, Riggio said. Kalman balanced some cardboard boxes and books in an improbable-looking way, and a new career seemed to be born.

Then came Cuba. And Paterson. While Tibor had been harvesting sugar cane, Leonard Riggio had been opening other student bookstores, and had bought a small company called Barnes & Noble.

Riggio hired Kalman back as the design director for the SBX, now his flagship store. Over the next few years, as Riggio continued to build his empire, Kalman went from being a guy who could put together a nice-looking window display to being Riggio's marketing collaborator and secret weapon, head of a significant corporate design department. "He probably has the biggest set of eyes in the whole world," Riggio says. "I have never seen anyone who has such profound vision—he goes into a room and sees the little and the big. He and his work are inseparable. He's on the order of the great scientists and mathematicians and writers—they are their work." It didn't matter that he had no background in design—he could hire people to flesh out his ideas for Barnes & Noble's shopping bags and posters and newspaper ads. And he could ask Maira's advice, even when—as periodically happened throughout the decade—they weren't officially a couple.

"We would get together, break up, take advantage of the opportunities of the seventies," Kalman recalls. "Which was, I think, a very healthy way to work out our relationship. She had other boyfriends. I had other girlfriends. But even when we were in someone else's bedroom, we would be talking to each other as friends."

Unable to keep her attention on literature, Maira had also dropped out of NYU. She wanted to be a writer—the only problem was that she couldn't stand writing. "I kept writing badly and writing horribly and writing even worse," she says. "And then decided that maybe if I drew what I was thinking, I would escape this horror of the word."

The drawings she began to do in the early seventies were "these kind of cartoony scenes, half surrealist, half naïve—just scenes that were visions I'd had from my imagination. And then I would kind of write a little caption for it, and that would be my narrative."

She collected the drawings in a portfolio and started taking them around. She sold one to *The Village Voice*. And then she sold another.

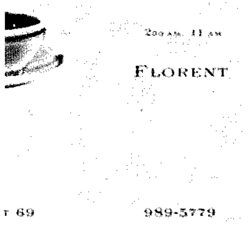
TIBOR KALMAN BORED EASILY, AND BY the end of the seventies he'd grown tired of churning out Barnes & Noble book bags and posters and displays and ads. And so, as he turned 30, he decided to go into business for himself. In January 1979, along with two of his designers from Barnes & Noble, Carol Bokuniewicz and Liz Trovato, he founded M&Co. The company operated, at the start, from the kitchen table in Tibor and Maira's old Cornelia Street apartment. Its first jobs included designing shopping bags for a Palm Beach jeweler and logos for a chain of Brooklyn discount clothing stores. It was brutally primitive design, often purposefully ugly. But Kalman, who had grown up admiring American bigness and brashness, aerodynamic TV sets and Edsel showrooms, took it all in stride.

As the business grew, the clients improved: There were banks, retail chains, real-estate developers—and then there was Talking Heads. In 1980, through a friend of a friend of Carol Bokuniewicz's, M&Co got the chance to design the cover for an album by Brian Eno and David Byrne called *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts.* Kalman found that Byrne's band was having trouble coming up with a cover for its third album, *Remain in Light.* Kalman offered to do the job free; Byrne accepted.

The eventual cover was a blend of synergy and serendipity, not so much designed, in the pencil-and-paper sense, as hit upon. For the cover image, Kalman happened on some digitally altered photographs of the four band members (their faces were partially obliterated with red blotches). And for the cover type, the group seized on a doodle Kalman had done of the band's name with the *A*'s upside down.

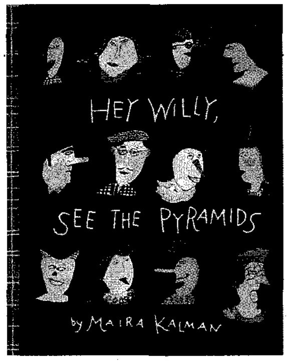
The formidably hip cover was a watershed for both Talking Heads and M&Co. It created an image for the band, and for the firm, that felt like an aesthetic signpost for the new decade: at once anti-corporate and gravely important, dead-serious and absurd. "Tibor and company don't have a signature style, and that is a worthy ambition in life," David Byrne writes, in Kalman's new book. "It's a way of staying half-awake, or noticing things, enjoying things and learning to love things—especially the vernacular and banal things that have been relegated to the garbage heap of design."

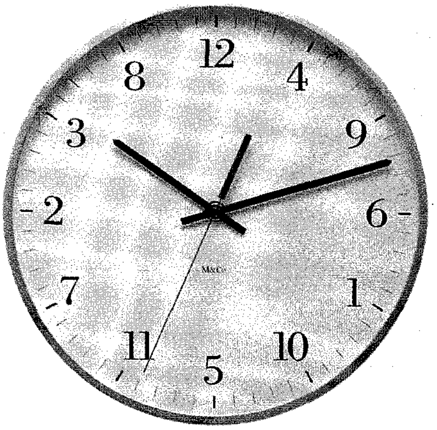
"In the early eighties, I saw Tibor give a talk on a panel about magazine design at the Cooper-Hewitt," says Michael Bierut, a partner at Pentagram, a design consultancy. "He was up there with a guy from *Time*,



1987

"Boxers comb coffee cup" ad for Florent restaurant.





1988

***Hey Willy, See the Pyramids,* Maira's first book as author and illustrator; "askew" wall clock, the M&Co Christmas gift that year.**

ere ugly and say they were supposed to be ugly. Nobody did that."

and other people from real magazines. I think he sensed he didn't have what it took to get along on that level, and so his m.o. was to try and disrupt the proceedings.

"Everyone else would be on their best behavior, painting pictures of endless triumph—problem solved, client won, et cetera," Bierut says. "Tibor would use bad language, talk in Hungarian, show things that were ugly and say they were supposed to be ugly. Nobody did that. But Tibor was very into making things look nonprofessional as a critique on the profession."

As a designer—or more accurately, as a director of other designers—Kalman was in a funny position: He felt that the essential aim of most graphic design was to deceive. Cereal boxes lied about the cereal inside. Corporate brochures tried to make faceless, brutally competitive corporations seem warm and friendly.

M&Co had to do a certain amount of slick work to survive. But increasingly, as the firm prospered, Kalman was able to bring his sense of the vernacular—of deadpan American-historical context—into play. Using banal American design elements was a way of expressing his socialist ideals, his love-hate for his adopted country.

At the same time, he was a thoroughgoing capitalist, and a clever one. Throughout the eighties, Kalman diligently positioned himself as the bad boy of the profession—a posture that, as deeply felt as it may have been, brought him a huge amount of attention and business, with clients ranging from clothing conglomerate The Limited to Knoll office furniture to China Grill.

"The first time I ever encountered him in his activist role," says Steven Heller, art director of *The New York Times Book Review* and chair of the MFA design program at the School of Visual Arts, "the fashion company Esprit had been given the award from AIGA [the American Institute of Graphic Artists] as the most significant company using design in the business world. And Tibor began this guerrilla flyer attack questioning Esprit's business practices in the Far East, looking at what the rest of us tended to take for granted.

"As his audience grew, he really had an effect on the profession. He would take his speaking engagements really seriously—would take each one as a mission to blow the minds of everybody in the audience. So they would start doing it differently the next morning. So they would question the brief they got from a client, instead of just being a neutral container for it."

KALMAN'S PROVOCATEUR POSE WAS his only solo act. His strongest suit has always been as a collaborator, and his most enduring collaboration has been with his wife. Tibor and Maira married (and moved into their current apartment) in 1981. The following year, Lulu was born. Her middle name was Bodoni, after Tibor Kalman's favorite typeface. Three years later came Alex, who has several middle names, one of which is Onomatopoeia.

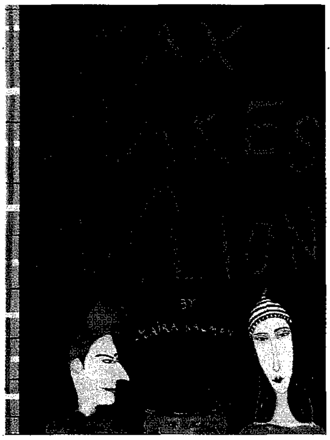
"We're kind of joined at the hip," he says of his working relationship with his wife. "She's the only person I can trust in the world. And I think she's an incredibly great conceptual designer. I can always rely on her to judge something that I've done, or to come up with a concept when I can't come up with one. I think we both play kind of a muse role to each other."

"Tibor is a phenomenally directed and motivated person," Maira Kalman says. "And I'm always ambivalent and confused. He can act on things and do things and get things done in the real world, and I'll sort of always be sort of floating around in a cloud."

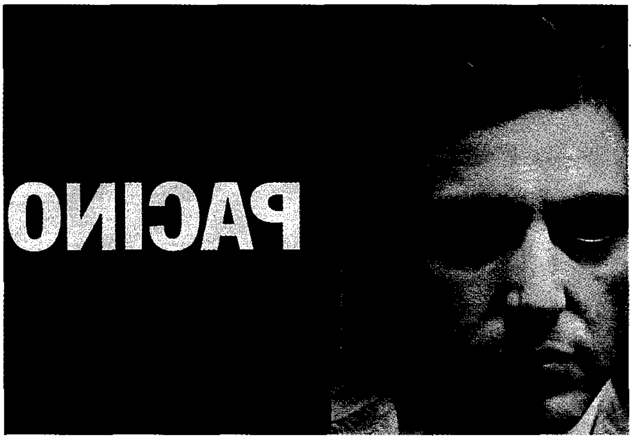
As an example, M&Co's 1984 10-1-Four watch, which arbitrarily displays only those three numerals on its face, came from a doodle on one of her notepads. It took Tibor Kalman to have the sketch turned into an actual watch, and then to spin the design off into a whole series of idiosyncratic timepieces, produced at some expense in Switzerland and still sold in museum stores. Likewise with the cartoony scenes that, for years, Maira Kalman had sold piecemeal, to the *Voice*, to the *Times*, to the Boston *Globe*. "I didn't get the idea that I could actually combine the whole thing," she says, "until Tibor said to me one day, 'Schmuck, it's time for you to do a book.' "

It was 1986; David Byrne had recently written a song called "Stay Up Late" for Talking Heads' latest album. And, in a perfect example of Kalman's creator-provocateur-impresario process, "I came up with the idea that maybe Maira could take these words and do a children's book," he says. "David Byrne was a very big name at the time, and he kind of had that supergeek image. And so, I went to him and said, 'It would be great to do this because, first of all, you wouldn't have to lift a finger and you'd get a bunch of money. And second, it would kind of work on your image a little bit for you to be the author of a children's book, and Maira could be the illustrator.' And he said, 'Great,' and I went to Nancy Paulson at Viking, and she said, 'Great.' And suddenly, Maira had a reasonably well-selling children's book out because of David, because of the synergy between them, and the fact that she could draw in this wacky way that he liked."

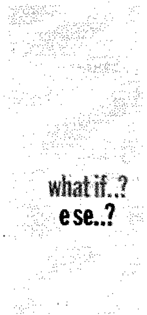
He smiles at his wife's shift from floater-on-a-cloud to prolific children's-book author. She's written nine books since that first collaboration with Byrne, and they're all still in print. "I



1990 *Max Makes a Million,* Maira's fourth book.



1991 *Interview* magazine layout during Tibor's tenure as creative director.



"He can act on things and do things and get things done in th

Photographs courtesy of M&Co.

don't think anyone's happy unless they're real busy," he says. "And so I bug her. And she resents it—she loves her ability to take a year to do a children's book. And I'll say, 'Why can't you do one a day?' "

AND YET, BY THE END OF THE eighties, Tibor Kalman had, to a certain extent, become the victim of his own busyness. M&Co had turned into a behemoth, involved not only in graphic design but also in film, product, and sales design, as well as magazine design and editing. The firm had produced album covers and a video for Talking Heads, movie titles for John Sayles and Jonathan Demme. Tibor himself had designed numerous issues of *Artforum* and *Interview.* Kalman the rebel had become a distinguished, if still inconvenient, elder statesman in his field, a sought-after guru.

Colors, which Oliviero Toscani, creative director for the Italian clothing empire Benetton, offered to Kalman in 1991, was the ideal vehicle for the unregenerate socialist, and the not totally resolved capitalist, in Kalman. "*Colors* under Kalman's editorship was a delightful throwback," says design titan Milton Glaser. "It was a remarkably imaginative editorial product driven by *ideas,* which you can't say about any magazines now."

The magazine captured immediate attention, while generating controversy, and Kalman found his focus increasingly drawn away from M&Co. Suddenly, he was on the *Today* show, and he wasn't talking about design; he was explaining why, for an issue on race, he had published a computer-altered photo of Queen Elizabeth portrayed as a black woman. Thus it was, in September 1993, that he and Maira made the most romantic decision of their already romantic lives.

Toscani had offered Kalman a fat salary to move to Rome and run *Colors* from there. "And I said, 'God, that sounds perfect for me,' " he says. "All I ever wanted to do was to do this magazine. It was sort of the high point of our lives to that point. Maira said yes in about four seconds."

So he closed up shop at M&Co, holding a gigantic yard sale, selling off the office furniture and fixtures—even selling his Armani suits—and off the Kalmans moved to Rome.

It was luscious, it was lovely, and—as very quickly became clear—it was totally impossible. The logistics of conducting a complicated business in a foreign country, and especially in Italy, quickly proved daunting, and then overwhelming, even to such a dynamic and unconventional spirit as Tibor Kalman's. "Nobody does anything there except have fabulous cappuccino," Maira Kalman says. "Really, it's the ethic of *dolce far niente.*"

One day in the middle of all this, the family decided to fly to Tunis for the weekend, and Tibor went to the doctor to have an ear infection looked at. In the course of looking him over, the doctor found he had a severely enlarged spleen. "And she said, 'You have to get your butt out of Rome immediately and go to New York and find yourself a proper doctor,'" Kalman recalls.

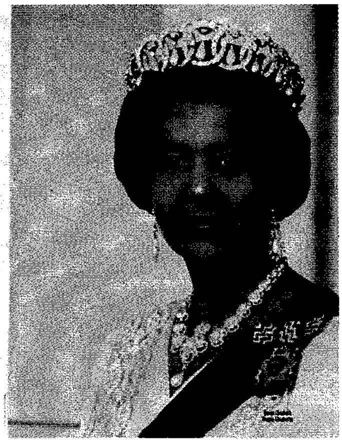
After finding he had lymphoma, Kalman asked Toscani if he could move *Colors* back to New York. Toscani said no. "I came back and started making grand plans about all these things that I was going to do," Kalman says. "Mini-documentaries; films that just had typography on the screen. I wanted to see the limits of what you could do with film and hold people's attention. I was making all these insane plans because I was totally free. I didn't have a studio, I didn't have a job, I didn't have a magazine to edit."

THE KIND OF CANCER TIBOR KALMAN has rages and ebbs. It raged for a year after he returned to New York, and then it ebbed. Last year he reopened M&Co, in a giant industrial loft in the far West Teens, in a space he shares with Barnes & Noble's online headquarters. Kalman and Leonard Riggio are together once again. In exchange for design consultancy, Kalman gets a salary from Barnes & Noble, as well as M&Co's office space rent-free.

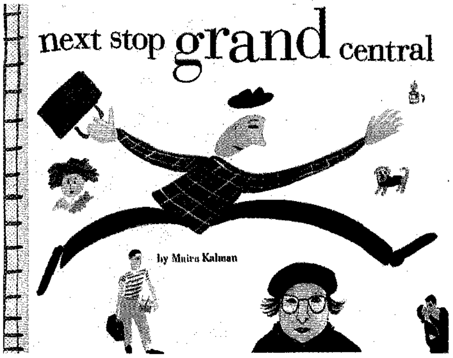
With no pressure to scare up giant fees, Kalman can pick and choose his jobs, thereby avoiding his biggest bugbear: stupid clients. (His current roster includes, besides B&N, the Swiss furniture manufacturer Vitra, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum.) He's also free to dream up projects like *(Un)Fashion,* a *Colors*-like, nearly text-free book about the amazing ways people around the world clothe themselves. And since he doesn't have to think about being an arrant capitalist, he can hearken back to his old political ideals, ideals he insists never went away: "I still believe those things," he says. "I still believe that this could be a socialist nation. And I still try to, when I can, inject those kinds of ideas in my work."

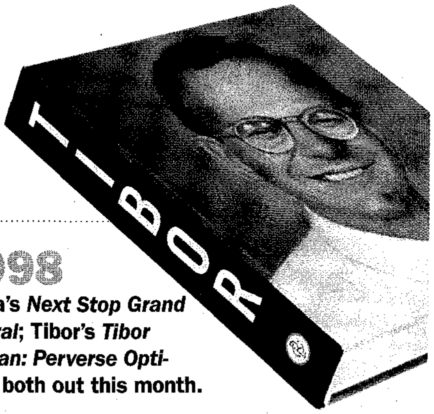
Has his illness given him any new perspective? He smiles. "It's sort of like getting old really fast," he says. "But, nevertheless, I mean, who gives a shit? What I really want to do is to work, you know? I really want to do new projects. I think the first thing this has done is to make me not want to waste time. I mean, the last thing in the world I want to do is to argue with people, or even discuss the color something should be."

Maira Kalman, as is her wont, interrupts. "I have to add that that's exactly how he was before he got sick," she says. "He didn't ever have the patience for bullshit before, and he doesn't have the patience for bullshit now." ■



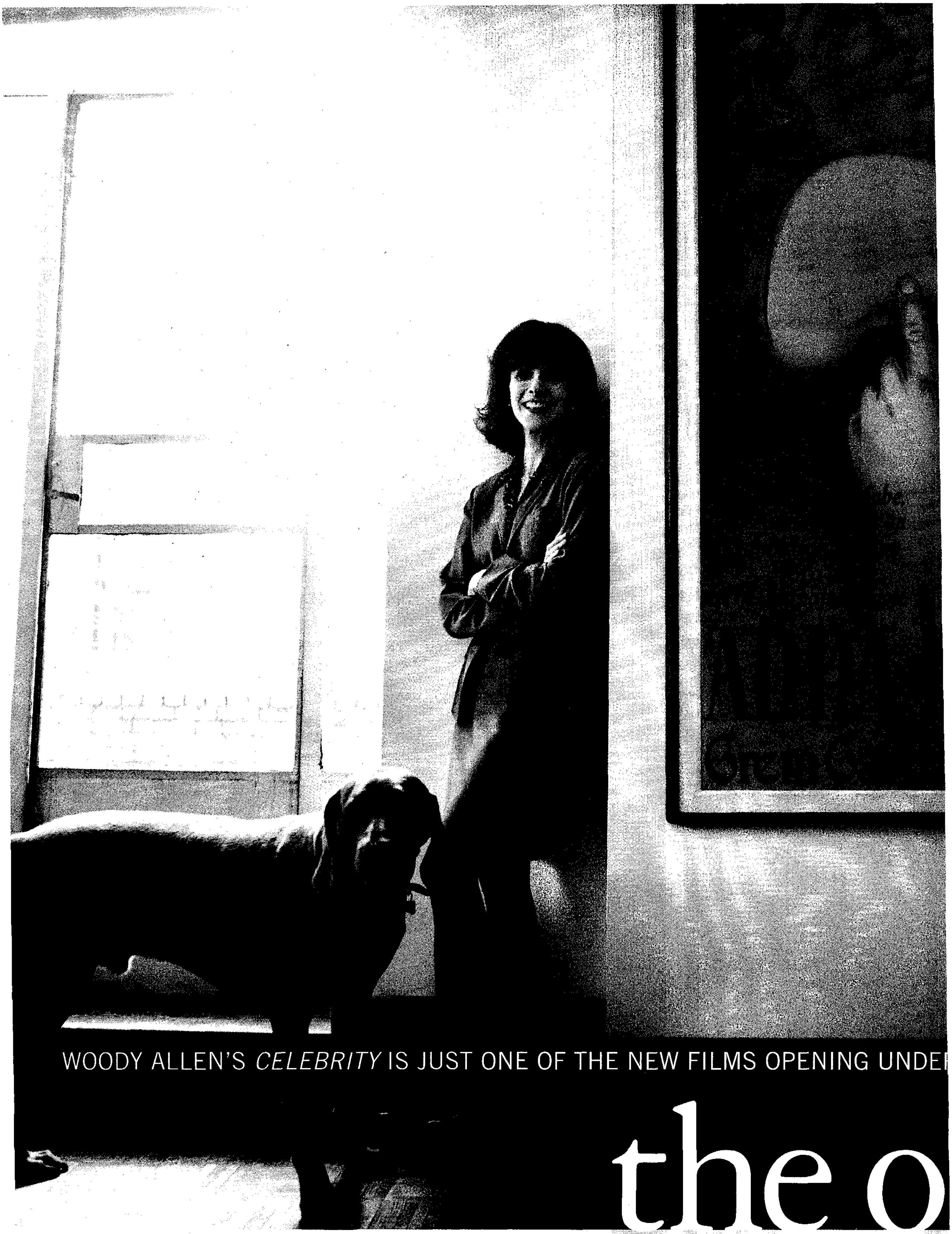
1993
"What if?" from the race issue of *Colors* magazine.





1998
Maira's *Next Stop Grand Central*; Tibor's *Tibor Kalman: Perverse Optimist,* both out this month.

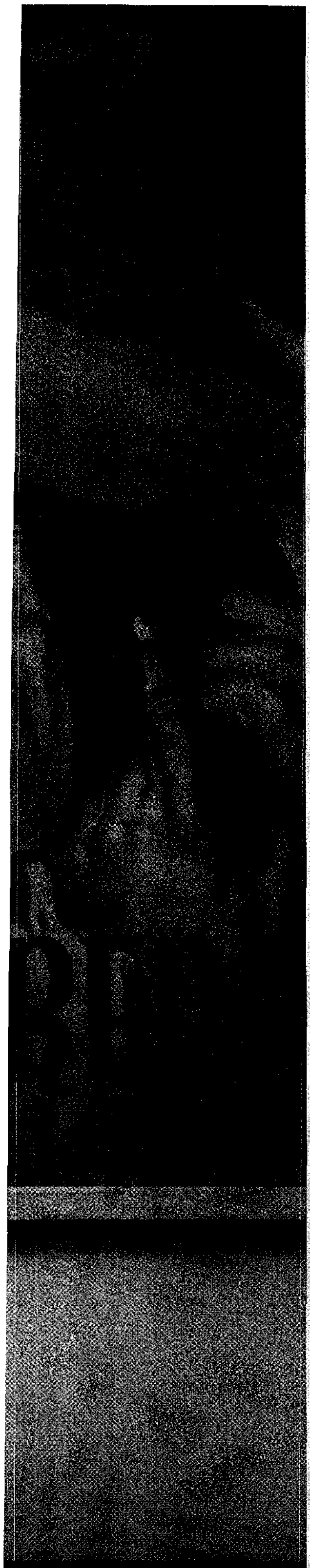
real world, and I'll always be floating around in a cloud."



WOODY ALLEN'S *CELEBRITY* IS JUST ONE OF THE NEW FILMS OPENING UNDE

the o

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY CLINCH



N DOUMANIAN'S B[illegible] SHADOW

the woman

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

There aren't many women like Jean Doumanian in Woody Allen's movies. Anjelica Huston's character in *Manhattan Murder Mystery* comes closest—tart, direct, sensationally appealing in black leather—but Woody didn't wind up with her; Alan Alda did. The women Allen adores, if his films are any gauge, are a more elusive combination of no-nonsense and flighty, distinctive and extremely natural. Tony Roberts, ubiquitous in Allen's movies of the seventies and eighties, sums it up nicely: "They tend to need protection. They're a little frazzled, or silly, or endearingly inept. And Jean is the opposite of all that." ■ Doumanian has been Allen's producer for the past five years and his closest friend for the past 30. She is opinionated, stylish, a conquering presence; she almost always travels with an entourage and wears large, cobalt-tinted sunglasses no matter where she is or what the time of day. She has a wonderful wit. "I think if I ever wrote someone like her," says Allen, "I'd have to get *her* to play it. She's got that delivery, like Jean Dixon in George S. Kaufman plays." ■ Though Doumanian and Allen have never been married or even romantically involved, their relationship is arguably the most enduring either one of them has ever had. They chat on the phone at least twice a day, sometimes for an hour at a time. They're always dining together. They share an endearing, symmetrical neuroticism, he with his insistence on his own bathroom wherever he travels, she with the constant slathering of antibacterial lotion all over her hands; he eating his food in itty-bitty bites, she, also blade-thin, living on a diet of popcorn, vegetables, and dessert. ■ Six years ago, when Allen's personal life—his *real* personal life, not the sympathetic screen version—became Topic A at dinner parties and editorial-board meetings and Elaine's, Doumanian, generally mysterious and uncommunicative with the press, came forward and defended Allen with the spiky bluntness of a mace. Mia Farrow "threatened to kill him and asked if Soon-Yi was better in bed than she was," Doumanian told *New York* Magazine in 1992. "She made Woody's life a private hell."

The following year, just after the release of *Husbands and Wives,* Doumanian took over the financing of Allen's films through a production company bearing her name. *Celebrity,* Allen's black-and-white meditation on the quirks and perks of stardom and a star-crazed culture, is their fifth film together. It arrives in theaters nationwide this Friday, after opening the New York Film Festival in late September to mixed reviews.

But the critical response may be less important this time around: After five years of collaboration with Allen, Doumanian no longer depends solely on his work and whims. Within the past year or so, she has produced *The Spanish Prisoner,* David Mamet's cunning con of a thriller; *Cherry Pink,* the first attempt at film direction by *Seinfeld's* Jason Alexander; *Dinah Was,* a moderately successful Off Broadway musical about jazz diva Dinah Washington; *Into My Heart,* which stars girl-of-the-minute Claire Forlani and recently premiered at the Venice Film Festival; and *The Story of a Bad Boy,* which she hopes to enter in another festival sometime soon.

"She wants to work with a new generation," says *Bad Boy's* author, the playwright Tom Donaghy. "That's what she said to me, in so many words."

Whether she will succeed in attracting one depends in large part on whether she can outgrow her reputation for inconsistency and flamboyant severity, which led her staff, during the infamous season she served as executive producer of *Saturday Night Live,* to start referring to her as "Ayatollah Doumanian."

"Frankly, I didn't know of her until she called me," says Alexander. "After she called, I heard everything from the sublime to the ridiculous—everything from 'She's the loveliest person' to 'Ayatollah Doumanian.' I have personally never seen the Ayatollah part, other than that she knows what she will and won't have. And to that, I say: 'It's her purse.' "

Well, not exactly: Jaqui Safra, Doumanian's longtime companion and the extremely wealthy nephew of Edmond Safra, the financier who controls Republic National Bank, is a key source of funding for Doumanian's company, through another company called Sweetland Films. (How big a source she won't say, nor will she identify Sweetland's other investors, save for noting they're mostly Europeans.) Perhaps for this reason, her detractors insist she is no more than a charismatic, superbly connected adjunct to two brilliant men. Unlike Allen's former longtime producer Bob Greenhut, Doumanian concerns herself little with the filmmaking process; rather, she secures money, plots the marketing strategy, and finds distributors. Certainly, to outsiders, it looked as if Allen recruited Doumanian in 1993 to protect himself after a painful public drubbing, though he emphatically dismisses this explanation. "Sooner or later," he says of their partnership, "it would have happened."

Before forming her own production company in 1991, Doumanian hadn't much of a track record to speak of, either. She spent nearly a decade cultivating duds—a biography of legendary Broadway showman George Abbott that never aired, a talk show for Wil Shriner that never ran, a string of unclaimed (and un-acclaimed) television pilots, a series of unproduced scripts with Sean Cunningham, director of the original *Friday the 13th.* Her luck didn't change until 1991, when she produced *The Ox,* a solemn Swedish film by Sven Nykvist, Ingmar Bergman's (and now Allen's) cinematographer. It went on to receive an Academy Award nomination for Best Foreign Language Film, though it lost to *Mediterraneo.*

"She has all the middle-class Jewish virtues—

observes Marshall Brickm

Doumanian with Woody Allen in 1980 (top) and first-time director Jason Alexander (above). At right, Sam Rockwell, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Kenneth Branagh in a scene from *Celebrity,* the fifth Allen film produced by Doumanian.

A certain amount of ill will and skepticism still follow Doumanian from her disastrous reign over the 1980 season of *SNL,* too. Ratings plunged, the critics carped, and Doumanian's staff made it plain they found their new boss abrasive, in part because Doumanian hired and fired writers with alarming celerity. Similarly, Allen's tight-knit production team, together since the seventies, has become unstrung since Doumanian's arrival, in part because she cut perks and asked a number of people to start working for scale. Doumanian's defenders argue that a man, making the same swift cuts, would have been applauded rather than villainized for his husbandry. But there are limits: The *Times* reported she had gotten so overzealous in her penny-pinching that she eliminated free coffee from the set of *Mighty Aphrodite.* It was brought back when the cast and crew rebelled.

JUST WHAT ALLEN, OR ANY DEEPLY BRILLIANT lunatic, for that matter, would require of a best friend is an entertaining question. "She's very, very funny," says Allen, unhelpfully. "He can completely depend on her, and she on him," offers his sister, Letty Aronson. Doumanian is of no help in this department, either. Marshall Brickman, co-author of *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan,* suggests the key to their friendship isn't all that mysterious, in the end: "She has all the middle-class Jewish virtues: loyalty, solvency, saving string." Plus, he adds, "she has the use of a private jet."

Doumanian is also incredibly beautiful. She has Labrador-black hair, dark eyes, and cheekbones so prominent they could pass as ribs. She won't tell me how old she is ("I only discuss age when talking about wine and cheese"), but she looks about 52. Some suggest tacking on a decade. She has elevated stonewalling to a subtle art. Ask if she thinks the press has treated her fairly, and she tersely responds that she wouldn't know, she's not objective. Ask what it's like being Woody Allen's best friend, and she'll say, "It's always interesting," without further elaboration. Ask if there's any quirk or trait of Allen's the public might find surprising,

Photographs: top, David McGough/DMI; bottom, Marion Curtis/DMI.

and she'll consider the matter only briefly. Then: "He's meticulous about his dress." The whole exercise is like circling a building with no door.

She is plenty expansive on other subjects, though—astrology, travel, her fondness for movie memorabilia. She tells me that she likes my dress, that she was just in Paris, that longer dresses are coming back, did I know that? She asks about my background. I tell her and she grabs my arm in delight. "We're all Jews under the skin!" she exclaims. "Did you know that? Historically speaking?" I find her utterly charming in spite of this. Maybe *because* of this. She smiles easily. She is ingratiating. Her friends all praise her generosity of spirit, and it's easy to see why. Her answers might be practiced, but her warmth seems uncalculated.

HERE'S WHAT DOUMANIAN WILL SAY ABOUT herself: She grew up in Chicago, the daughter of two Greek immigrants, her father a restaurateur. She attended the University of Illinois for two and a half years, dropped out, became a model, decided she hated it, and became a buyer for a small boutique instead. She and her then-husband, a promoter for Capitol Records, met Woody Allen in the mid-sixties at Mr. Kelly's, a comedy club in Chicago. They became fast friends.

Photograph courtesy of John Clifford/Miramax Films.

The rest is sketchier. A divorce, a move to New York. She worked for Dick Cavett booking guests. Between 1975 and 1979, she worked in the groves of *SNL,* again as a talent booker, until she was handed the whole operation for the 1980 season—a real breakthrough, at that time, for women in television. It was a robust failure. People complained she was brash with staff and timid with scripts. But she had been promoted with very little experience, and the show, at the time, was in utter turmoil, with network executives, critics, staff writers, and actors sending plagues of mixed messages about what was needed in order to fix it. She also hired Eddie Murphy; it's hard to find fault with that.

To blame her for the gradual unraveling of Allen's film team, in the opinion of some, is also folly. "Jean doesn't take a tinkle without Woody knowing it and asking her to do it," says Bobby Zarem, the P.R. veteran who's known Doumanian since 1971, when she helped him launch his own company. "You have to recall that many, many, many—that's three *manys*—of these people had a very secure position in a very volatile environment of filmmaking," adds Brickman. "There was a mistaken paternalistic expectation that was totally unjustified."

In fact, Allen's films have gotten *more* expensive since he signed on with Doumanian—and cluttered, too, with stars from the pages of *Vanity Fair.* Allen says Tri-Star, his former distributor, would never have held out on him financially. But, he concedes, "the film companies, while they cared about my work, were also running companies. Jean, while running a company, has a great patron-of-the-arts attitude."

y, solvency, saving string,"

us, he adds, "she has the use of a private jet."

Playing Medici to Woody Allen must still have its pleasures—particularly on trips to Europe, where he's as beloved as Elvis. But Allen's pictures very seldom speak to the moment anymore. "The challenge is to expand Woody's audience," Doumanian concedes. "He already has a core group; now he has to get young people in to see his films." Yet even *Celebrity,* which Doumanian believes is his most commercial effort in years, has a message unsurprising to young people—is there anyone out there who doesn't see the surreal and insidious cultural impact of Jerry Springer, the E! channel, and the VH1 Fashion Awards? The film's biggest box-office draw, Leo, does not play his usual Bambi-eyed self, either; he plays a rampaging, unappealing movie-star jerk who trashes hotel rooms and beats up his girlfriend. It's a courageous and witty move, both for DiCaprio and Allen, but hardly likely to send people skipping to the box office.

SINCE TAKING OVER THE PRODUCTION of Allen's films, Doumanian has quite obviously become more savvy about the art and business of entertainment. With new filmmakers, she is far less reluctant to involve herself in the actual creative process—something she could not do with auteurs like Allen and Mamet. "She interviewed everybody," says playwright Donaghy, "including the assistant sound recorder." She also refused to let Donaghy use the lead actor he wanted. "It was dismaying," he says, "and we were days away from starting production. She has a phalanx of people behind her, too, and she asks for a lot of opinions—including Woody Allen's."

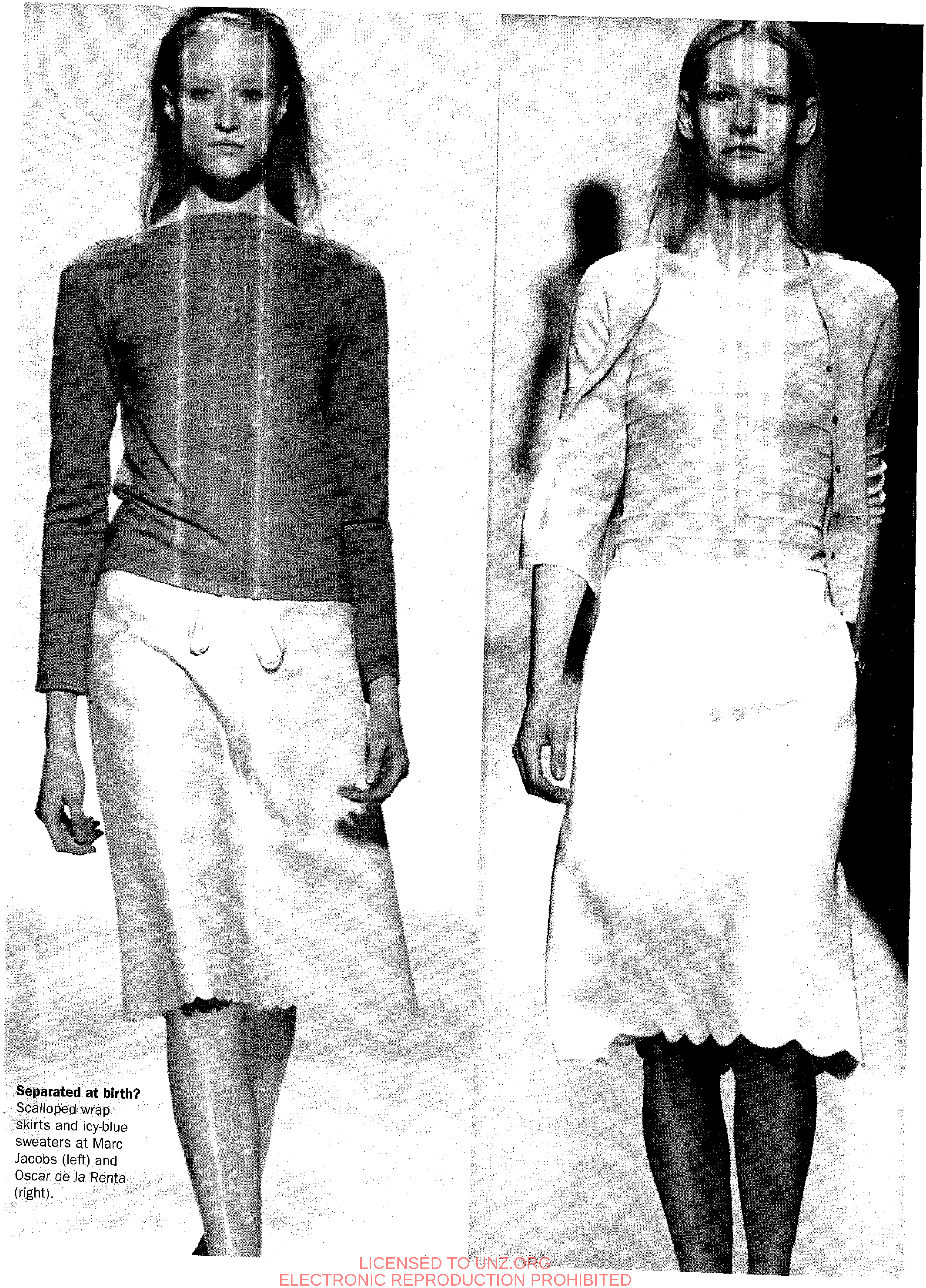
And yet, says Donaghy, she was often right. Alexander felt even less constrained; to invert (and re-spell) a catch-phrase from the most notorious episode of *Seinfeld,* Doumanian was not his master. "For the most part," he says, "I was allowed exactly what I needed. Every phone conversation began with: 'What can I do for you?' " True, she kept very close tabs on how money was being spent. "But I admire her for her penny-pinching," he says. "A lot of money in movie-making goes out the window."

She has her eccentric moments. Lillias White, the showstopping, Tony-winning diva from *The Life,* was originally scheduled to take over in *Dinah Was* on August 11, for example. But at the last minute, Doumanian decided White had to step in on the 10th—even though it was a Monday night, an evening theaters are usually dark. Eleven, she'd divined, wasn't a lucky number.

"But she also knew, as she was deciding this, that it was funny," says Leonard Soloway, the show's co-producer, "and that you were going to think she was nuts. She's okay with herself. A lot of people in show business are not. They come on with all this bullshit. She's not that way at all. You know just where you stand with her—all the time."

"I'd work with her again in a heartbeat," agrees Alexander.

"We had free coffee on our set," adds Donaghy. "And great, great catering." ■



Separated at birth? Scalloped wrap skirts and icy-blue sweaters at Marc Jacobs (left) and Oscar de la Renta (right).

UNZIP CODED

Once upon a time in Gotham, there were two style camps. Young designers made *noir* looks for downtown hipchicks, while established couturiers sent ladies to lunch in camel hair and navy crêpe. But this spring, if New York designers have their way, we'll all be wearing prettily hued, sporty daywear and glamorous evening frocks, no matter where we live or how old we are. Welcome to fashion's new cannily can-wear center. **BY SALLY SINGER**

Runway photographs by Dan and Corina Lecca

THE FRONT ROW

What the fashion crowd wears to work.

Paul Cavaco, *Vogue*
Old Navy coat, J. Crew trousers

Grace Coddington, *Vogue*
Louis Vuitton coat and tote

Anna Wintour, *Vogue*
Fendi fur shrug and satin skirt

Hamish Bowles, *Vogue*
Richard James windowpane suit

Katherine Betts, *Vogue*
Sanders Sanders lilac pashmina

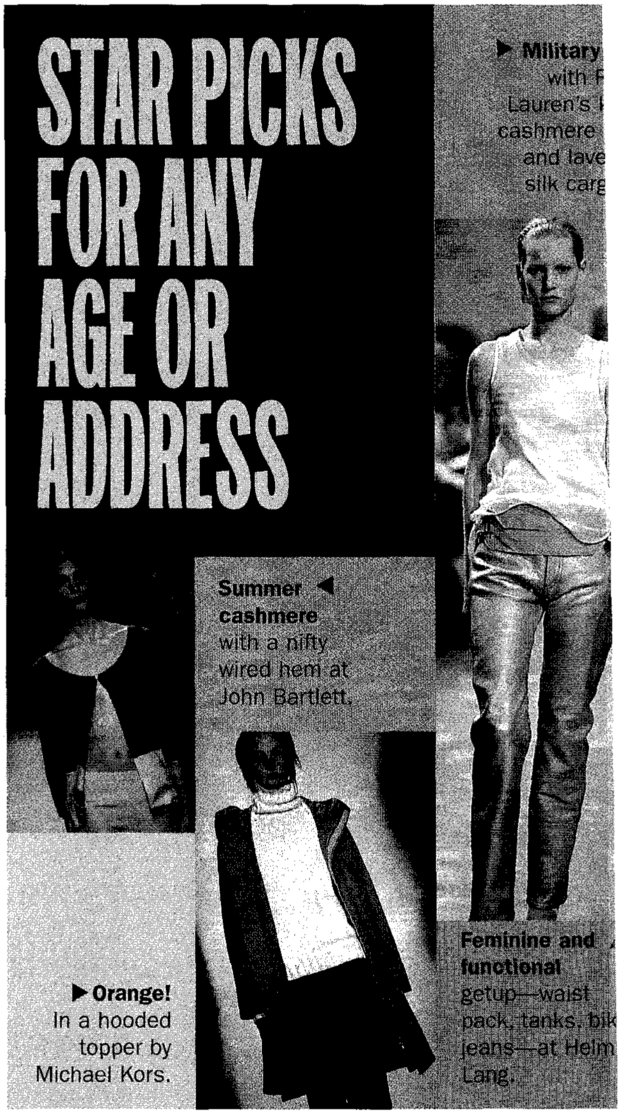
Elissa Santisi, *Vogue*
olive-green hosiery

André Leon Talley, *Vogue*
Versace jacket

"Front Row" photographs by Patrick McMullan

BLEARY-EYED FASHION FOLK, EXHAUSTED by the longest season of shows in memory (and kvetchy about it, too), thought they were seeing double when Oscar de la Renta opened his morning show with a simple A-line wrap skirt with scalloped hem. Surely they had seen the very same, very pretty number the night before at Marc Jacobs? Strange but true. This spring, De la Renta, an uptown monarch, and Jacobs, the downtown Dauphin—albeit a Waspish one—have similar designs on and for American women.

New York's sprawling, calendar-busting collections were all over the place this season, but one thing held them together: the elimination of traditional boundaries between the young and the old, the edgy and the upscale. Carolina Herrera gave her fans (Ivana, Pat Buckley, et al.) midriff-baring, glove-tight leather jackets and low-slung trousers that would raise



STAR PICKS FOR ANY AGE OR ADDRESS

▶ **Military** with R
Lauren's
cashmere
and lave
silk carg

Summer ◀ **cashmere** with a nifty wired hem at John Bartlett.

▶ **Orange!** In a hooded topper by Michael Kors.

Feminine and functional getup—waist pack, tanks, bik jeans—at Helm Lang.

Constance White, *New York Times*
Paul & Joe sweater

Amy Spindler, *NYT Magazine*
Gucci suit, Fendi bag

Franz Ankone, *NYT Magazine*
Jil Sander boots

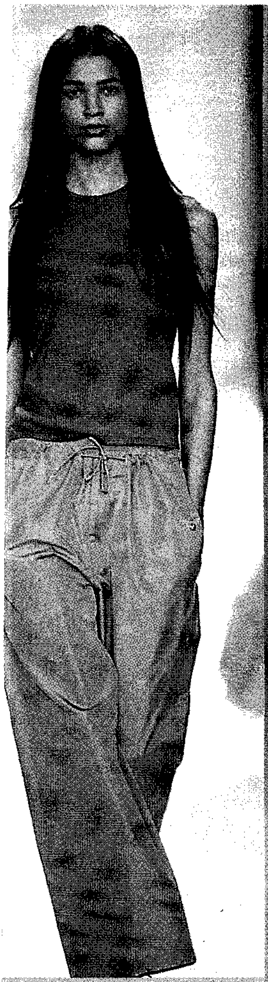
Michael Roberts, *The New Yorker*
Manolo Blahnik lace-ups

Tina Brown, Talk Media
Nicole Miller dress and jacket

Bebe Neuwirth, actress
Michael Kors, head to toe

Melanie Ward, *Harper's Bazaar*
Helmut Lang, head to toe

Liz Tilberis, *Harper's Bazaar*
Prada suit, Manolo Blahn
ankle boots

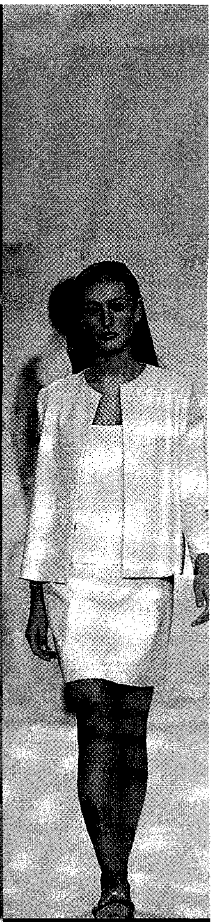


▶ **Big proportions** and floaty layers at Donna Karan.

Veiled color ◀ in double-faced silk voile by Hussein Chalayan for TSE New York.

The waist land, revisited ▲ with a cord belt and low-slung skirt at Geoffrey Beene.

Office essentials ▲ from Calvin Klein: a lapis stretch tee and a sarong in equator-weight wool.



Ladylike leather redefines the classic twinset at Bill Blass.

n Mello, Bergdorf Goodman
Gucci red men's toggle coat (on seat)

Kim Koshiol, Bloomingdale's
Marc Jacobs mouse flats

Lauren Holly, actress
Donna Karan jacket, Daryl K pants

Philip Bloch, celebrity stylist
Donna Karan suede shirt

Jane Agnew, *Town & Country*
Prada satin mules

Lucy Sykes, *Town & Country*
Lulu Guinness bag

Blaine Trump, socialite
Celine logo-print skirt

CeCe Kieselstein-Cord, socialite
Ralph Lauren winter whites

Suzanne Yalof, *Glamour*
J.P. Tods tote

Lisa Marie, actress
Marc Jacobs felt trousers

Spot the fashion hipster: New design darlings Josh Patner and Bryan Bradley for Tuleh (left)? Or the classicists' queen Carolina Herrera (right)?

pierced eyebrows in the East Village. Meanwhile, in a gallery in SoHo, Robert Danes sent out bias-cut gowns that would draw approving glances from the Chanel suits at Le Cirque. Anna Wintour and Co. braved the lowly latitudes of Christopher Street to marvel at Elisa Jimenez's writhing Dionysian maidens. Christopher Totman infiltrated Le Bernardin to show his Guatemalan peasant chic. Even Bill Blass found room for sporty drawstrings in his typically immaculate offerings.

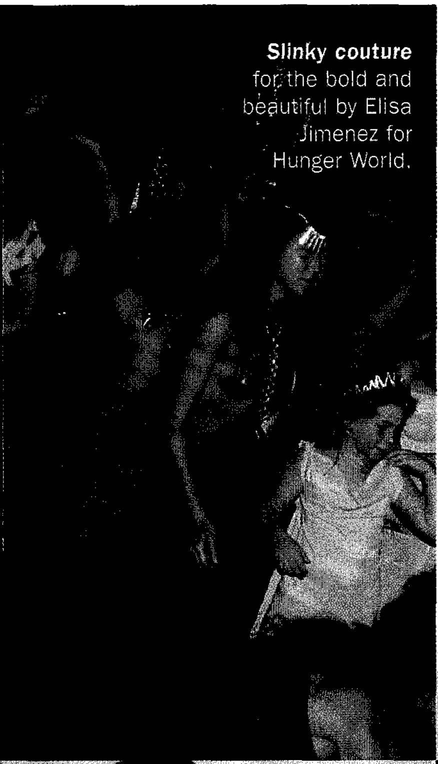
Maybe it's because of the wild economy, but designers of every species are changing their stripes. No longer assured of a deep-pocketed reception to nihilistic experiments, downtown garmenteers used better fabrics and more refined finishing techniques, including stretch silk at Daryl K and cutwork at Marc Jacobs. The uptown brigade, no doubt influenced by its stylish daughters (such as Carolina Herrera Jr. and Eliza Reed-Bolen) and protégés (Craig Natiello and Laura Montalban at Bill Blass), loosened up its well-cut classics and sprinkled them with youthful style tics such as cardigans, hipsters, and flat shoes. Now even socialites mix and match. Seventh Avenue titans Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein offered pleasing, commercially spot-on collections that would fit out a mother or her daughter for work or weekend. At Ralph: brilliantly hued silk cargoes and cashmere army tees on the one hand; office-appropriate white suits on the other. At Calvin: languid tank-dresses in shimmery jersey brights, long and lean trouser suits in stretch wool. These days, it seems, it pays to think across the spectrum. (The exception is a new breed of designers—Vera Wang, Randolph Duke, William Calvert, Badgley Mischka, and Donald Deal, to name but a few—who make only eveningwear. E! Entertainment Television, not *WWD,* is their showcase of choice.)

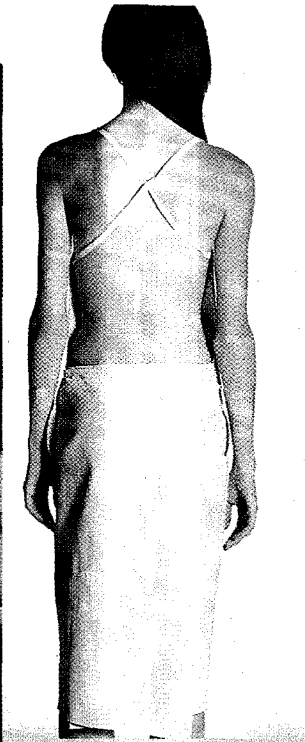
So what does the new centrism mean for our closets? Transparency is out (thank God); color is in (thank Donna Karan); proportions are tailored yet roomy (thank the A-line and the cropped full trouser). There are great pieces heading our way—pea coats and anoraks, easy strapless sheaths, smart wrap skirts—that will mean different things to different generations. The modern way to dress is, after all, about styling rather than etiquette. Fifty- and twentysomethings now yearn for the same twinset and khakis; they just pair them with different shoes. From birth till death, you can look as chic as CZ Guest and as groovy as C. Diaz for not much money. For this triumph of American sportswear, credit the consistently superb offerings of Gap and Banana Republic (and Tommy Hilfiger and CK, which both showed terrific, must-have spring lines).

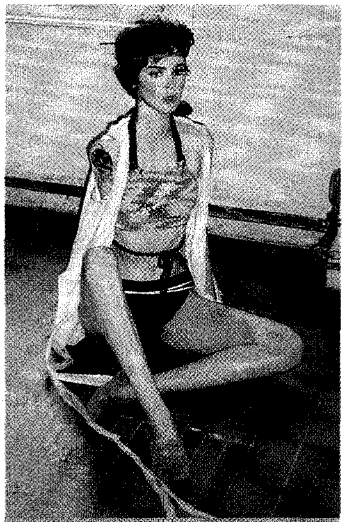
WHY, THEN, BUY FROM DESIGNERS? BECAUSE THEY CAN take the American sportswear vocabulary and twist it into new expressions of ineffable elegance. Helmut Lang layers translucent tanks and tees of hot pink and milky-white silk over narrow biker jeans cut from icy-silver leather. For TSE New York, Hussein Chalayan softens the neck- and hem-line of a double-faced linen shell and skirt with beautiful diagonal slashes. John Bartlett places a leather border on a cashmere cardigan, then runs a malleable wire through the hem. At Geoffrey Beene, a zipper—the basic closure of sport-chic style—becomes a nine-foot-three-inch body boa that snakes around a narrow knit dress. These are tonics strong enough to awaken even the most baggy-eyed, travel-weary fashionista.

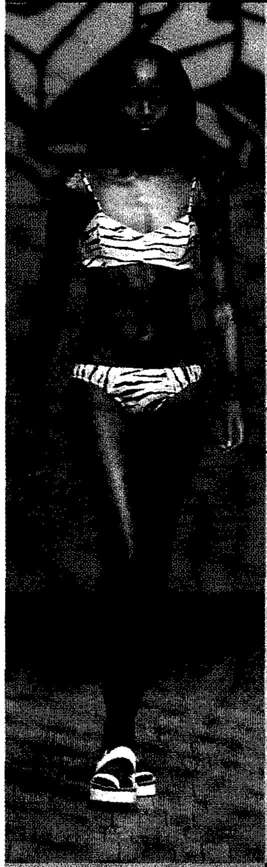
Marin Hopper, *Elle*
Levi's jacket, Fendi bag
Gilles Bensimon, *Elle*
Nylon army bag from Kaufman's
Anne Slowey, *Elle*
Gucci tux skirt and fur bag
Polly Mellen, *Allure*
Prada graphic wedge heels
Isabel Dupré, *Elle*
Azzedine Alaïa shearling jacket
Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer
Hermès Kelly bag, Celine trousers
Alexandra Shulman, British *Vogue*
Cerrutti shearling coat
Joan Juliet Buck, French *Vogue*
Guido Pasquale boots
Anne McNally, socialit
APC leather pant

YOU GOTTA BE YOUNG (TO LOOK THIS COOL)


Slinky couture for the bold and beautiful by Elisa Jimenez for Hunger World.


Bareback beauty ▲ from CK.


Clever crochet ▲ defines Susan Cianciolo's artisanal creations.


Zebra stripes ▲ in stretch silk at Daryl K.

Hippie glam from Richard Tyler: leather hot pants, beaded tulle peasant blouse.

Poncho with panache ▲ at Rebecca Danenberg.

Folkloric folly ▲ from Anna Sui.

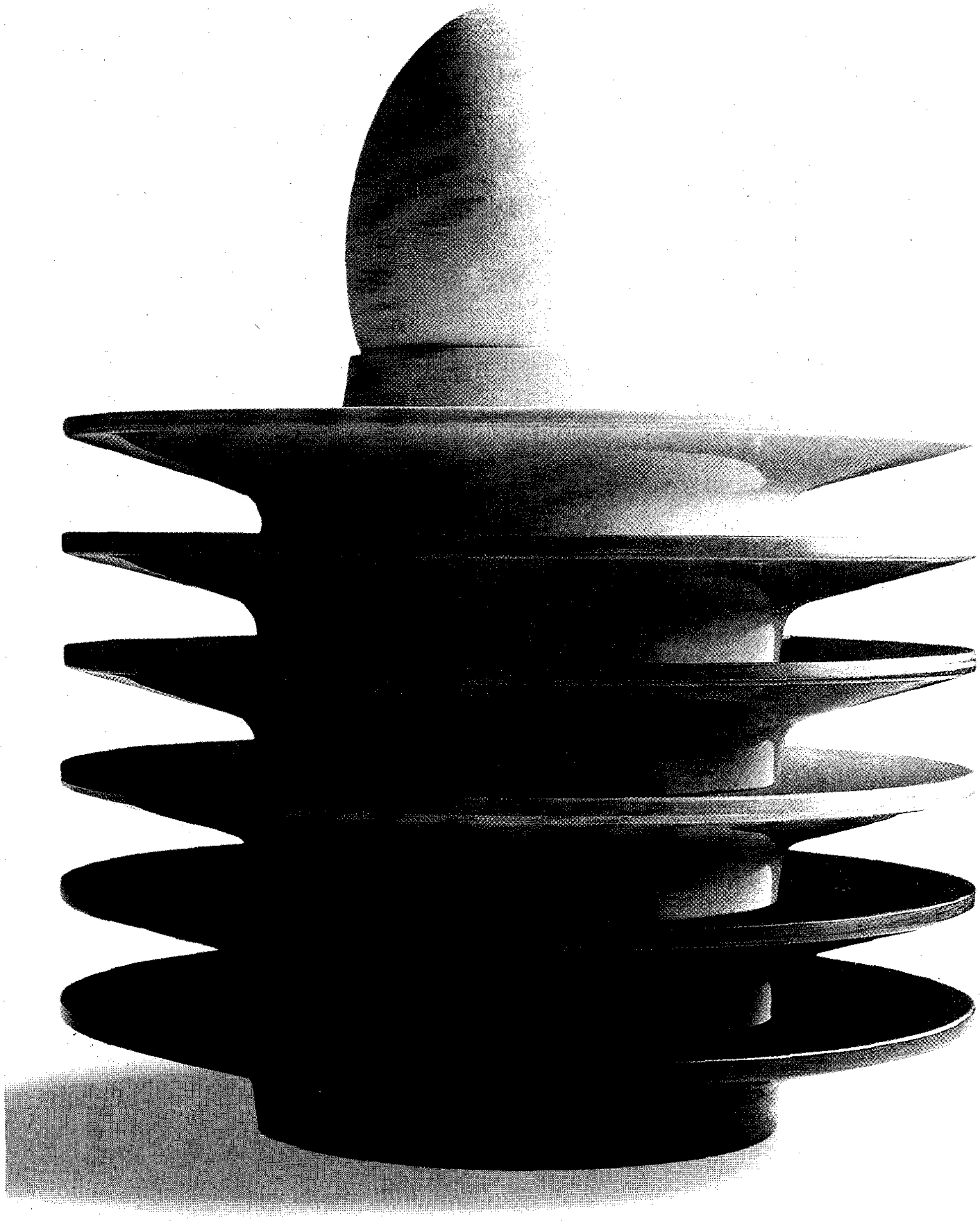
▶ **Paper clothes** for real dolls from Vivienne Tam.

All-American charm ▲ from Issey Miyake for Pleats Please.

Fashion Editor: BETH SHEPHERD Fashion Assistant: LYNN LEVOY

Pleats Please photograph by Don Ashby.

Fetching Neckwear
Operating on the eminently correct theory that New Yorkers love dogs, Paul Smith has designed a scarf adorned with canines. Scotties and dachshunds—those perpetually popular breeds—are his pooches of choice on this cozy and generously oversize wool wrap ($135; in purple and burgundy, too).
PAUL SMITH/*108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/627-9770*



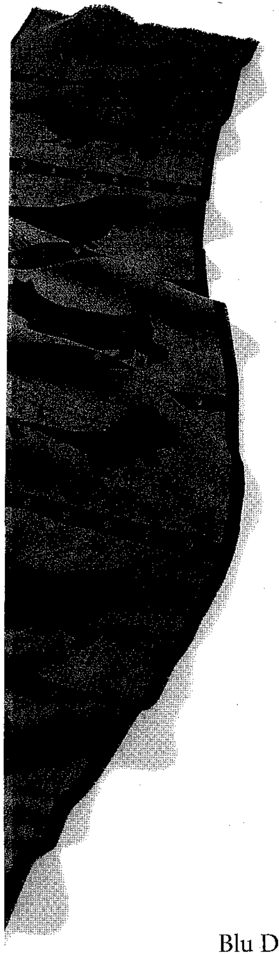
Shell Collecting
In the sixties, when eggs were considered healthful—not suspect—egg cups occupied center stage on many a breakfast table. But it was Mepal, a Danish company producing tableware in the fifties and sixties, that got the hard-boiled requirements just right. Not only did it consider the egg; it supplied a place for the shell as well—the sunny colors were simply a plus ($15).
C.I.T.E/*100 Wooster Street/431-7272*

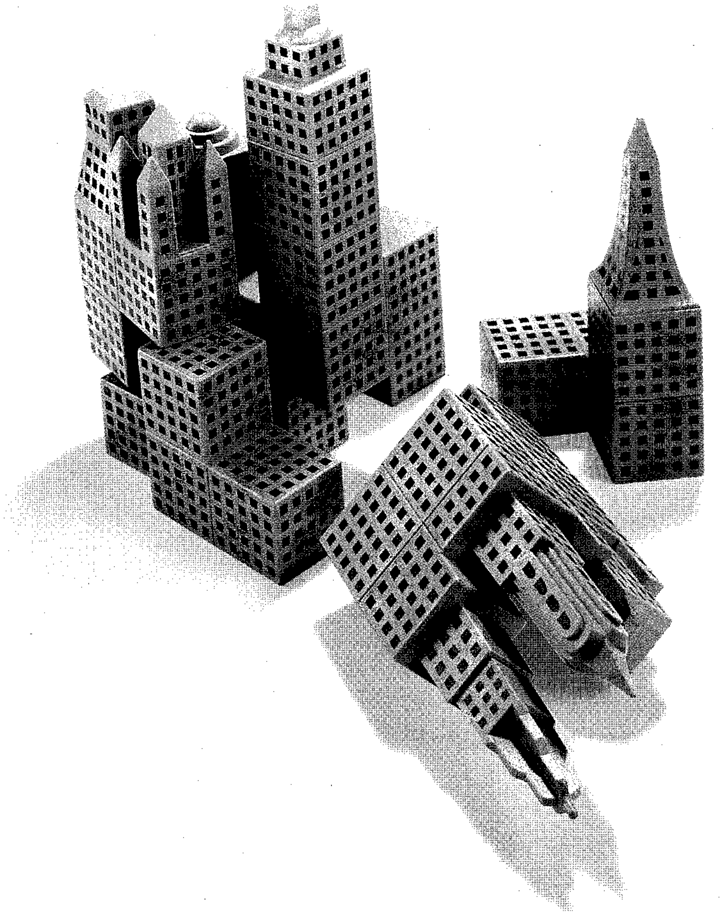
BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Nedjeljko Matura (3); Steve Wisbauer (2).





Rebuilding Blocks

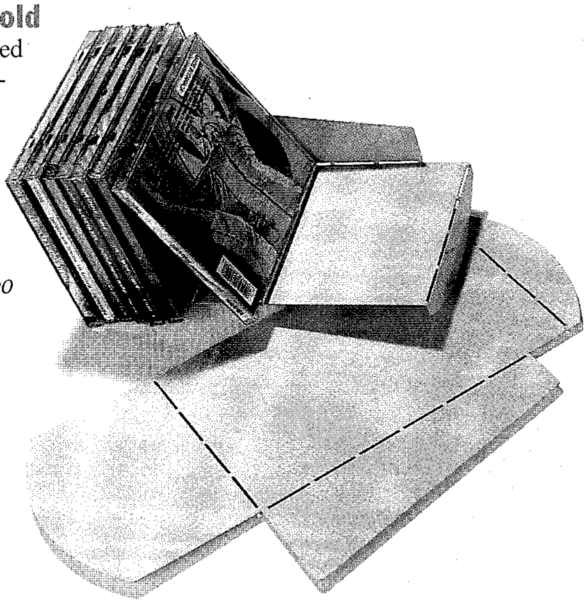
Been a while since you played with blocks? Bill Hanlon's Metropolis supplies a challenging return to block-building. It's a maddening puzzle whose goal is to fit the seven stacking pieces of a New York–inspired city back together into one compact whole. Kids, though, can simply have fun creating endless urban landscapes ($11.99).

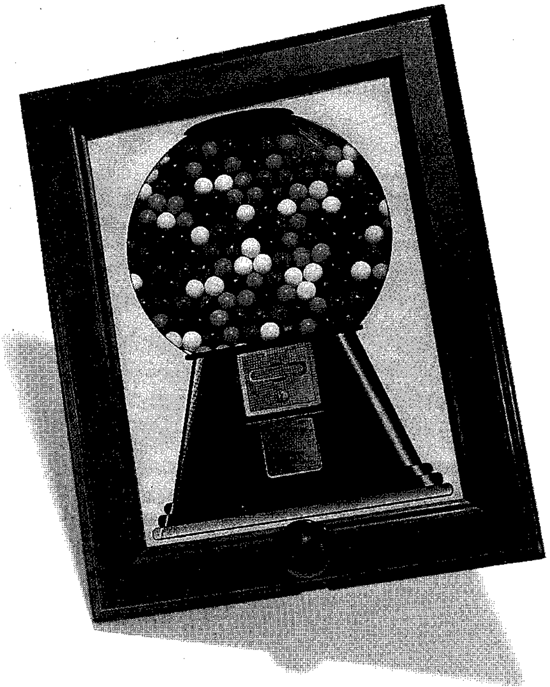
MY FAVORITE PLACE/
265 West 87th Street/
362-5320

Fold, Then Hold

Blu Dot's "2D3D" homewares arrive as flat pieces of perforated steel. Simply fold the powder-coated metal along the perforations and it turns into a desktop CD holder (there's a wall-mounted magazine and coat rack, too). Three inventive designers—John Cristakos, Maurice Blanks, and Charles Lazor— are to thank for the idiotproof assemblage ($22).

BREUKELEN-BARK/*369 Atlantic Avenue,*
near Hoyt Street/718-246-0024
MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

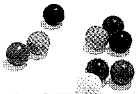




Gum Control

These days, streamlined applies to a lot more than laptops and flat TVs. Joining their ranks is the Handy Candy Frame, a gumball machine that's no thicker than a painting yet holds twenty ounces of gumballs. And, unlike those electronics, it lends a Pop Art–ish appeal to any bare wall ($30).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*



THANKSGIVING TO GO

A Moveable Feast

Now here's something to be thankful for: The bird, the stuffing, and all the trimmings are just a phone call away. BY ROBIN RAISFELD

THERE ARE THOSE purists among us who maintain that anything less than an all-out, painstakingly homemade, oven-spattering feast is Thanksgiving blasphemy. It's easy to romanticize the spirit of Turkey Day when you're situated snugly on the receiving end. If the idea, after all, is to celebrate togetherness, and to ingest enough fowl to trigger a tryptophan overdose before kickoff, what difference does it make who's cooking? Plenty, actually.

In this city, we're blessed with an abundance of talented chefs and bakers who are happy to relieve us of holiday hassles by cooking up an entire Thanksgiving dinner—or, in a few cases, everything but the turkey—to be picked up or delivered to your own tranquil home. All require advance notice; some charge by the serving, while others offer fixed-price feasts. For the following saviors of time and sanity, we give thanks.

The City Bakery

THE CITY BAKERY'S VERY FIRST Thanksgiving menu offers a sophisticated, seasonal banquet to go. Choose from a selection of free-range poultry, all procured from farmers at the Union Square Greenmarket: herb-roasted turkey (10 to 12 pounds, $55; up to 22 pounds, $85), honey-glazed Muscovy duck with bitter orange (5 to 6 pounds for $50; 7 to 9 pounds, $60), and roast chicken with lemon, rosemary, and garlic (7 to 8 pounds, $36). Start with savory hors d'oeuvre like baked-Jerusalem-artichoke chips ($15 for four people) and grape clusters with a wedge of Stilton and herb toasts ($22 for four). Then segue into a purée-of-celeriac-and-pear soup with ginger crème fraîche ($6 per serving). Stuffing comes two ways: corn bread with dried fruit, nuts, and seeds, or multigrain bread with aromatic vegetables and mushrooms, both $5 per serving. There's pie, of course, but that shouldn't prevent you from splurging on Maury Rubin's sensational holiday cookies (vanilla-bean-sugar, cinnamon shortbread, gingerbread with chocolate belly buttons), all $20 a pound. Orders must be placed by November 21 (22 East 17th Street; 366-1414).

Eli's Manhattan

THE LONG-AWAITED OPENING OF the behemoth Eli's superstore this week means that Upper East Siders no longer need to trek to Yorkville's remotest corner to stock up at the Vinegar Factory. Both locations are offering Thanksgiving catering menus that cover all the bases, from fresh free-range roasted turkey (14 to 16 pounds, $85) and glazed baked ham ($10.50 per pound) to celery-root-and-leek purée ($8.95 per pint), candied yams ($6.95 per pound), jalapeño corn bread ($7.95 per loaf), and autumn-vegetable stuffing ($8.95 per pound). Order by November 20 (1411 Third Avenue, at 80th Street; 717-8100).

EatZi's

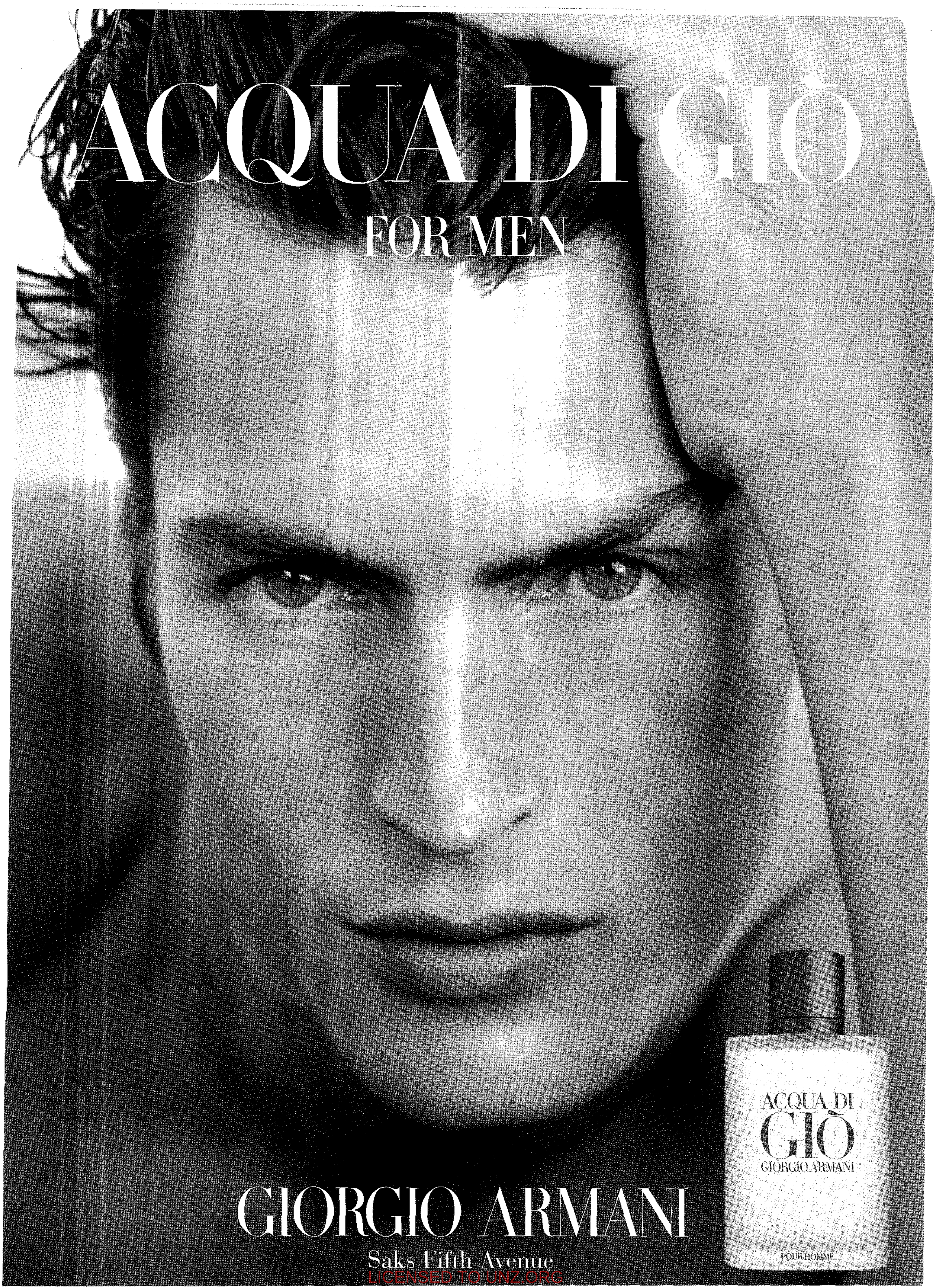
A DALLAS-BASED MARKET AND bakery that recently opened its first Manhattan branch in the subterranean food hall we used to call Macy's Cellar, EatZi's was made for takeout occasions like this. For Thanksgiving, the menu features both an uncooked

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Smoothie Operator

When drinking goes from merely recreational to a professional pursuit (sometimes we can't tell the difference), it's time for a real-deal electric drink mixer. Not one of those cutesy blenders that come pre-loaded with Windows 98—we're talking high-grade industrial machinery here. Dale DeGroff, beverage manager at the Rainbow Room and arguably the dean of American bartending, prefers commercial-grade models like the Waring Basic Bar Blender (No. 88150) and the Hamilton Beach Commercial Blender (No. 919). Both feature stainless-steel construction, heavy-duty motors, and larger cup sizes to accommodate benders of Lost Weekend proportions. Where to find them? Begin your downward spiral at Gringer & Sons, 29 First Avenue (475-0600). SAM GROBART

Illustration from CSA Archive.


ACQUA DI GIÒ
FOR MEN
ACQUA DI GIÒ
GIORGIO ARMANI
POUR HOMME
GIORGIO ARMANI
Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NAVIGATOR

Q: *I'm leaving for Spain in two weeks and need to* **renew my passport**, *but I'm dreading the lines. Is there an easier way?*

A: Yes. Hire some poor bastard to do it for you.

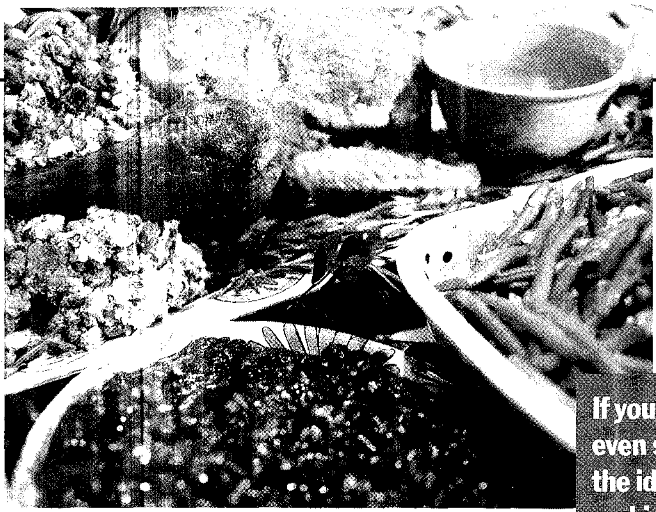
Consider the alternative: "Say you have a 2 P.M. appointment at the passport agency. Okay, great, but so do 200 other people," says Leslie Shapiro, president of It's Easy, a passport expediter. (If you'd planned ahead, of course, you could have just filled out paperwork at one of the six city "Passport Acceptance Facilities," including the main post office near Penn Station, and waited for your passport to get mailed back to you.)

For $135 (government fees included), It's Easy will do the legwork (they'll even track down duplicate New York birth and marriage certificates for an extra $25). You just show up at Easy's Rockefeller Center office with your old passport, fill out a form, and smile for the camera. A week later, you pick up your new passport or have it delivered to your home or office. Some expediters (shortlist below) offer same-day service in emergencies (you'll need to show purchased plane tickets). Shame they don't pack, too.

It's Easy: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, concourse level; 586-8880. $35–$150.*
Passport Plus: 20 East 49th Street; 759-5540. $50–$150* (by appointment only).
Red Tape Cutters: 1 Beekman Street, Suite 401; 406-9898. $85–$120.
Travco Services: 1265 Broadway; 800-987-2826. $75–$150.*

**Same-day service*

ANGIE MAXIMO



Dial-a-dinner: Turkey and all the trimmings from EatZi's.

seasoned whole turkey ($5.49 per pound) and the roasted breast, with gravy, at $6.99 per person. Or you could choose bourbon-glazed Virginia ham ($6.99 per person), and for sides (all priced to serve four), decide between pan-seared Brussels sprouts ($7.99), sweet-potato soufflé ($10.99), wild rice with dried cranberries and pecans ($11.99), and red-skin mashed potatoes ($8.99). The pies include pumpkin ($11.99), pecan, old-fashioned apple, and cherry streusel (all $15.99). Order by November 24 (151 West 34th Street; 216-9611).

Mike's Take-away

MIKE BERGEN'S THANKSGIVING menu of "soups, sides, and significant others" gives those of us with the energy to roast our own turkeys a reprieve from slaving over the fixings. Seasonal soups, all $10.95 per quart, include gingered-carrot, curried-sweet-potato, and roasted-butternut-squash; vegetable sides range from classic stuffing and nutmegged cauliflower (both $10.95 per quart) to root-vegetable gratin and a colorful risotto of Gala apples, butternut squash, and Brussels sprouts (both $14.50). Throw in cocktail munchies like herb-roasted nuts ($7.50 per pint) and toasted pumpkin seeds ($5.95 per pint), and succulent dips of blue cheese or white beans scented with white-truffle olive oil (both $7.50 per pint), and you might find your belabored turkey sadly neglected. Order by November 20 (160 East 45th Street; 856-6453).

So sweet: The City Bakery's cranberry-and-caramel tart.

Herban Kitchen

FOR A COMPLETE ORGANIC feast, check out Herban's prix fixe menu. Thirty dollars a person buys you an all-natural, oven-ready bird, dressed, marinated, and stuffed with sourdough peasant bread; a choice of two soups (white-bean-and-butternut-squash with sage, or carrot-sweet-potato with toasted hazelnuts); baby greens with basil-miso dressing; three sides from a selection including roasted root vegetables with fresh rosemary, baked sweet potatoes with cranberries, wild-rice pilaf with smoked pheasant sausage, and three-potato mash; and a choice of two desserts, like rum-baked apples with dates, almonds, and cranberries, and pumpkin cake with maple compote. À la carte available. Order by November 20 (290 Hudson Street; 627-2257).

Verbena Foods

THE NEW TAKEOUT annex of this elegant Irving Place restaurant is offering a refined three-course takeout meal for $21 per person (all items also available à la carte). Begin with autumn-vegetable soup of celery root, turnips, limas, and kale; move on to sliced or whole roasted turkey breast, accompanied by mushroom gravy, corn-bread stuffing, sweet-potato gratin, Brussels-sprout hash, and cranberry relish or applesauce; finish with apple crumb pie or pumpkin flan. Order by November 21 (125 East 17th Street; 260-0900).

> If you can't even stand the idea of making room in your fridge for takeout containers, consider the unthinkable: Thanksgiving out.

Thanksgiving Outings

IF YOU CAN'T STAND even the idea of making enough room in your fridge for takeout containers, you should probably consider the unthinkable: Thanksgiving out. Several restaurants offer menus unusual and enticing enough to silence grumblings from sticklers. **Tapika**'s (397-9595) Tex-Mex feast, for example, stars bacon-wrapped turkey with leg-meat taquitas and toasted-almond green-chili sauce ($45; $25 for children under 12). The winemaker of Beringer Estates will be at **Merlot** (363-7568) to match his vineyard's renowned wines to each of chef Bill Peet's four courses. ($49; $29 under 12). **Caffè Bondí**'s (691-8136) Sicilian take on turkey includes an artichoke-and-prosciutto stuffing and pine nuts in the cranberry sauce ($39; $20 under 12). Mashed potatoes and candied yams meld perfectly with a Thanksgiving menu: **Soul Cafe** (244-7685) offers them alongside oxtail-and-root-vegetable soup, maple-glazed turkey, curry-braised lamb shanks, and honey-cured ham (priced à la carte). **Matthew's** (838-4343) Mediterranean-flavored prix fixe lets you choose among seven entrées, including the ever-popular cardamom-and-honey-glazed turkey, and, for iconoclasts, a roasted suckling pig ($55; $30 under 12). Pizza for Thanksgiving works when it's topped, as it is at **Fresco** (935-3434), with butternut squash and goat-cheese ricotta. More Italian-American innovations: turkey stuffed with sausage, rice, and mozzarella; pumpkin ravioli; and ricotta fritters with preserves and warm thyme honey ($54; $35 under 12). ■

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

LUXE LIFE

A GUIDE TO GOOD LIVING

Life's many luxuries are within easy reach, if you know where to find them. Galleries displaying the art and excitement created by skilled jewelers. Chefs whose tempting menus make the necessity of eating a pleasure. Posh places to stay the night, the weekend, or longer, in supreme comfort. A discreet "beauty boutique" on the Upper East Side where pampering treatments send you back to city life refreshed, toned, and fit. A swift, nifty automobile that turns back road driving into an adventure that leaves you feeling like a kid again. That's the luxe life, New York-style.

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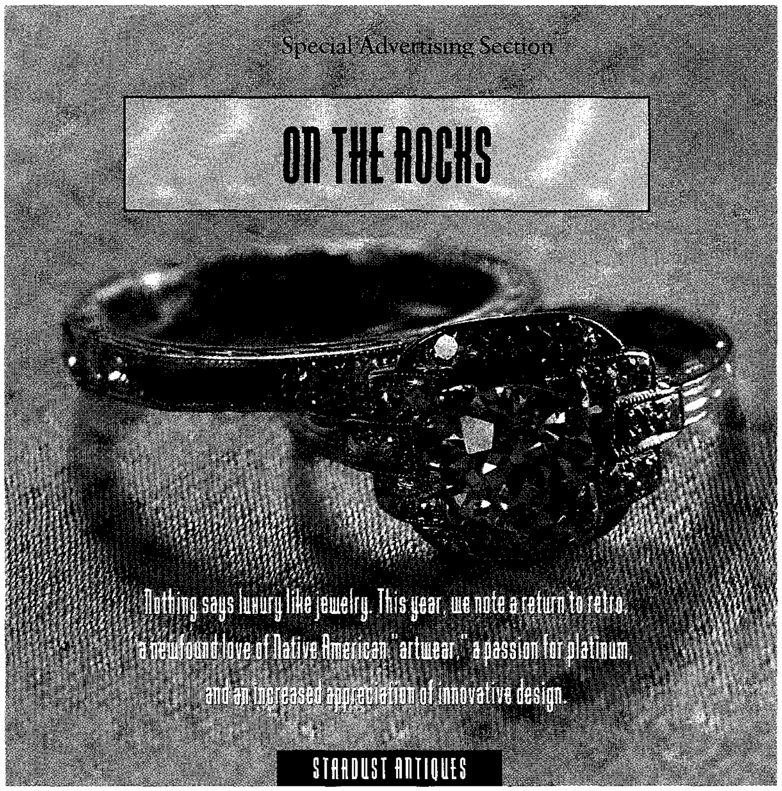

Special Advertising Section

ON THE ROCKS

Nothing says luxury like jewelry. This year, we note a return to retro, a newfound love of Native American "artwear," a passion for platinum, and an increased appreciation of innovative design.

STARDUST ANTIQUES

Ken and Esther Gold "shop the world," handpicking the distinctive antique jewelry that fills the display cases at **Stardust Antiques** (38 Gramercy Park; 677-2590). Eclectic is the word for the collection, which includes fine Art Deco, Art Nouveau, and Victorian pieces, and an impressive selection of stylish antique engagement and wedding rings A recent visit to Scandinavia produced a group of Danish silver Arts and Crafts pieces that range from necklaces and bracelets to earrings and brooches. The shop is also the place to find the cream of estate sales and private purchases from elegant neighbors around Gramercy Park, such treasures as a solid gold compact decorated with diamonds and rubies, and a matching ring.

If you're more interested in creating your own exquisite jewelry, visit **The Diamond Co.** (62 W. 47th St., Suite 1208; 1-888-825-1233 or 819-0036), a family-run business that's been one of America's leading diamond cutters since 1968. Last year, the company opened its offices to private customers–by appointment only–allowing access to diamonds usually available only to top wholesalers and retailers, at the same

THE DIAMOND CO.

LUXE LIFE

Beverly Hood Allen *Creative Services*
Christy Casamassima *Editor*
Segal Design *Creative*
Tom Golden *Writer*
Lory Conklin *Research*

All photos not labeled were taken by Antony Nagelmann at the Regency Hotel.

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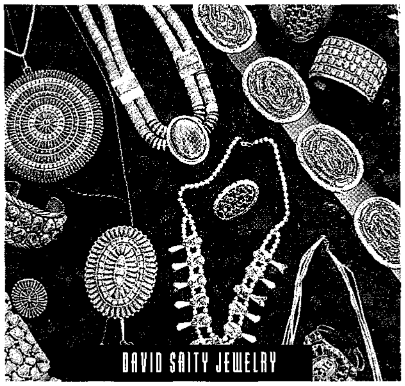
Rallye Motors, Roslyn, NY
Westchester BMW, White Plains, NY
Wide World of Cars, Spring Valley, NY

JEWELERS ON FIFTH

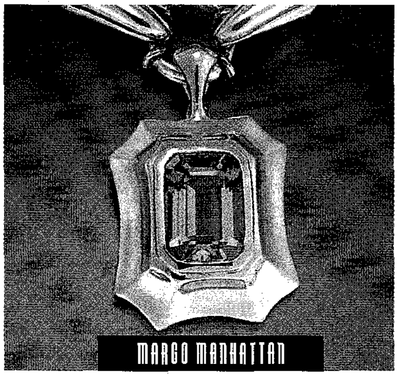
prices wholesalers pay. Isaac Levy, or his sons David and Adam, will teach you how to judge a diamond's 4C's–cut, color, clarity, and carat weight–then guide you through a side-by-side comparison of diamonds, each of which comes with an independent grading report. "Although large round diamonds are always in vogue, the trend today," says David Levy, "is toward engagement rings with a fancy shaped main diamond–Oval, Emerald, and Princess cuts–and a perfectly matched accent stone on each side." The Diamond Co., which has manufactured a collection of fine jewelry since 1972, custom mounts such rings in handmade platinum or gold settings.

Native American riders travel from reservation to reservation on horseback, seeking out rare and unusual handcrafted jewelry for **David Saity Jewelry** (450 Park Ave.; 223-8125). Saity's been collecting museum-quality, one-of-a-kind "artwear" items by Hopi, Navajo, Zuni, and Santo Domingo artisans since 1951, and has been selling to a clientele of collectors and celebrities since 1965. Gold is beginning to appear with greater frequency among the more traditional sterling silver accented by semi-precious gems such as turquoise, coral, jet, lapis lazuli, mother-of-pearl, malachite, tiger's eye, and onyx. Most of Saity's extraordinary collection dates to the 1940s, with many turn-of-the-century pieces as well.

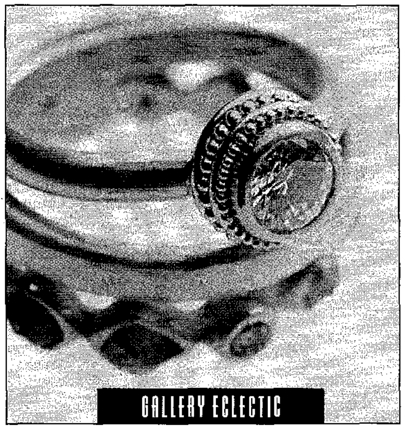


Growing up as the daughter of Karin von Aroldingen, principal dancer of the New York City Ballet, and god-daughter of George Balanchine ("who filled my mind with fantasy and romance") has left an unmistakable performer's flair in the jewelry designed by **Margo Manhattan** (100 Thompson St.; 925-0735). The sleek black SoHo gallery is the perfect setting for her bold, sensuous designs in silver, gold, and platinum–chains adjust in length from bracelet to choker to necklace with "snap-a-ble" pendants that attach in a variety of positions, "infinity rings" that interchange, interlock, and sparkle with opulent gemstones. Manhattan also creates custom pieces based on a client's choice of setting, stone and metal.

Catherine Angiel's jewelry designs combine high-fashion styling with sophisticated, simple elegance, distinguished by impeccable workmanship using mostly rich, warm 22-karat gold and platinum. They are hand-hammered or matte-finished and set with unusual stones, such as Australian cognac diamonds and rough, polished diamonds. **Gallery Eclectic** (43 Greenwich Ave.; 924-4314, and in Southampton at 27 Main St.; 516-287-0463) displays her current gothic collection, inspired by the classic and timeless designs of the Renaissance era. Angiel and her design staff are known for creating custom pieces that express individual personality, including "commitment rings" that have become a popular way to mark long-term, same-sex relationships.



If one-stop shopping is your idea of convenience, head for **Jewelers on Fifth** (578 Fifth Ave. at 47th St.; 593-7171), an upscale, walk-through marketplace where 40 specialists display everything from basics to antiques and very contemporary, name-brand jewelry. The atmosphere is more cooperative than competitive (with a code of ethics written into each lease to assure a solid reputation for the shared enterprise). In-house workshops will size and repair jewelry, usually while you wait. Jewelers on Fifth is open seven days a week, with expanded holiday hours in effect from the day after Thanksgiving through Christmas Eve, 9:45 a.m.to 7 p.m., Monday through Saturday;



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212-956-1000

*A minimum of two tickets must be purchased for the same performance. Tickets may be purchased by mail or phone. Walk up purchases must mention this offer to receive offer. After you purchase your tickets, you will receive a certificate in the mail for your free dessert at participating restaurants within 2–3 weeks. If you purchase tickets within one week of the performance, please request your certificate when you pick up your tickets at the box office. This promotion is valid from November 1, 1998 to May 25, 1999. Performances of How! Do! We! Do! at CityCenter are not included in this promotion.

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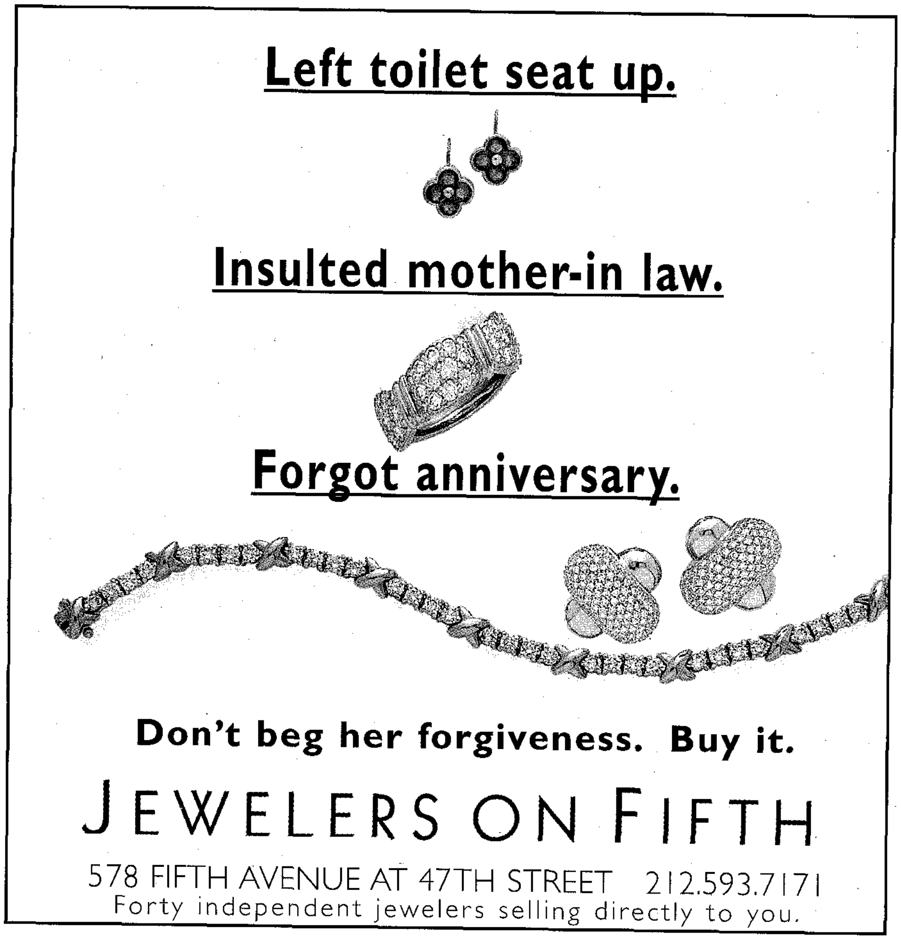
Scales record carat weight to the fourth decimal point. Most of I.G.I.'s work is within the trade, but if you have diamond or colored stone jewelry you want appraised, I.G.I. offers independent evaluations and will grade the piece, with the final opinion requiring agreement among three gemologists. If they don't agree, the process passes on to another team until there is consensus. Your written report is a detailed description that includes a diagram indicating any imperfections, a photograph of the item, and an estimated retail replacement dollar value. To learn more, call for I.G.I.'s Diamond Information Video Kit.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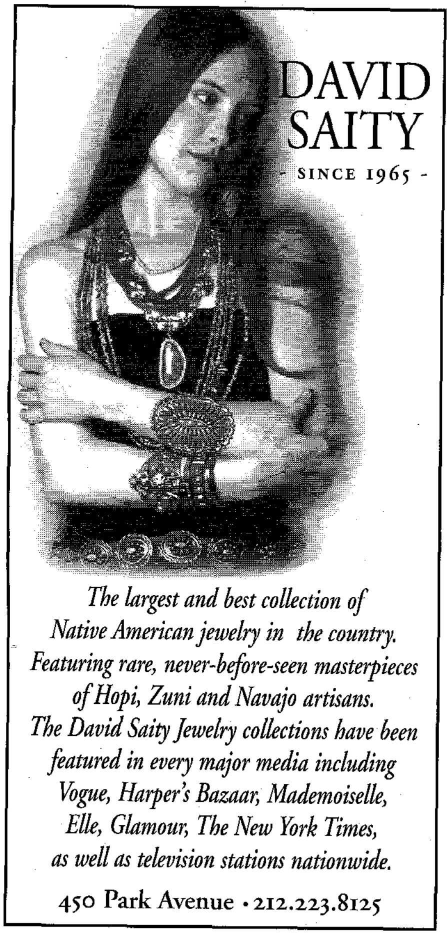
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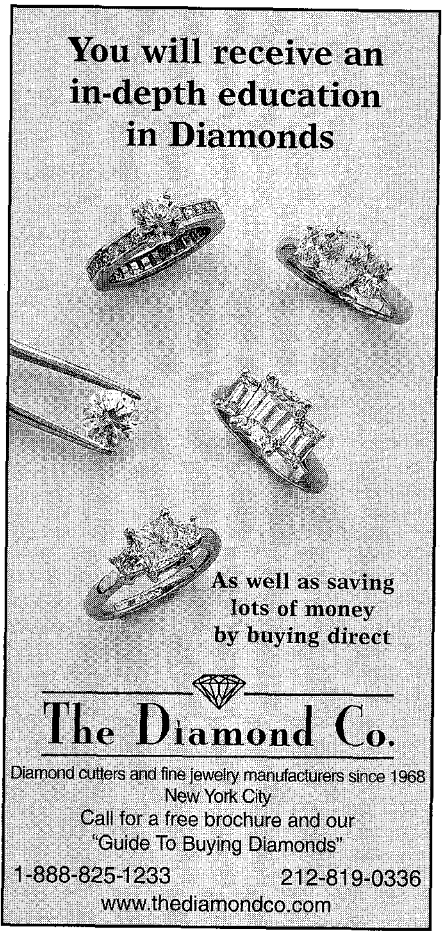
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Special Advertising Section

THE OPEN ROAD

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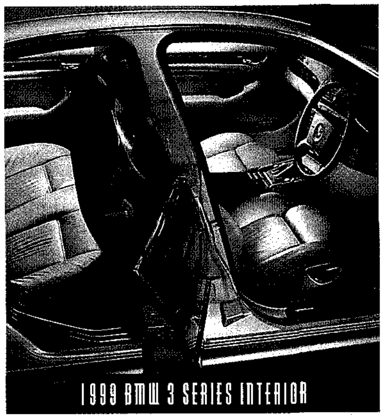
You remember these back roads. You'd set out, going nowhere, just for the fun of handling the curves and watching the Connecticut woods whoosh by. But that was years ago, and driving these roads was never like this. Never like driving them in a BMW 328i–a great little town and country car that's been completely redesigned for '99. body's got a sleek, graceful profile and a fearsome shark-like air scoop up front. Same size outside, much roomier inside.



1999 BMW 3 SERIES INTERIOR

A very large small car, with plenty of power, U-turn-tight steering, and a silky suspension that has you riding on air. Built like Schwarzenegger, moves like Baryshnikov. Press a couple of buttons and the electronic seat wraps you up, ready to roll. Five-speed automatic transmission you can shift like a stick, eating up the road in total control. Plenty of power from the 10-speaker Harman Kardon audio system too. The smooth blacktop dips and rises, curves and swerves, double yellow line all the way. Suddenly your arms are out straight steering, feeling the road up to your shoulders. A bit too chilly with the sunroof open? Hit the switch for the seat warmer and you've got positively therapeutic heat soothing your legs and back.

Want to try this ride down memory lane yourself? Take I-84 to Brookfield, pick up Route 133 and follow it over Lake Lillinonah and through the woods to Route 67. Turn left, drive on to New Milford, pick up Route 202 to Lake Waramaug, and let the road 'round the lake be your own private rally course. Contact your local BMW retailer.

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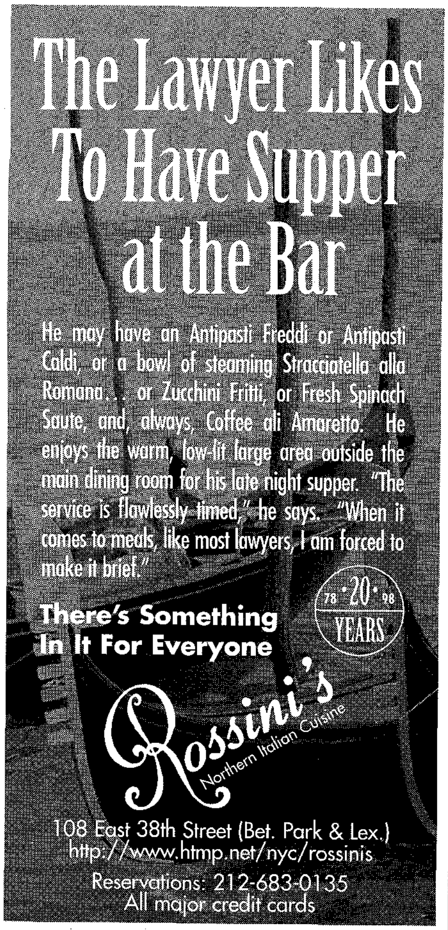

The Lawyer Likes To Have Supper at the Bar

He may have an Antipasti Freddi or Antipasti Caldi, or a bowl of steaming Stracciatello alla Romana... or Zucchini Fritti, or Fresh Spinach Saute, and, always, Coffee ali Amaretto. He enjoys the warm, low-lit large area outside the main dining room for his late night supper. "The service is flawlessly timed," he says. "When it comes to meals, like most lawyers, I am forced to make it brief."

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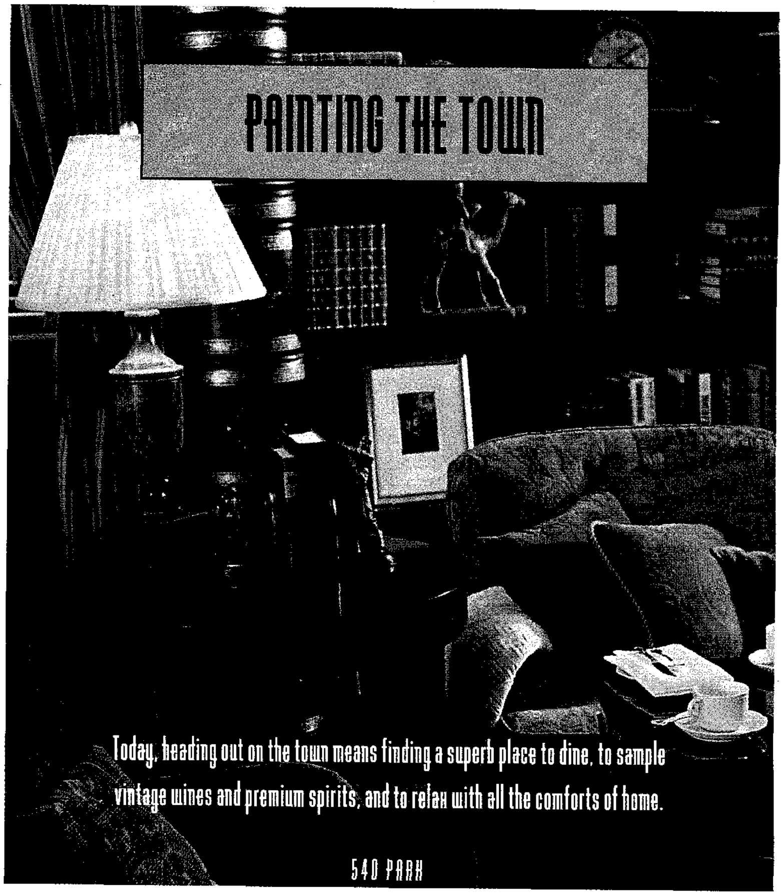


Today, heading out on the town means finding a superb place to dine, to sample vintage wines and premium spirits, and to relax with all the comforts of home.

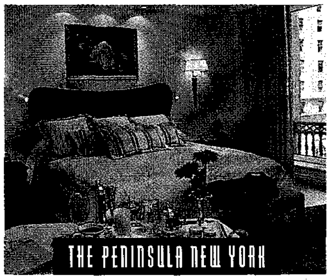
540 PARK

Birthplace of the acclaimed power breakfast, **540 Park** (in the Regency Hotel at 540 Park Ave. at 61st St.; 759-4100) has a new cool and classic look these days, thanks to a $25 million lobby-to-rooftop renovation of the hotel. The restaurant has turned into a Park Avenue club-style eatery, with hand-embossed leather wall coverings and a talented jazz trio playing swing, bebop, and favorites Wednesday through Friday nights.

Chef Jed Miles Gidaly's menu boasts seared tuna spring roll, lobster shepard's pie, cornmeal crusted salmon, aged prime veal porterhouse, and other classic steaks and chops.

Next door to 540 Park is the David Rockwell-designed Library, a wood-paneled lounge with clusters of overstuffed sofas and armchairs, chess and backgammon tables, and bookshelves lined with signed volumes. The Library menu includes firecracker shrimp, navy bean hummus, and grilled skewers of beef, chicken and tuna, with grande martinis and wines by the glass for accompaniment. The ultimate evening in the city would include dinner and a night upstairs in one of the luxuriously redecorated rooms, where wood paneling, custom-built furnishings, and the finest fabrics create an all-embracing atmosphere of comfort and relaxation.

Meanwhile across town, **Adrienne** (in **The Peninsula New York**, 700 Fifth Ave. at 55th St.; 956-2888) has gotten a new look of casual elegance as part of a $50 million renovation of the Beaux Arts landmark hotel. Adrienne's decor includes walls covered in silvery silk, comfortable black leather chairs, an eclectic collection of paintings and photographic

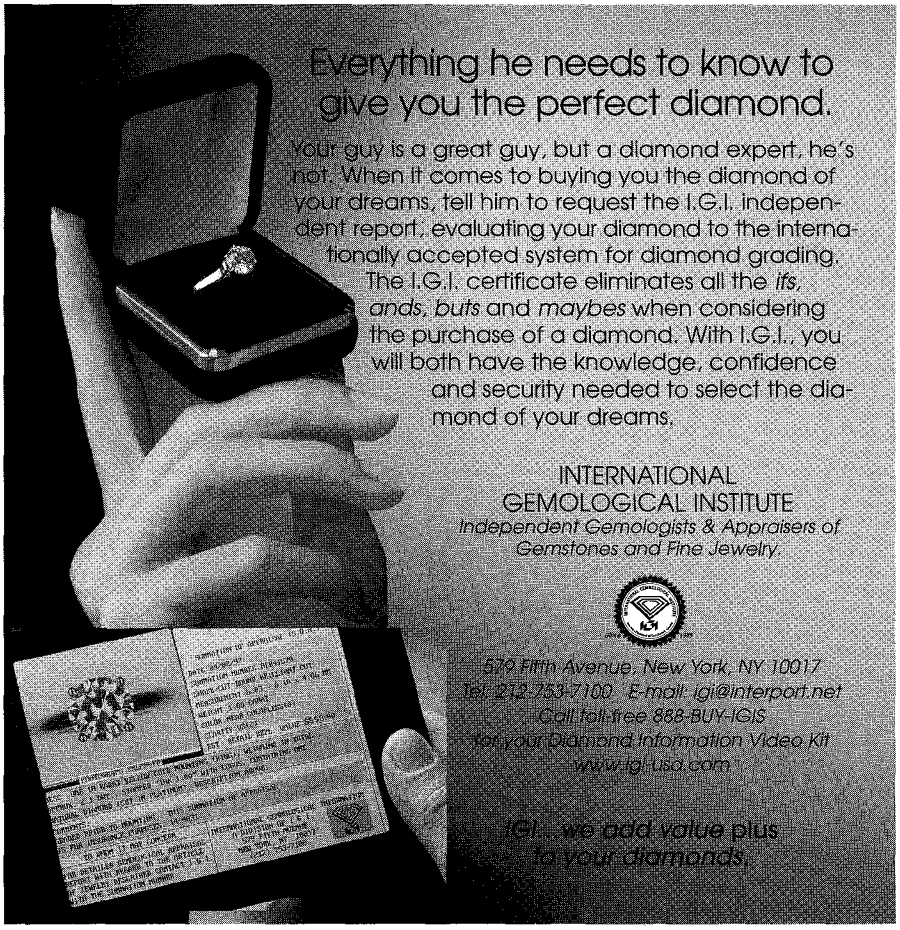


prints, and arched windows overlooking Fifth Avenue.

Chef John Rees' contemporary American cuisine favors organic and locally farmed ingredients. The neighboring Bistro offers wines by the glass and an informal menu of appetizers, salads, sandwiches, and hearty main courses. Make it dinner and an overnight here and you can amuse yourself with the bedside control panel that runs everything from the television and stereo to lighting and a do-not-disturb signal.

The marble bathroom features mood lighting, a no-hands telephone, and a built-in TV by the bathtub. Upstairs there's a 35,000-square-foot rooftop spa that includes all the latest fitness equipment, a swimming pool, sauna, complete body and skin care treatments, and a full-service beauty salon.

CLUB MACANUDO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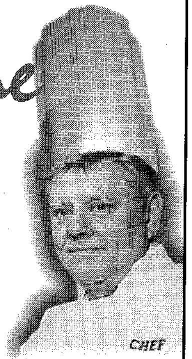

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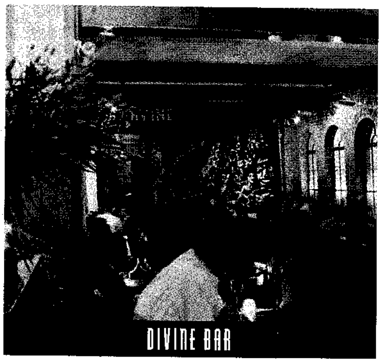
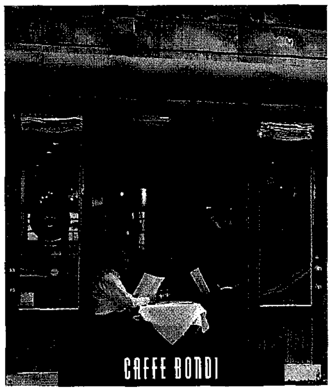
Special Advertising Section

There's an exciting new wine to try at **Divine Bar** (244 E. 51st St.; 319-WINE, and 55 Liberty St.; 791-WINE). Their own—a Cabernet Franc blend created just for the funky-fancy nightspots by Bedell Cellars on the North Fork of Long Island in Cutchogue. Described by Divine Bar owner Shari Schneider as "a drinkable balance of bold and mellow, with the character of luscious, ripe fruit," Divine Wine joins the 60 wines available by the glass and 45 premium beers that pair perfectly with an eclectic menu of tapas that range from satay-style shrimp on skewers and toasted ravioli to "wild tapas" (alligator fritters and hickory smoked barbecue buffalo). Made a point to check out Divine Bar's funky new downtown installation.



Fresh from his success of serving a menu based on recipes from a cookbook written by Casanova, Jim Doyle has turned his attention to Thanksgiving and New Year's at **Caffe Bondí** (7 W. 20th St.; 691-8136). "If the Pilgrims had come from Sicily" is the guiding concept for Thanksgiving here, beginning with a choice of antipasti that includes a Napoleon of winter vegetables, then moving on to a butternut squash risotto, and rolls of turkey breast with a traditional Sicilian artichoke and prosciutto stuffing, served with a cranberry-pinenut sauce, herbed mashed potatoes, and broccoli sautéed in white wine with black olives. As is customary after a Thanskgiving feast, guests will save room for dessert. Here, it is a ricotta and pumpkin cheesecake served with a warm apple compote. The New Year's Eve feast is based on recipes written by Rossini, with his music as accompaniment. It's an indulgent meal featuring plenty of truffles and foie gras, plus fillet of sole, tournedos of beef, and other specialties.



Last week it was celebrating with Orlando “El Duque” Hernandez, the Yankees’ Cuban-born pitching phenom. Next week it’s the first annual Cars and Cigars Road Rally. There’s always something happening at **Club Macanudo** (26 E. 63rd St.; 752-8200), New York’s pre-eminent cigar bar, restaurant, and lounge, with a relaxing, luxe atmosphere and accommodating service. The November 21st time-speed-distance road rally, a benefit for Citymeals-on-Wheels, begins after breakfast in Connecticut, makes stops at three checkpoints where lunch, cigars, and other gifts are handed out, and winds up back at the Club around 4 p.m. with a reception and awards ceremony.

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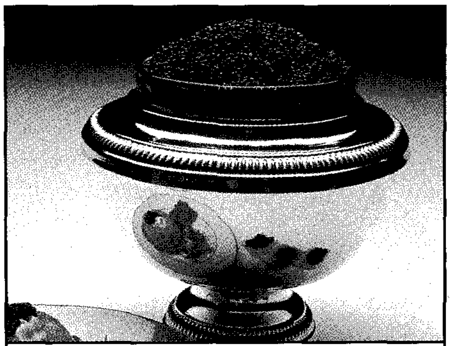

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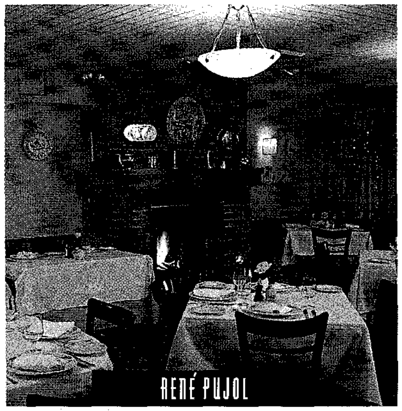
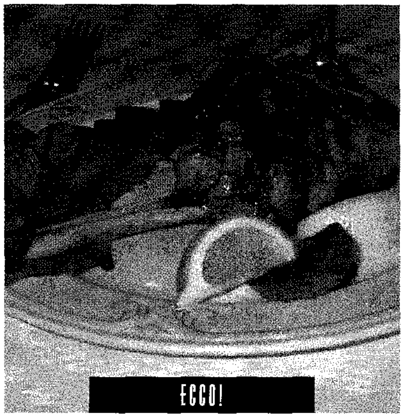

RENÉ PUJOL

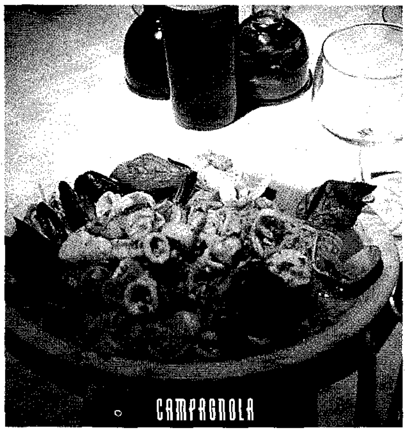
The wine cellar at **René Pujol** (321 W. 51st St.; 246-3023) is Chef Claude Franques' pride and joy–15,000 bottles resting in climate-controlled bliss. His fresh, flavorful cuisine updates such French classics as sautéed frogs legs, steamed codfish, pan-seared duck breast with a confit drumstick, and grilled salmon with wilted spinach and cous cous. This elegant, family-run restaurant occupies a West Side townhouse. The charming Mr. Pujol put his name on the door 28 years ago, his daughter Nicole directs the dining room, and Chef Claude is her husband. This time of year, with the wood-burning fireplace crackling in the rear dining room, a meal at René Pujol is almost like a trip to a French country inn.

Evenings at **Rossini's** (108 E. 38th St.; 683-0135) start out in the festive front lounge, where Manny the bartender has been running the show for the past 10 years, then continues on to the big, friendly, split-level dining room furnished with Bargello print high-backed chairs. The impressive northern Italian menu features plenty of fresh seafood, including shrimp scampi or lobster tails alla Rossini, and the house specialty, a two-and-a-half-pound female (larger tail, smaller claws) Maine lobster. This is one of those special-occasion restaurants that's been catering to a regular clientele for more than 20 years. It is also home of cigar dinners, memorable for toasting the the arrival of Cuban master cigar roller Don Tito with a Jeroboam of champagne, followed by a six-course dinner and gifts of hand-rolled cigars.

ROSSINI'S

A classic turn-of-the-century saloon with tile floors, dark woodwork, and mirrored walls, **Ecco!** (124 Chambers St.; 227-7074) is a popular gathering place for lawyers recovering from a day in court, and for Wall Street capitalists recovering from the day's wild ride in the markets. But it's the seafood fresh from the nearby Fulton Fish Market that makes this restaurant such a success among bold-face names and savvy citizens who always manage to find their way to dining meccas in out of the way zones of the city. The antipasti are stacked in tiers. Sample the tender baby octopus salad, fresh anchovies marinated in olive oil, or fresh green mussels prepared in a spicy tomato sauce. These get you ready for such house specialties as whole orata or branzini flown in weekly from the Mediterranean, baked in fresh herbs and fileted at the table. Another direct import from the Mediterranean are giant blue prawns that are grilled with a touch of garlic and olive oil.


ECCO!


CAMPAGNOLA

Upper East Siders regularly flock to **Campagnola** (1382 First Ave. at 74th St.; 861-1102), knowing that Salvatore and Frankie D never forget a face, and that anyplace from the front lounge to the rear dining room that surrounds two big round tables is a perfect spot for a night of fun and fine dining. The menu is long and varied, with such temptations as grilled scampi, octopus with potatoes and olives, 16 pasta specialties, lobster cooked any way you like it, as well as chicken, veal, lamb, and beef prepared in many delightful ways. And as soon as the dinner action settles a bit, the front barroom inside the arched picture window comes to life with a singing piano player to keep a late-night scene lively for hours.

SWEET DEAL

Lincoln Center's Great Performers series presents classical music performed by some of the world's most distinguished artists. And if you use your **American Express® Card** to buy tickets for any of these events, dessert with any entree at any of 13 popular restaurants in the neighborhood is free. World-class music. International cuisine. Dessert on the house. Bravo!

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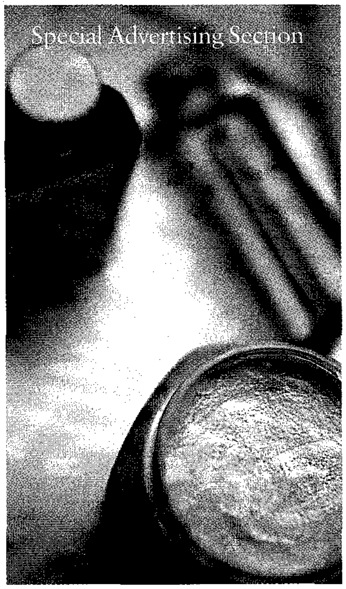

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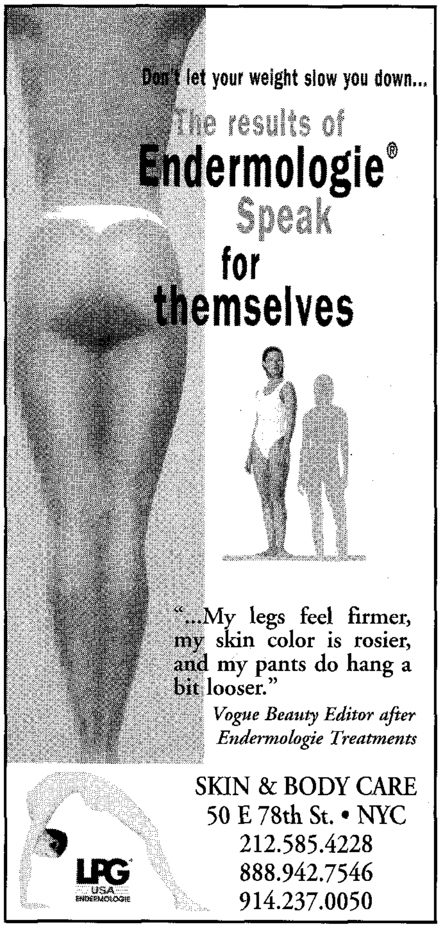
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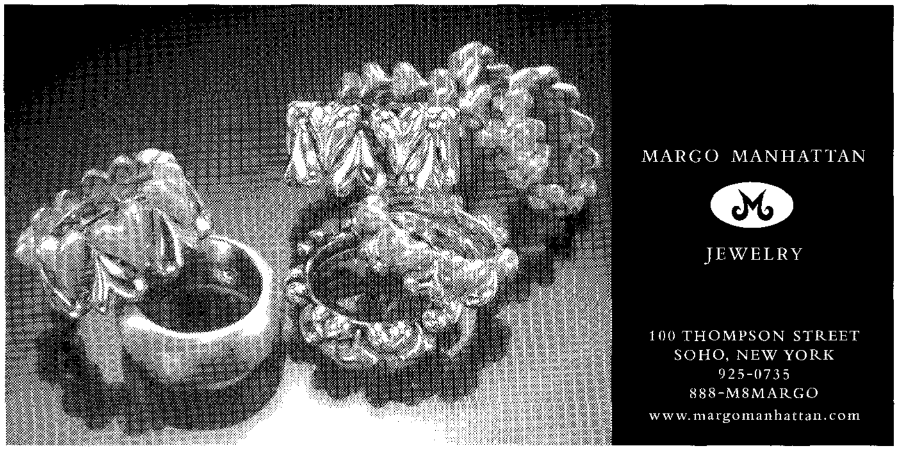
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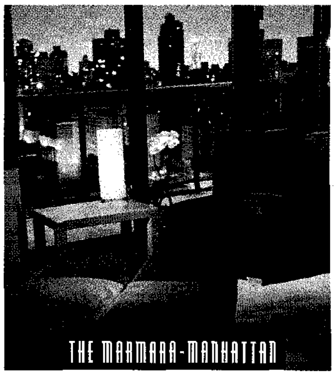
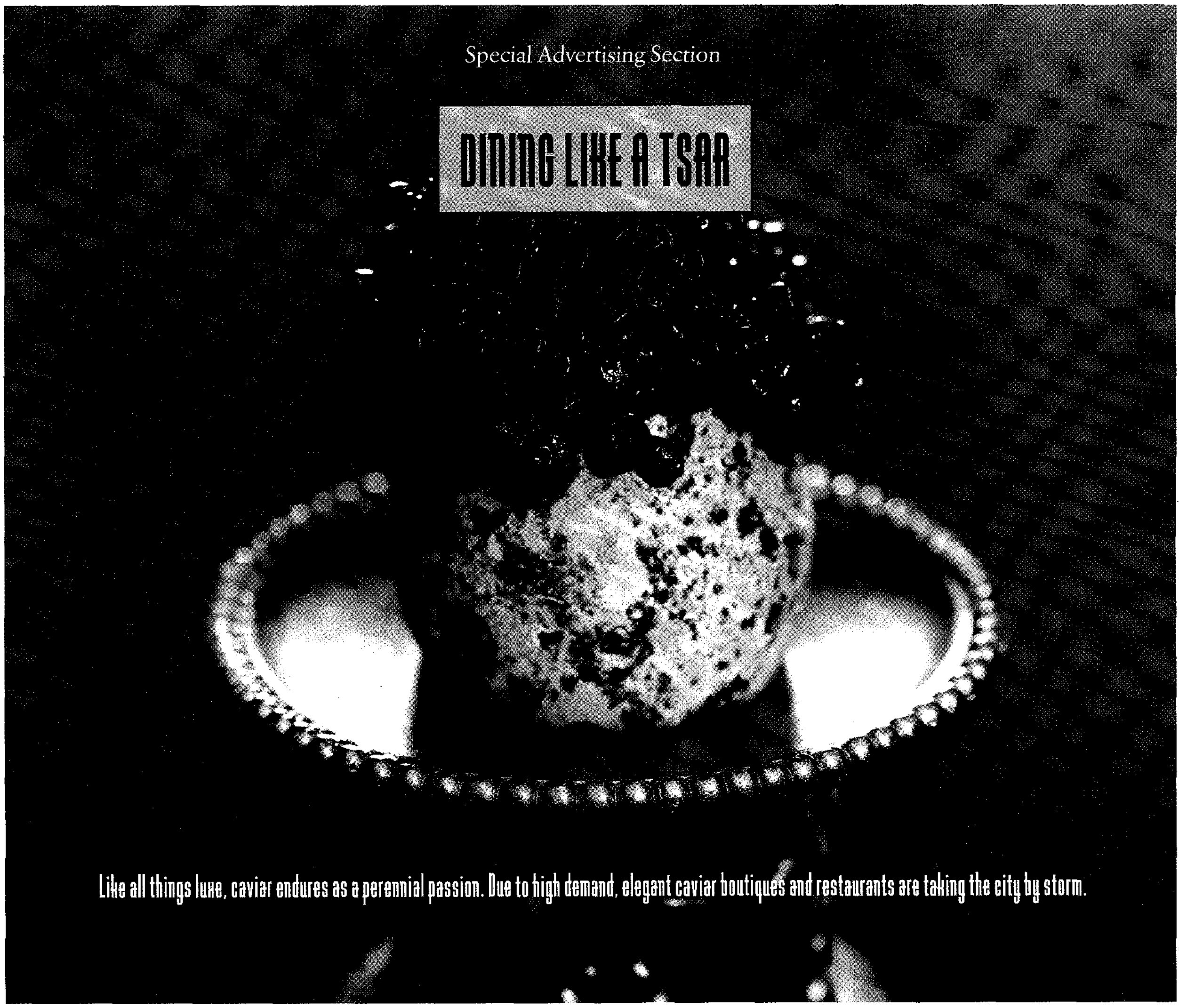




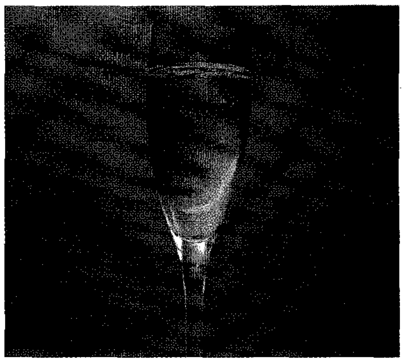
DINING LIKE A TSAR

Like all things luxe, caviar endures as a perennial passion. Due to high demand, elegant caviar boutiques and restaurants are taking the city by storm.

photo: Caviar Russe

The past few months have brought us two new showcases for that indulgence of indulgences, caviar. At **Caviar Russe,** pictured above, (538 Madison Ave. bet. 54th and 55th streets.; 980-5908 or mail order 1-800-NY CAVIAR), you can sample a variety of caviar by the spoon, then watch your order packed straight from the original 1.8 kilo tin for dining or purchase approval. M. David Magnotta, managing director of Caspian Star Caviar, the leading caviar importer, opened Caviar Russe "to celebrate caviar." The retail shop sits beside the full bar with a view into the kitchen that serves a menu of delicate dishes laced with caviar in two intimate jewel-box dining rooms. One option may be tartare of prime aged sirloin with a choice of caviar. A selection of tasting menus is also available. Several champagnes are offered by the glass, as well as many fine vodkas. Caviar Russe will freshly pack and ship mail order holiday caviar gifts for next-day arrival.

At **Simply Caviar** (350 Park Ave. at 51st St.; 838-3900) chef Stephen James White has adapted an international menu of French, Italian, and American dishes for his seductive wood-paneled 36-seat restaurant. Simply Caviar is a direct importer from the Caspian Sea, with a stock of caviar displayed in polished cases in a shop just inside the entrance. The menu features such specialties as steamed lobster tail topped with a full ounce of your caviar of choice, the luncheon centerpiece, an ounce of caviar with smoked Scottish salmon served as an open-faced sandwich with crème fraîche, the delicious beggar's purse, and tortellini stuffed with truffle.



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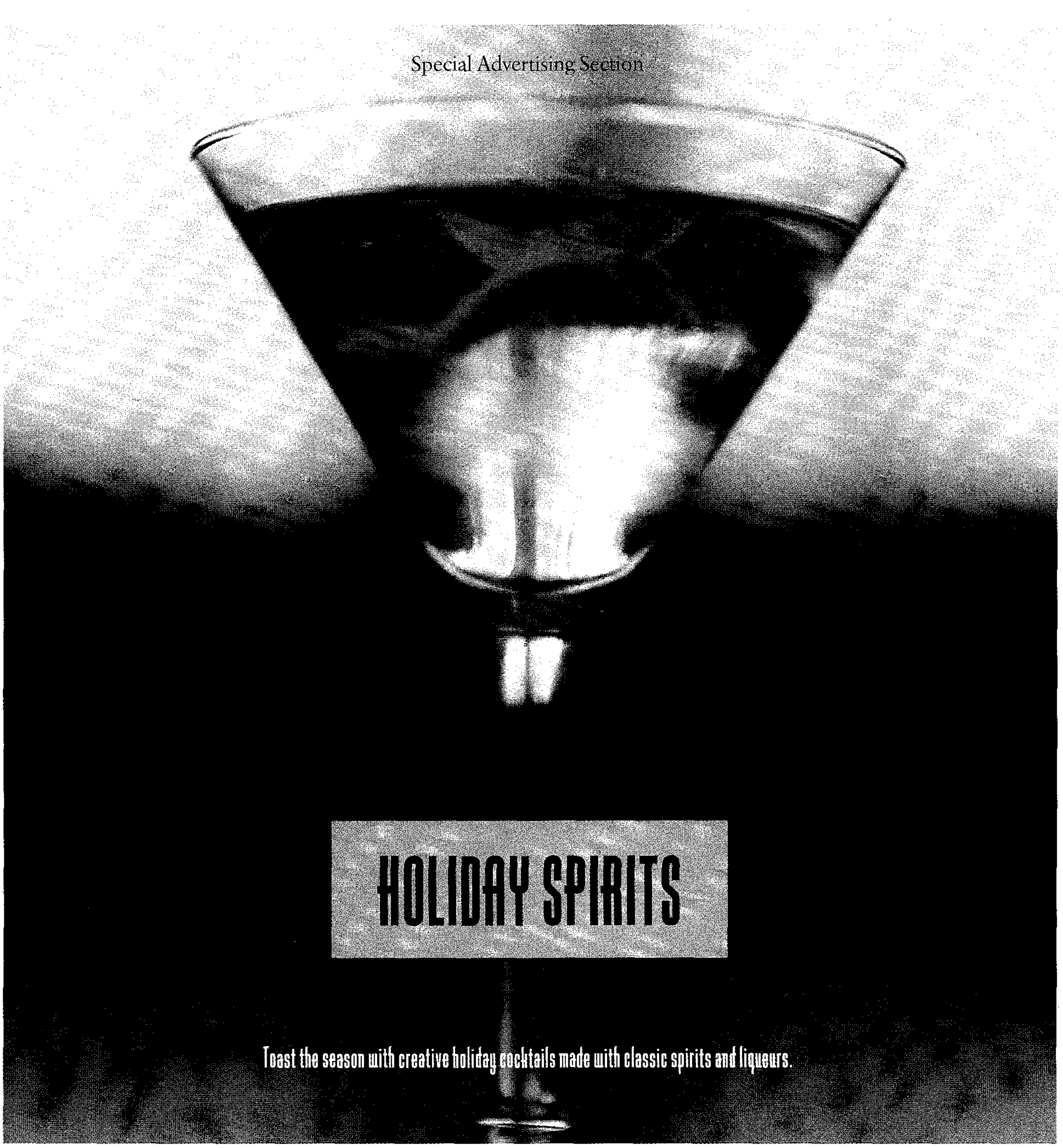
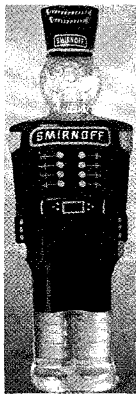


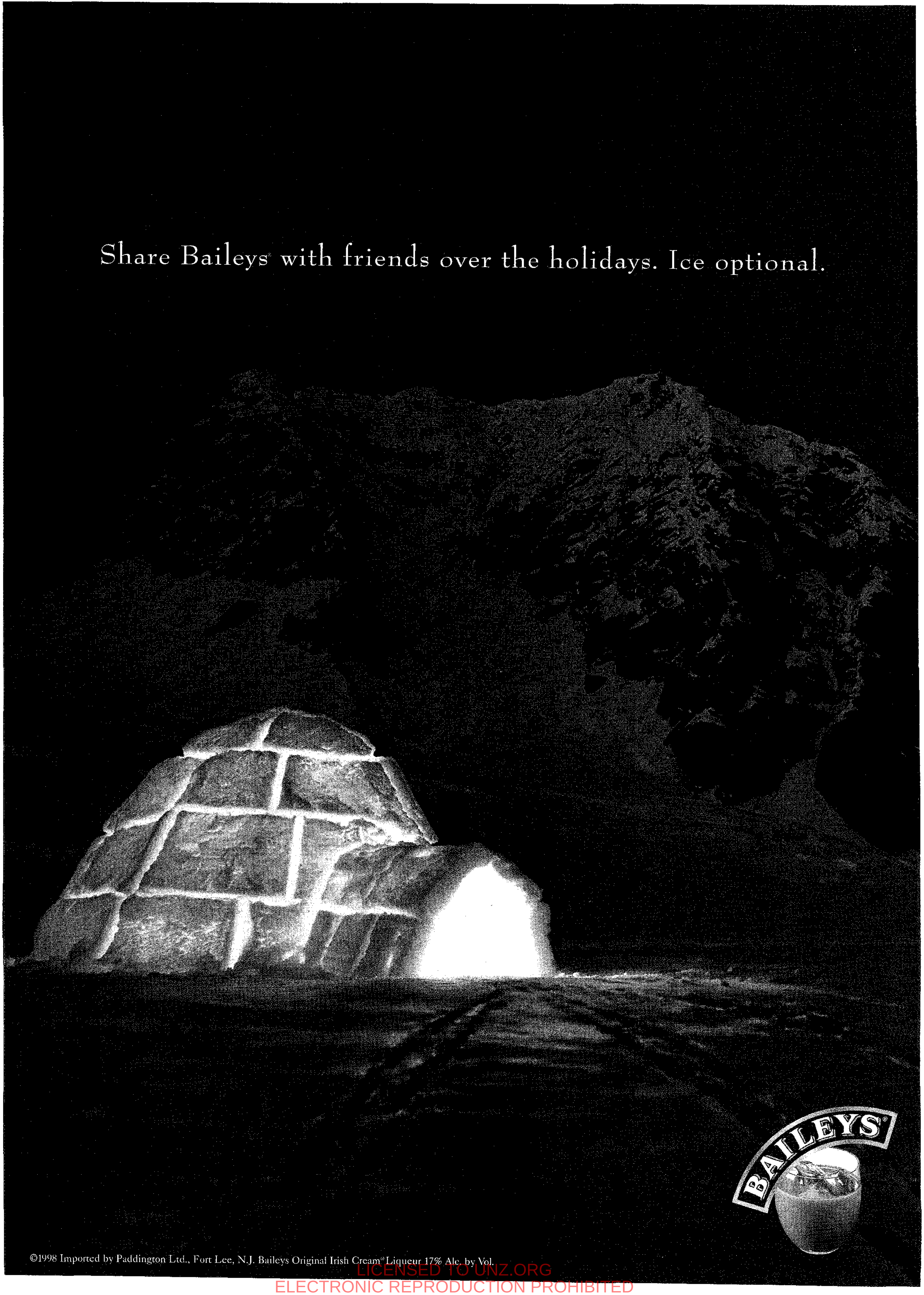
HOLIDAY SPIRITS

Toast the season with creative holiday cocktails made with classic spirits and liqueurs.

There's something about a man in uniform, especially one filled with **Smirnoff Vodka.** For the holiday season, Smirnoff Vodka is available in a limited edition decanter molded in the shape of the military-uniformed nutcracker of ballet fame. Smirnoff, the vodka of choice, worldwide consistently tops taste tests due, no doubt, to its select neutral grain spirits, demineralized filtered water, and a hardwood charcoal filtration process. Once you've drained the decanter, it looks dashingly handsome standing guard on a mantelpiece.

For a little La Dolce Vita–you know, the late-night scene on the Via Veneto, with or without all that wading in the fountain–try some **Romana Sambuca** after dinner. It's the top-selling sambuca in the United States, and the only sambuca made in Rome, using only the highest quality natural ingredients. Romana Sambuca has a pleasing anise flavor, traditionally enjoyed "Con Mosca," with three roasted coffee beans floating on top for good luck. Or try Romana Black, the super-premium sambuca with a unique ink-black color and an exceptionally smooth taste that works wonders as a mysterious presence in a Black Martini. New for '98 is Romana

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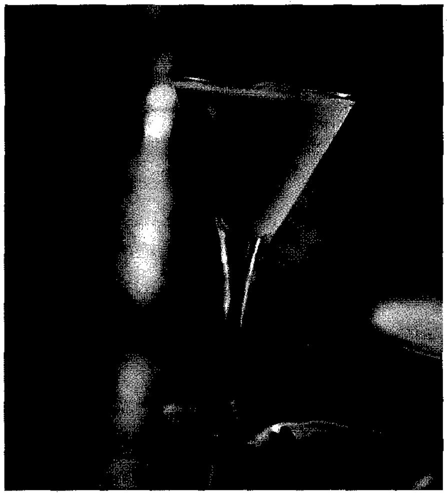
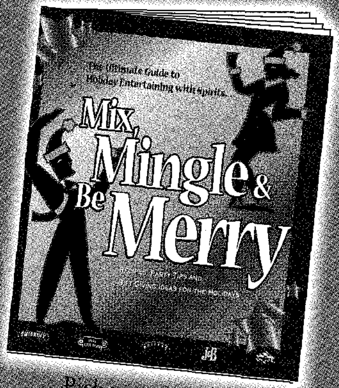
Caffe, an espresso coffee liqueur that blends the robust taste of Italian espresso beans with Romana Sambuca.

Another popular Italian import, **Frangelico**, traces its heritage back three centuries to Christian monks in the Piedmont area of northern Italy who distilled wild hazelnuts, berries, and herbs to create a liqueur that is the inspiration for the trendy after-dinner drink. The fourth generation of the Barbero family produces Frangelico in Canale, a small country town in the foothills of the Alps.



SMIRNOFF NUTCRACKER SWEET

2 oz. Smirnoff Vodka
1 oz. Baileys Original Irish Cream
1 oz. coffee liqueur
Serve on the rocks,
garnished with coffee beans.



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To help you enjoy even more special moments this holiday, Baileys Irish Cream (and some other premium spirits) have created *Mix, Mingle & Be Merry*. It's a helpful booklet full of holiday pleasures.

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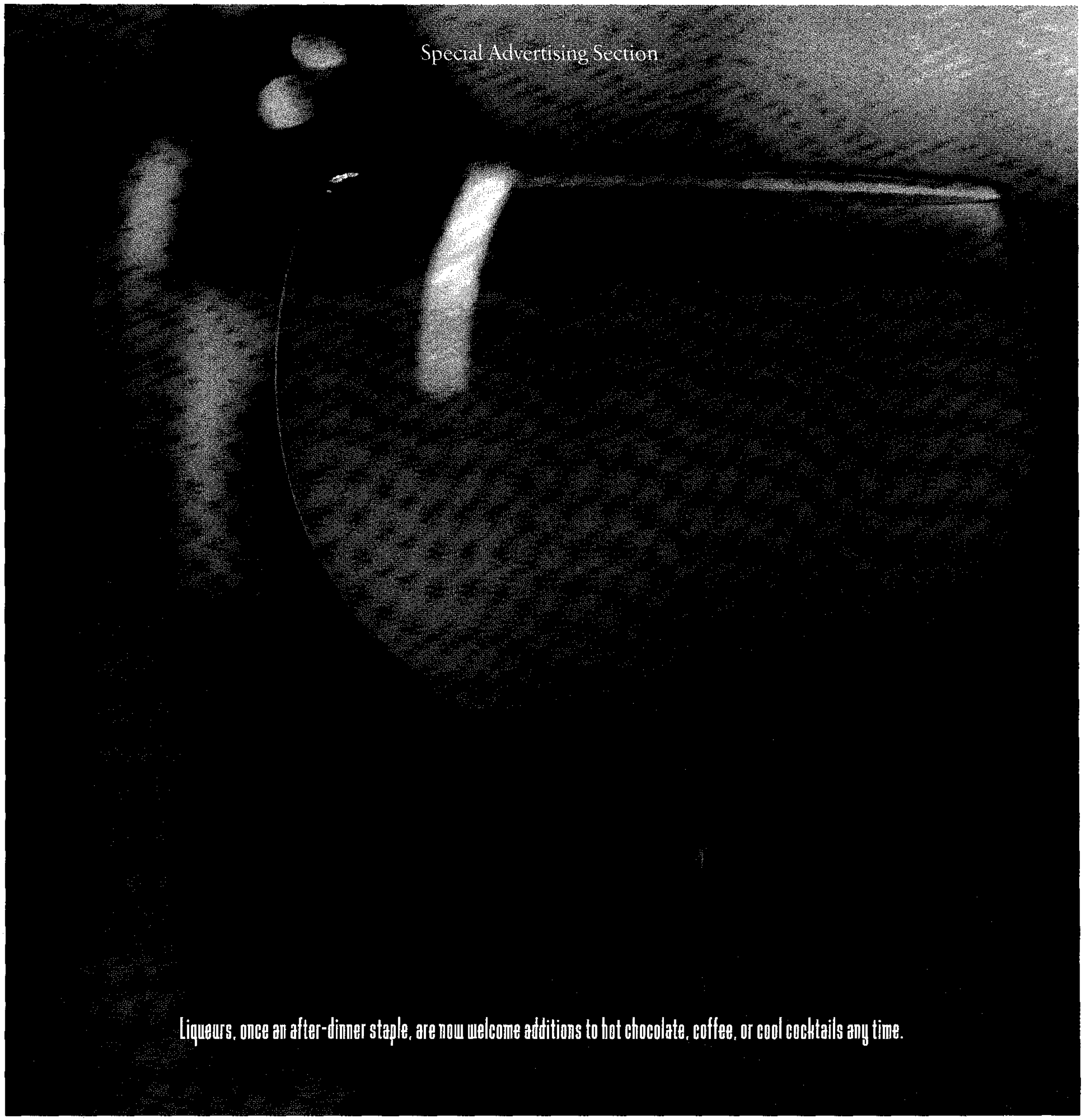
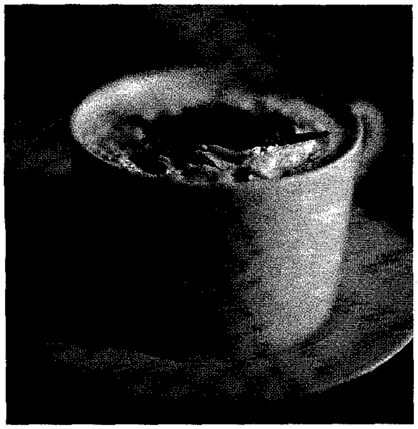


Liqueurs, once an after-dinner staple, are now welcome additions to hot chocolate, coffee, or cool cocktails any time.



ROMANA CHOCOLATE

Add 1 1/2 oz.
Romana Sambuca
to hot chocolate.
Top with whipped cream and
chocolate shavings.

ITALIAN LEMONADE

3 parts lemonade
1 part Romana Sambuca
Shake well and serve
over ice with a splash
of grenadine.

CAFFE FRAPPE

1 oz. Romana Caffe
1/2 cup milk or cream
1 cup of ice
Mix until frothy.
Top with whipped cream.

THE BELLISSIMO

Equal parts Frangelico® liqueur and
Grand Marnier®
Mix with ice in a tall glass.
Strain into a martini glass.
Garnish with an orange peel twist.

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1/2 oz. Baileys Original Irish Cream
1/2 oz. hazelnut liqueur
1/2 oz. The Christian Brothers Brandy
Layer in order and serve.

ANGEL'S KISS

1 part Frangelico® liqueur
3 parts Smirnoff Vodka
Combine with ice in a tall glass.
Strain into a martini glass.
Garnish with a lemon peel twist.

ITALIAN MOONLIGHT

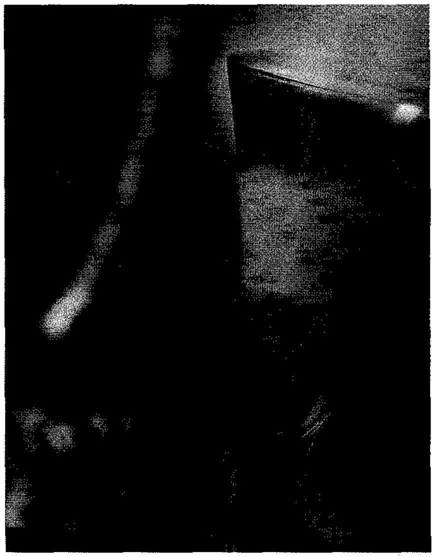
1 oz. Frangelico® liqueur
2 oz. espresso
1/2 oz. chocolate syrup
A splash of Bols® Cherry Brandy
Combine in an espresso cup and garnish with an orange peel twist.

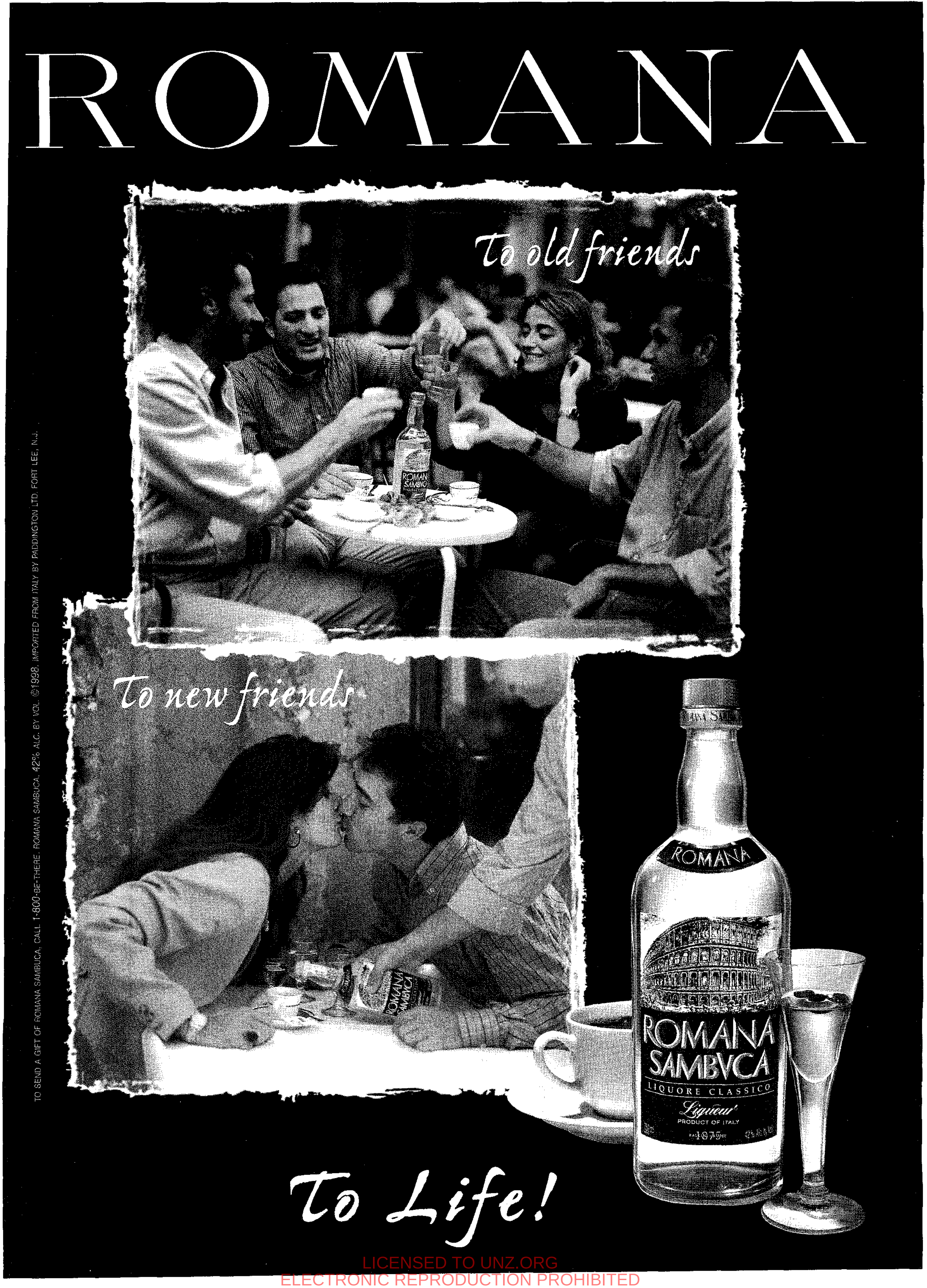
BAILEYS OATMEAL COOKIE

1/2 oz. Baileys Original Irish Cream
1/2 oz. butterscotch schnapps
1/4 oz cinnamon schnapps
Mix in liqueur glass and serve.

BAILEYS B-52 SHOOTERS

2 tsp. coffee liqueur
2 tsp. orange liqueur
2 tsp. Baileys Original Irish Cream
Layer each ingredient into a shooter glass in the order listed.

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SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Cutting Classes

Ever asked for a $30 trim at **a celebrity stylist's?**
It's not unthinkable: **"Try my assistant, darling."**

Armed and ready: Oribe trainee Osamu Takagi shows off his skills to a happy customer.

AT THE END OF A GRUELING DAY coiffing Bob Mackie's runway models, hair guru **Oribe** checks out a special customer: "I like your hair dark—it brings out your eyes," he says, lifting a section near the first-timer's forehead. "But," he asks one of his stylists, "maybe Anne could go a little lighter on top?"

The customer in question is one of seven models (translation: guinea pigs) who've signed on for $20 haircuts at the salon's Wednesday-night class for assistant stylists (colorists train Tuesdays and charge $40). Like many salons, Oribe scrambles for men and women to practice on. "They came down to my office ten minutes ago," says Kim, a legal assistant, "and said, 'Hey, anyone want a haircut?' " Training nights at top salons offer star treatment for anyone at barbershop rates. And there's no need to worry about a disaster: Trainees are skilled hairdressers picking up the master's signature tricks under close supervision.

Brad Johns has training nights once a month, though the date varies with his travel schedule. Having built his reputation on celebrity blondes like Claudia Schiffer and Kelly Klein, Johns counts on his staff to carry out his technique. On training nights, he teaches assistants who color for $45 or cut for $25. **Louis Licari**—the "king of color"—and his senior staff hold weekly Wednesday-night seminars for assistants. Highlights are regularly $150–$325; on training night, 21 models pay $20 apiece for cuts, $30 for color, and $45 for highlights. At **Pierre Michel**, cuts with senior stylists are $150, but on Tuesday nights at 6:30, fifteen assistants train under the salon's masters, cutting for $20 and color for $35. And at **Kim Lépine**, a session with Lépine herself is $250, but on Tuesday evenings, a dozen trainees cut for $15 or color for $20–$30. "We're always looking for models," says Eve, a Lépine assistant. "The more the better."

Oribe, 691 Fifth Ave., near 54th St., tenth floor (319-3910). Brad Johns, 693 Fifth Ave., near 54th St., fifteenth floor (583-0034). Louis Licari, 797 Madison Ave., near 67th St. (517-8084). Pierre Michel Salon, 131 E. 57th St. (755-9500). Kim Lépine, 673 Madison Ave., at 61st St., second floor (355-4247).

Picks of the Week

Elizabeth Gillett's embroidered wraps sell at Saks and Barneys for $160–$325. Now she's clearing stock for at least half off. *237 W. 35th St., No. 304 (629-7993); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Fri. 1–7; 11/19–11/20.*

Staff USA is unloading some of the industry's hottest designs for less than half what you'd pay on Madison: Martin Margiela, Costume National, Missoni, Vivienne Westwood, and others for men and women are $20–$500. All sizes. *495 Broadway, near Broome St., eighth floor (925-9700); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sat. 11–7; 11/19–11/21.*

Alberta Ferretti, Narciso Rodriguez, Rifat Ozbek, Jean Paul Gaultier, and Moschino are half off retail at Aeffe USA's sample sale: Men's suits (all sizes) start at $500, women's dresses (sizes 4–8) at $250.*Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 9–6:30, Thurs. till 5; 11/16–11/19.*

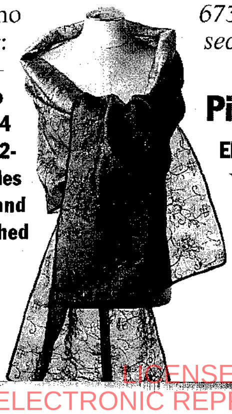
Chaiken and Capone is the sample-and-stock sale everyone's waiting for: chic knee-length jackets, bootleg pants, and slim skirts are now at least half off regular prices. Pants start at $100; sweaters, at $75. Women's sizes 2–12. *632 Broadway, near Bleecker St., fourth floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Thurs. 11–7; 11/17–11/19.* ■

ALWAYS A DEAL

Marry Me (for) a Little

FOR THE FASHIONABLE BRIDE who'd die before blowing a year's clothing budget on a single-use dress, **The Bridal Garden**'s year-round sample sale is a cheap *and* charitable option. Proceeds from dresses donated by popular designers benefit the Sheltering Arms, a service for disadvantaged kids. Styles range from simple sheaths to extravagant tulle gowns and most are 75 percent off retail: Ulla Maija's dresses start at $895, Nancy Issler's at $695. An ingenious on-site seamstress can alter the size-4-to-8 samples to fit almost anyone. *By appointment only; 122 E. 29th St. (252-0661).*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.



Photographs: top, Evan Kafka; bottom, Eric Tomberlin. Her sweater by Chaiken and Capone.

PETER RAINER

Death Becomes Him

Brad Pitt is so cute as Death in 'Meet Joe Black' that we'd willingly follow him to the Other Side. Unfortunately, he wants to tarry. And tarry. And tarry.

SUPPOSE YOU WERE DEATH AND YOU WERE VISiting the mortal realm for the first time. What would you do for kicks? Maybe check out Graceland or take in the slopes at Aspen? Splurge at Barneys or cool out on the Côte d'Azur? Wouldn't you want to boogie? Wouldn't you want to feel *alive*?

The big cheese in **Meet Joe Black** doesn't think so. Joe (Brad Pitt) is Death personified, and he acts like death warmed over. He manifests himself in human form in order to mingle with mortals, but he doesn't look like he's having a lick of fun. Then again, *Meet Joe Black* isn't a comedy. Actually, it is, but the joke is on the filmmakers. Few movies in my lifetime have offered up so many inadvertent cues for audience wisecracks. The wisecracking is a form of self-preservation: If the film isn't going to entertain us, then we'd damn well better entertain ourselves.

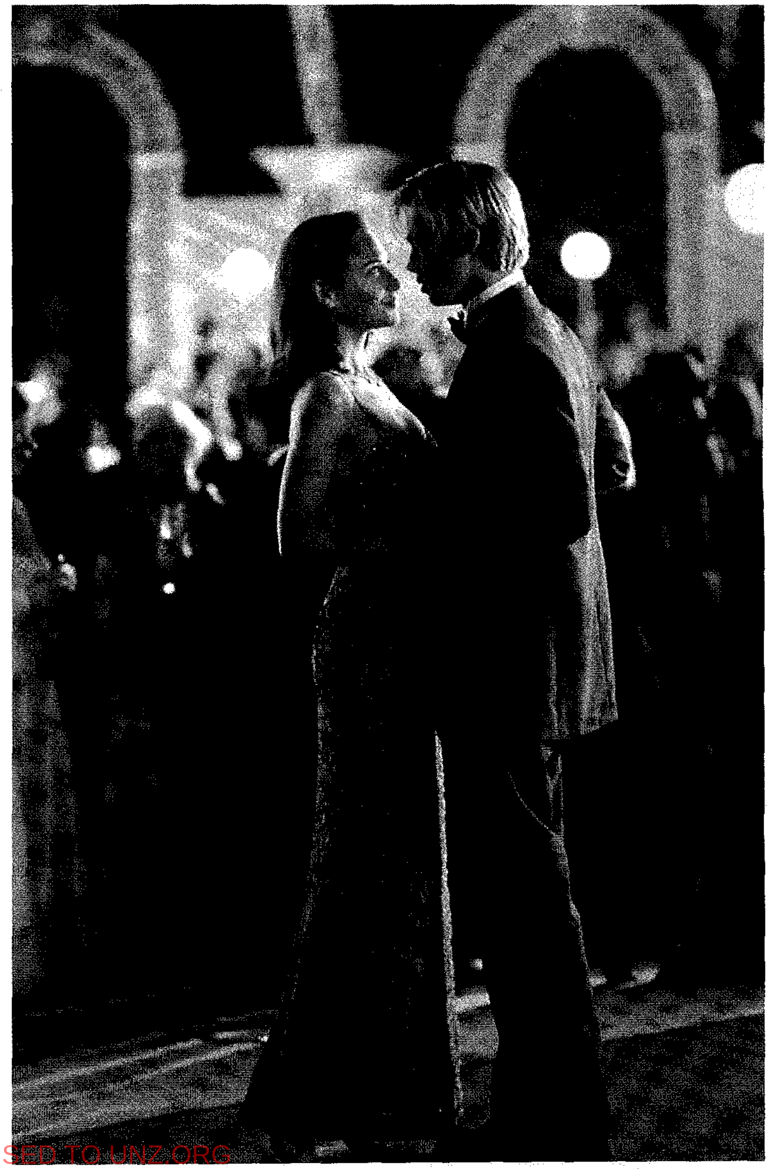
This has been quite a month for ponderoso uplift at the movies: first *Beloved,* and now this. *Meet Joe Black* is like a Hallmark card with elephantiasis. Media tycoon William Parrish (Anthony Hopkins), to whom Death pays a visit, specializes in dispensing greeting-card-style wisdom. He counsels his marriageable physician daughter Susan (Claire Forlani) to hold out for the right guy: "I know it's a cornball thought, but love is passion, obsession. Forget yourself and listen to your heart." Forget the heart; is anybody listening to this dialogue (courtesy of four—count 'em—screenwriters: Ron Osborn, Jeff Reno, Kevin Wade, and Bo Goldman)? It *is* cornball; just because the filmmakers admit as much doesn't make it any less so. The director, Martin Brest, wants to be both a schlockmeister and a serious artiste. But in the *Titanic* era, corn is best served up without all this coy self-consciousness. *Titanic* piled on the hearts and flowers, but at least its death cruise had a schmaltzy monumentality. It was an ersatz romance with enough ardor to resemble the real thing. *Meet Joe Black,* which lasts almost as long as *Titanic,* doesn't have that kind of oomph; it's dour and shrouded, a lifeless romance about the value of life.

At the outset, Parrish is visited by Joe Black as the tycoon nears his 65th birthday and his family prepares a big celebration. It seems Joe is curious to take a look around before he brings Bill into the Great Beyond. He sets out his nonnegotiable offer: As long as Bill keeps things interesting, he's spared. Joe may be a bit of a sadist but—here's the surprise—he's also a virgin. Death, where is thy stinger?

He warms to Susan, but it takes her a while to reciprocate. She's confused, you see, because she met an identical sweet-talker the day before in a coffee shop and went all ga-ga over him; he's the same gent Joe later dispatched in a car accident so he could inhabit his body. Talk about the perils of dating in the big city! Joe has no memory of having met Susan, who thinks he's a mope compared to the brash guy he replaced. And yet there is something about him—perhaps it's that he looks like Brad Pitt?—that pulls her in.

Pitt can't seem to get a fix on how to play Death. You can't blame him; after all, it's not exactly a role you can research firsthand. Still, his Joe doesn't add up: One minute he's coolly sinister with Bill, the next he's as innocent and dopey as Lenny tending the rabbits in *Of Mice and Men.* He develops an appetite for peanut butter, and it's barely different from his appetite for Susan. It's all the same to him—at first. When Joe finally gets carnal with her, their lovemaking is depicted in that lyrically slowed-down way that lets

I knew Max von Sydow, and you're no Max von Sydow: Pitt with Claire Forlani in *Meet Joe Black.*



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you know sex is truly a beautiful thing. No hot monkey love for these two. Getting down with Death turns out to be the ultimate in safe sex.

Joe claims he's lingering for the lessons: "I chose you for your excellence and your ability to instruct," he tells Bill early on. But what it really looks like to us is that Death digs the good life—not just Bill's peanut butter (chunky) and daughter (smooth) but his sumptuous New York penthouse and Versailles-style country estate. It's depressing but true: Death is a social climber. The filmmakers, too, seem inordinately impressed by Bill's riches even as they pretend that money can't buy happiness. The camera slavers over the parquet floors with inlaid borders and the carved moldings on the door frames. Bill is the kind of CEO Hollywood can feel sanctimonious about: He's a bit gruff in the boardroom, perhaps, but he's a philosopher-king who runs a good, clean empire and cherishes his wife's memory and has a really classy art collection. When it looks like Joe might take the unsuspecting Susan along with them into the hereafter, Bill even stands up to the guy. He scolds Death!

The filmmakers have described *Meet Joe Black* as a "meditation on happiness," but it's more like a *Twilight Zone* episode played at the wrong speed (an early *Zone* in fact featured a very young and blond Robert Redford as Death). The film didn't need to be three hours. I can only surmise that Pitt's clout kept it at that length. If so, he did himself no favors. The camera lingers for what seems like aeons on his face, but nothing new is revealed, no depths, no hollows, no sparkle; he's just a blank glamour-puss. Forlani also gets the walleyed treatment, and she offers up two expressions: a suggestion of a smile (to indicate thought) and a slight squint (to indicate passion). Hopkins does best with his opportunities, but this is not, to put it mildly, one of his most exacting performances. After a while, you just want to bring on the hereafter and get done with it.

Why does Death bother to show up at all? In the 1934 movie *Death Takes a Holiday*, starring Fredric March, Death crossed the human threshold because he wanted to discover why people feared him. In *Meet Joe Black*, which lifts a few plot elements from that film, Death just wants his close-ups. The film isn't about mortality; it's about star wattage. Audiences can take great comfort in knowing that Death looks like Brad Pitt. But hey, folks, it's only a movie. Do not go gentle into that good night. And hang on to your peanut butter. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Parlous Pericles

At the Public, 'Pericles,' a play about shipwrecks, is itself a shipwreck; 'The Shaughraun,' in a shoestring production, is lavish in laughter.

Pericles IS SO IMPERFECT A PLAY THAT SCHOLARS postulate either a collaboration with a lesser dramatist responsible for the first two acts or, likelier, a revision of a lost earlier play by a hack, to which Shakespeare warmed only in the latter part as his involvement grew. It is based presumably on a likewise lost Hellenistic novel about Apollonius, Prince of Tyre, hugely popular through many medieval and Renaissance versions. But in no version is this tale about the whims of fortune, the endurance of trials, and miraculous events a farce. For that, it took Brian Kulick, artistic associate of the Public Theater, to place himself, squarely and foolishly, beyond the pale.

Pericles reaches the heights of poetry in several scenes, but even the other ones are based on the wondrous, the spectacular, the awesome. Kulick turns almost everything into the farcical, and navigates even the deeply moving into those shallows. Visually, his notion of presenting the play largely in gilded boxes of various sizes suggests that the Bard's collaborator was Godiva Chocolatier. Playing a goodly chunk on a steeply inclined plane, with actors performing feats of equilibrium or comically sliding down, suggests a further collaboration with Ringling Brothers. Tone-deafness to the music of verse and tongue-tiedness in its delivery bespeak untrained actors and a blockhead director.

As the poetical is clearly beyond Kulick's ken, the political becomes primary on the agenda. Kulick revels in casting black actors as the daughters of whites even where the text explicitly calls for blondeness, and, by way of escalating perversity into swinishness, deliberately picking actors whose looks and demeanor offend in roles demanding comeliness. It may be that he sees these gimmicks as marketable mainstays of Theater of the Ridiculous, but pandering to supposedly or actually subliterate audiences, instead of trying to educate them, is not only artistically but even politically self-defeating.

True, there may be some space and cost problems in staging a seafaring spectacle that requires a large cast and magical stage effects. But in a needless attempt to economize, Kulick double- and multi-casts recklessly, and diddles with two ship models—one small and portable, one large inside a glass container wheeled about on casters to and fro—instead of giving us one decent shipboard set. Even a competent actor such as Sam Tsoutsouvas is overused and undereffective in triple exposure, but damage can be done with less: Viola Davis confuses Shakespeare with August Wilson, Francis Jue plays the brutish Leonine as a girlish Leontine, and Miriam A. Laube turns Marina, the paragon of maidenly grace consigned to a brothel, into an ill-spoken gypsy romping through her caravan.

Mark Wendland's sets and Anita Yavich's costumes wallow in absurdity; Mimi Jordan Sherin's would-be prettifying lighting is chicken soup to a corpse. Mark Bennett's "original music" is rather too original to pass for music, and Naomi Goldberg's choreography is more appropriate to puppets, with which she has often worked. This peregrinating Pericles, forced from his home in Tyre, becomes the Prince of Tiresome.

Short shrift: From left, Martin Short and Michael McGrath in *Little Me.*

Little Me HAS TURNED LITTLER WITH TIME. IN 1962, PATRICK Dennis's camp humor, further seasoned by Neil Simon's adaptation, with one star performer playing seven parts in quick-change rotation and a panoply of comic accents, may have hit the spot, especially with Sid Caesar loading all the bases. Leering sexuality, as in Belle Poitrine's ascent to stardom by putting one bounteous breast before the other, had not yet been refined (if that's the word) to a fare-thee-well, and big-bosomed star autobiographies were still good for some deflating. And even in the supporting cast, there were dazzlers like Sven Swenson and Virginia Martin.

The revival at the Roundabout, with which Neil Simon has done some paltry tinkering but which retains

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

"Hello laser, goodbye razor."

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Marie Claire Magazine

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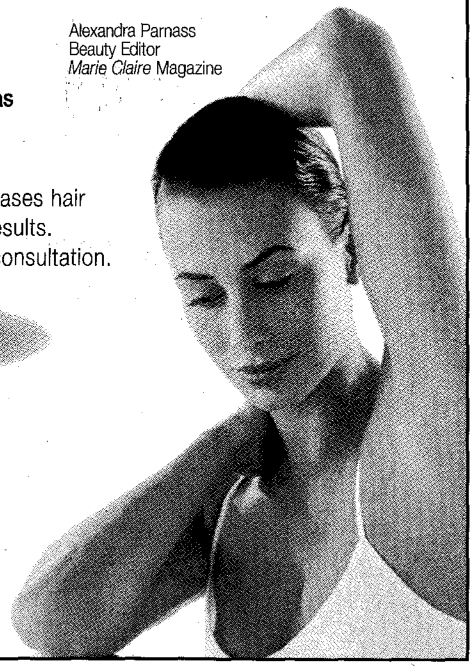

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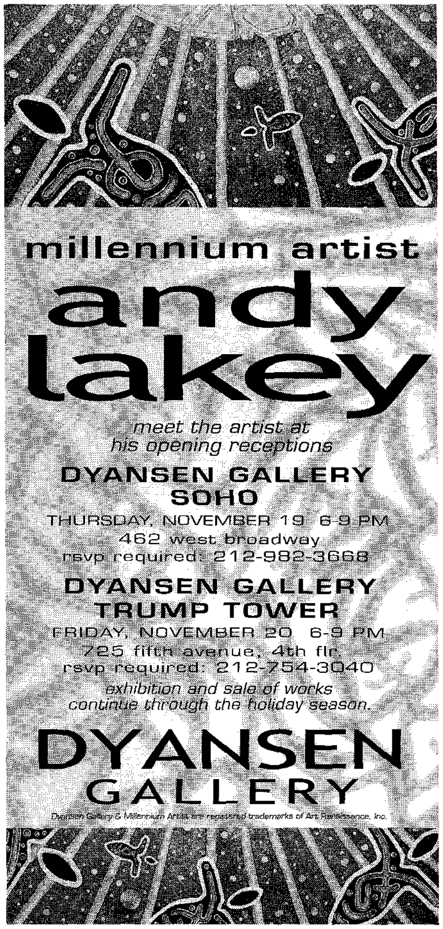

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the pleasant Cy Coleman–Carolyn Leigh score, seems uneven and sweaty under both collar and underwear. Rob Marshall, one of our best, has come up with choreography in many places worthy of Bob Fosse's original, though his direction is rather less good. David Gallo's witty scenery revolves in with yummy surprises like a Susan anything but lazy, and Kenneth Posner's lighting lets sets and costumes wear a broad, additional smile. But all to scant avail.

As Belle, the rags-to-riches, dust-to-stardust heroine, Faith Prince—now, contrary to tradition, playing both the girl and the mature woman—falls between stools, and lacks wit and variety. Martin Short, though he labors mightily, does not make us gasp at his quick-change antics, and so leaves us short-changed, or Short-unchanged. The supporting cast is blandly respectable, stranding the good dancers and orchestra—not to mention us—with too great a burden to carry.

DION BOUCICAULT (1820?–1890) WAS THE next-best thing to a fine playwright—an unabashed wizard of absolute theatrics. An Irish wit, he acquired sophistication in England and boldness in America, where he ended up. Spawning countless plays and adaptations, this fireball is the only important link between Sheridan & Goldsmith, Shaw & Wilde and beyond. His plays are splendid showpieces with melodrama, sentiment, comedy of manners, and knockabout farce spinning about in dizzying fusion and profusion.

The Irish Repertory Theatre is cramped in space, short on equipment, hamstrung in financing, and limited in Hibernian talent to draw on. But it more than makes up for this with razzle-dazzle resourcefulness, epidemic enthusiasm, and sweetly ingenuous trust in a forward thrust that will not be gainsaid. **The Shaughraun** (meaning "vagabond") is comedy-melodrama with flawless construction—a card castle that carries on like a cathedral and gets away with it. It is full of prestidigitatory plotting and coloring-book characters gallantly foolish, ludicrously romantic, stoutly virtuous, or deliciously villainous, huggable and hissable alike. It is theater whose sleeve has as much trickery up it as heart upon it.

And how it works here! The acting is winkingly or blusteringly exaggerated, but even that brings back a bygone period's barnstorming productions, and worms its way into our affection. Why this lighthearted hokum had me in tears I cannot say; perhaps because it is theater with innocent, unconcealed delight in its ability to give pleasure. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Sex & Violin

Performing works by Elgar, Bach, Bartók, and Hendrix (!), the artist currently known as Kennedy captivated with beautiful playing (and roguish charm).

SURPRISED GASPS GREETED **Kennedy** AS HE SHUFFLED onstage at Avery Fisher Hall one recent Friday afternoon to play the Elgar Violin Concerto with Leonard Slatkin leading the New York Philharmonic. "Rock and roll!" hissed the elderly lady behind me, responding disapprovingly to the violinist's two-tone mohawk haircut, crushed-velvet trousers, and dangling shirttails, and the long rag hanging from his belt. Perhaps the Philharmonic audience had forgotten what to expect. After all, it's been a while since we last saw Nigel Kennedy, who some time ago transformed himself from a very proper looking British schoolboy into a mod punk. Not long after that, he interrupted a busy concert schedule to take time off and readjust his priorities, but now he returns as a one-name entertainment personality à la Madonna, and the heated speculation over his motives continues. Establishment nose-thumbing? Exhibitionism? Cynical career boosting? Just plain nuttiness?

Experienced: Kennedy, performing at Avery Fisher Hall.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

In the face of so much talent, technical discipline, and real commitment to the musical tasks at hand, I incline to the first possibility. Few would dispute the quality of Kennedy's playing, the genuineness of his musicianship, or his cheerily laid-back stage manner, however unconventionally he may present himself. In fact, by the time the artist formerly known as Nigel had handily polished off the 45-minute Elgar score, most of the predominantly female audience in Fisher Hall seemed ready to invite him home to dinner. Kennedy is a charmer, no doubt about it, and his performance of this expansively noble concerto, impressive enough on his debut recording back in 1984, is now even more fluent, poised, and poetically detailed. He takes many more risks with the piece, especially in terms of dynamic stress and structural pointing, all the while commanding more than enough executive authority to back up every interpretive decision.

The violinist returned to Avery Fisher Hall two days later to make an entirely different musical statement, playing solo sonatas by Bartók and Bach, with seven Jimi Hendrix rock songs arranged for violin and his own instrumental group (the Kennedy Collective) inserted between the movements. It was a bold experiment that didn't work for me, but the idea obviously delighted a mostly young, appreciative audience. Next to the gritty intensity of the concise Bartók Sonata, though, the Hendrix arrangements sounded rambling and watered-down, especially when compared with the driving energy and textural toughness of the originals. A note in the program (naughtily signed by a certain "Dr. Nigel Kennedy") tells us that the *Hendrix Suite* is still in development, so perhaps something more compelling will eventually materialize in a more congenial context. At least Kennedy the violinist is back, he's playing better than ever, and the concert scene is the livelier for it.

Kennedy is also back in the recording studio, most recently to register his latest thoughts on the Elgar concerto, with Simon Rattle conducting the City of Birmingham Orchestra (EMI 56413-2), and to play—of all things—a Fritz Kreisler program (EMI 56626-2). Perhaps the latter collection shouldn't be a surprise, since most violinists sooner or later have the urge to explore these cunningly crafted encore pieces by a musician who himself "crossed over" to reach a vast and diverse au-

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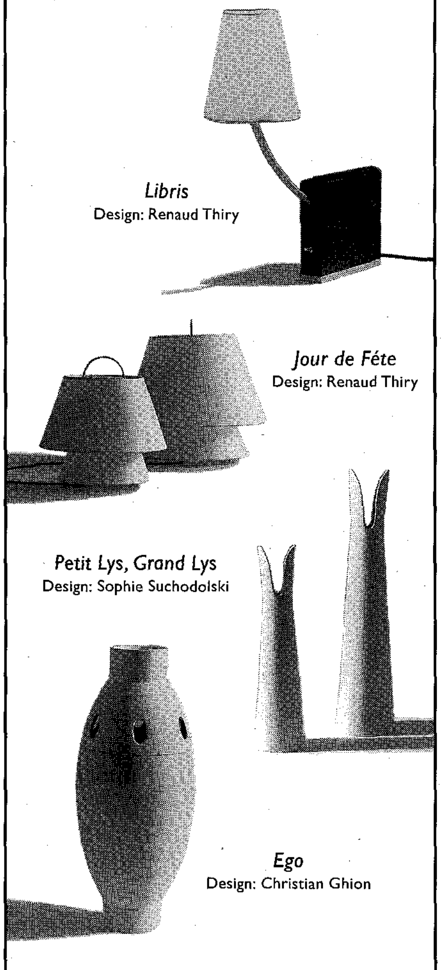

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dience in the twenties. "Recorded real live—no cheating," as Kennedy says in the album notes, the performances are vigorous and warmly inflected but without a trace of sentimentality. Joined by three colleagues, Kennedy also offers an elegant reading of Kreisler's A-minor String Quartet in tribute to the violinist's grandfather, who apparently played cello on the work's first recording in 1935. Don't turn off this CD after listening to the last listed track or you'll miss the unannounced coda, possibly another homage: a six-minute "ghost track" consisting of mysterious string drones, mumbled comments, and ambient recording-studio noise, all of which puts me in mind of the Beatles' famously indecipherable "message from beyond" on the final grooves of their *Sgt. Pepper* album. Oh, that scamp Kennedy.

THE CITY OPERA'S LATEST IMPORT FROM Glimmerglass is **Of Mice and Men**, Carlisle Floyd's terse operatic version of the Steinbeck Depression-era novel, in a much-admired production first seen at the 1997 summer festival. Despite a score that still strikes me as more utilitarian than inspired, the work is skillfully paced with a sure ear for theatrical effect, qualities that this economical staging—Rhoda Levine, direction; John Conklin, sets; Jess Goldstein, costumes; Robert Wierzel, lighting—illuminates with cold-eyed clarity. Anthony Dean Griffey repeats his heartbreaking portrayal of Lennie, the hulking, mentally challenged migrant worker who, after unwittingly killing the foreman's wife, is shot by his agonized friend, George, before an approaching mob can lynch him. A huge man himself, Griffey seems born to the role, which he not only acts with frightening authenticity but also sings with a lyrical sweetness that makes Lennie all the more pitiable. The strong cast has no weak links, and conductor Stewart Robertson has the score securely in hand.

A second City Opera revival, Janáček's **The Cunning Little Vixen**, is less successful, despite an able cast headed by Robin Blitch Wiper as Vixen Sharp-Ears and Richard Paul Fink as her keeper-mentor, Bartos the Forester. Maurice Sendak's teeming menagerie of chickens, beetles, dogs, frogs, and various woodsy creatures looks as enchanting as ever, and Frank Corsaro's direction seems unchanged—we are constantly reminded of the harsh realities of nature as well as its eternal capacity for renewal, exactly what the composer intended. Perhaps there wasn't enough time to infuse this radiant but elusive mix of animals and humans with the precision and energy it needs to soar; certainly the orchestra under George Manahan sounds in need of more rehearsal. It's depressing to watch any opera unfold without generating a spark of life, Janáček's most of all.

NEVER ABSENT FROM NEW YORK FOR LONG, that restless globetrotting conductor **Valery Gergiev** was recently in town again, presiding over a mini Tchaikovsky festival in Carnegie Hall with his Kirov Orchestra. One would think that such a perennially popular composer hardly needed special attention, but as usual Gergiev had come up with something a bit different, three programs that focused on music Tchaikovsky composed during his feverishly productive final years: his last opera (*Iolanta*), last ballet (*The Nutcracker*), last concerto (No. 3 for piano), last tone poem (*Voyevoda*), and last symphony (*Pathétique*)—even the soloist, Alexander Toradze, offered the composer's final uncompleted piano work as an encore, the Momento lirico.

The once fashionable image of Tchaikovsky as neurotic and self-destructive, wallowing in self-pity and soupy sentimentality, no longer applies, and these concerts went some distance in further helping to dispel that perception. Mostly, they showed an important composer functioning not as a "victim" of his homosexuality but at the peak of his form and completely in charge of his creative impulse. These ambitious scores may not all succeed on the same level, but the best of them—*The Nutcracker* and the *Pathétique* symphony—are masterworks by any standards, and the others are not far behind. All inhabit their own special world, and Tchaikovsky defines each one precisely but with total poetic involvement. Only the most technically and emotionally secure composers can practice their art on this level.

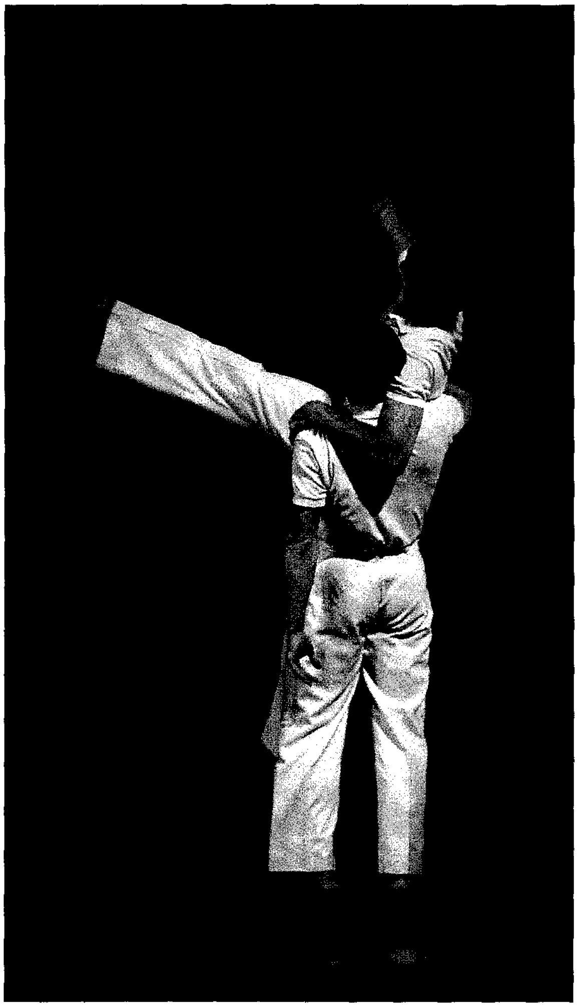
That said, the Kirov's performances of the symphony, tone poem, and piano concerto on the first program left a lot to be desired—even Gergiev's characteristically inspirational conducting style couldn't fire up an orchestra that, for whatever reason, seemed positively exhausted. Sounding more rested for *Iolanta*, the orchestra and ten singers from the Kirov Opera gave an affectionate, often ravishing account of this moving one-act idyll about a blind princess who finds love, a miraculous cure, and the promise of Heaven on earth. With no action to speak of, the 90-minute piece makes ideal concert fare, although one day it might be interesting to pair *Iolanta* onstage again with *The Nutcracker*. Both were first given as a double bill in 1892, and both, in their very different ways, show how love not only redeems but also leads us to a utopia that Tchaikovsky could only dream about. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Happy Anniversary

For Lar Lubovitch, 30 turns out to be really something; at the City Center, Twyla Tharp comes down firmly on the side of the cerebral.



Sylvain Lafortune and Jeffrey Gribler (standing) in Lubovitch's *Concerto Six Twenty-Two.*

Lar Lubovitch CELEBRATED 30 YEARS OF HAVING his own modern-dance company with a one-night stand at the City Center. As gala events go, this one was a model of efficiency and charm. A mini-retrospective of Lubovitch's work, it offered two solid chunks of dancing—Act Two of *Othello,* created last year for American Ballet Theatre and performed here by that company's dancers, and the ever-popular 1989 *Fandango,* an erotic duet in Lubovitch's all-flesh, no-bones signature style, danced to the Ravel *Bolero* by members of the Lubovitch troupe. A well-timed potpourri followed. Here, cleverly manipulated video alternated with live dancing to present excerpts from the choreographer's greatest hits in his several modes. These include not merely ballet and modern but also Broadway and ice-dancing.

The most ravishing performances came from emeritus members of the company as well as the present brood. Nancy Colahan, seen in a segment from *Bach's Air in G,* has acquired a mature bulk since she retired from the Lubovitch team in 1990, but her dancing remains compelling—vigorous and lyrical. Rob Besserer (with Lubovitch from the mid-seventies to the mid-eighties and a big presence in my personal Modern-Dance Hall of Fame) proved to be a master of gesture surrounded by intense stillness in the "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye" duet from the 1994 *So in Love.* Sylvain Lafortune (tenure: 1985–1990) re-created the role he originated in the poignant duet for male lovers—a gentle, irrefutable argument for tolerance—from *Concerto Six Twenty-Two.* Among the company's current members, Dirk Platzek and Scott Rink were unforgettable in solos from *Waiting For the Sunrise* (1991). In "Smoke Rings," Platzek was a Raymond Chandler figure with an unexpected streak of vulnerability. Rink, as the cruelly abandoned boyfriend in "Tennessee Waltz," made himself the image of hapless youthful desolation. If only Lubovitch could apply the acuteness of tone he achieves using vintage popular songs—treating the music lovingly, yet with a contemporary irony—to his work with grander music!

The archival footage of Lubovitch-on-ice ranged from work for the inimitable John Curry—who was a danseur noble on blades—to a don't-say-no-till-you've-tried-it *Sleeping Beauty.* Lubovitch has been a natural for this odd genre that is neither sport nor art because skating's low-friction glide and its sudden, supple shifts of direction offer him an extreme instance of the qualities he's after in his stage choreography. As for Lubovitch-on-pointe, there's much to be said for the occasion's concert rendering (no scenery, no costumes) of just a single act of *Othello,* a disaster in its full-dress, full-length form at the Met. The ABT dancers appeared more human and accessible at the City Center, while the choreography assumed the more fluid look of Lubovitch's modern-dance style. These shifts made the virtues of the piece evident, especially in the passages for the ensemble, which took on a relentless sweep and an aura of imminent tragedy. Midway through one group dance, the anonymous corps figures, clad in the simplest of black practice clothes, with the women's hair left unbound, seemed to evolve from representing members of the populace to being emblems of fate.

This little miracle, typical of what dance does best, may explain why Lubovitch, whose work frequently seems uneven or overreaching, gets himself hired for such a variety of jobs. He has an instinct for poetry. He may lack the range of skills to bring it to fruition regularly, but he has the instinct, and it's basic to any theatrical endeavor.

Photograph by Janet P. Levitt.

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DANCE

JUST WHEN **American Ballet Theatre**'S NEW acquisitions for its City Center engagement were suggesting a vote of no-confidence in the audience's intelligence, Twyla Tharp unveiled her new work for the company. *Known by Heart,* set to an oddball musical mix—light, graceful Mozart, hypnotic Steve Reich, and gleefully raucous Donald Knaack—is a call-to-alert for the gray cells.

The piece starts out with a pair of pas de deux (for Julie Kent with Angel Corella, and Susan Jaffe with Ethan Stiefel) that seem to contrast young romance of yesteryear (ingenuously blithe) with a contemporary relationship (dark, complex, tinged with hostility and anomie). But of course Tharp would never settle for anything so simplistic. As the increasingly dense action proceeds, we get a third, male-male couple—Keith Roberts and Griff Braun, moving most often in eerie unison, side by side. There's a tiny ensemble, too, that intrudes to break up any continuity that might allow the viewer to relax and begin taking things for granted. By the last segment of the dance, so many disparate activities are occurring, it's only Tharp's rigorous logic of rhythm and geometry that holds together this intricate mini-cosmos.

The choreography mates the several styles in which Tharp has operated over the years: her own slangy, jazz-influenced body language, swift-footed and loose-limbed; classical ballet as scrutinized by an outsider; and fragments of mime sprung from comic-strip imagery or cartoon animation. Tharp achieves her smoothest amalgam to date here of elements audaciously selected for their disparity. To top matters off, she adds (with tongue in cheek? Because she's co-opted some Reich music?) a number of Laura Dean's signature spinning motifs. And as usual, Tharp extends the capacities of her astutely cast star dancers, challenging even Stiefel's uncanny virtuosity, for instance, and coaxing from Kent, whose default mode is serene, melancholy beauty, a delicate gaiety that adds to her depth as an artist.

It's true enough that *Known by Heart* deals more with knowing (in the sense of keen perception) than with the sentiments of the heart. Some viewers were complaining, justly, that the dance had no soul. In the conventional sense, it doesn't, but it does offer compensatory thrills. One of them is to watch Tharp explore and explicate matters of space and time. Another is to share her perception of our lives not as readily grasped linear narratives with predictable resolutions but rather as a collection of hectic images, perpetually shifting within the confines of a kaleidoscope. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Gossip's Guru

As long as Broadway mattered, Broadway dish mattered, too. No one served the boldface world like Walter Winchell until he—and the business—became relics.

BEN HECHT SAID OF WALTER WINCHELL that he wrote "like a man honking in a traffic jam." H. L. Mencken had a higher opinion of the gossip columnist's rat-a-tat style, a backstage Broadway idiom of peekaboo, know-it-all, and up-yours; a saloon-society pastiche of racetrack and underworld lingos, of adman and Tin Pan Alley slanguages, of fanspeak, jive talk, promoter hype, punk attitude, and a pastrami sandwich. It's amazing how that traffic jam looks like what all of us are now stuck in. What began as democratic populism in the jazz age, an end run around the arbiters of Protestant respectability, has ended in the tabloid culture of the snitch.

Live from Times Square: Stanley Tucci as Walter Winchell in the forties.

Paul Mazursky's new made-for-TV movie **Winchell** (Saturday, November 21; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; HBO) suggests that nostalgia for the roaring twenties is ill-advised. The legs of the chorus girls may have gone on forever and some of the gangsters were as cute as Gatsby, but journalism was at least as corrupt then as it is now. If Stanley Tucci's splendid impersonation of the motormouth Walter, under his signature snap-brim fedora, with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth like a fuse, will remind you of the iconic private eye, this shamus was Spillane's Hammer, not Chandler's Marlowe. Whether in the pages of Hearst's *Mirror;* or on radio haranguing Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea; or on television, where it was so humiliating never to be as popular as his old enemy Ed Sullivan; or tooling the predawn streets listening to his police-band and packing a snub-nosed .38; or at the Stork Club table where he collected confidential tips from lickspittle press agents and such unsavories as J. Edgar Hoover, Lucky Luciano, and Roy Cohn, he was a Cold War bully, not a mean-streets equalizer. He may have once upon a time annoyed Hearst by inviting Lillian Hellman to write a guest column about the Spanish Civil War, but he'd end up, in November 1956, comparing Adlai Stevenson to the transsexual Christine Jorgensen and predicting that his election "would mean a woman in the White House."

This particular ugliness is omitted from Mazursky's *Winchell.* So is Walter's insinuation that Lucille Ball may have been a Communist. So is his sleazy role in the Army-McCarthy hearings, infuriating even J. Edgar. So is the pertinent fact that it probably occurred to Louis Lepke to surrender to him in the first place because Walter was already buddy-buddy with Luciano and Bugsy Siegel. So, too, is Rita, his first wife and partner from vaudeville days, whom he used to slap around in public. Nor, although some of this is hinted at in Scott Abbott's screenplay, would we realize from this movie that he sabotaged his suicidal son's hopes for a journalistic career, as he likewise sabotaged his unstable daughter's hopes for a theatrical career. (To up the ante on poor Walda, her father even contemplated electroshock and lobotomy to discourage her affections for a man he deemed unsuitable, as well as hounding the man to joblessness—such abuse of power providing the inspiration for the 1957 anti-Winchell movie *The Sweet Smell of Success,* about which we are likely to remember Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis but not that Clifford Odets co-wrote the savage screenplay.)

I've picked up all these items, and much more, from Neal Gabler's definitive 1994 biography *Winchell: Gossip, Power and the Culture of Celebrity.* But the HBO movie is based on Herman Klurfeld's tormented memoir *Winchell: His Life and Times* (1976). The best excuse for resorting to the lesser book is that we see a lot of Paul Giamatti as Klurfeld himself, who suffers as eloquently as Whittaker Chambers in *Witness.* Mazursky, in fact, has elicited superb performances from everyone in his cast—from Christopher Plummer raising the White House roof as FDR to Xander Berkeley as the Winchell-hating *Mirror* editor Gavreau to Kevin Tighe as a creepy Hearst. We don't see as much of Glenne Headly as I want to, but her Dallas Wayne seems to be some sort of serendipitous composite role, perhaps to suggest in general all the chorus girls in Walter's past, to nod in particular to Texas Guinan, the Wild West cowgirl–nightclub queen who taught him the demimonde ropes in the twen-

Photograph by Lorey Sebastian/HBO.

Love Needs No Pedigree

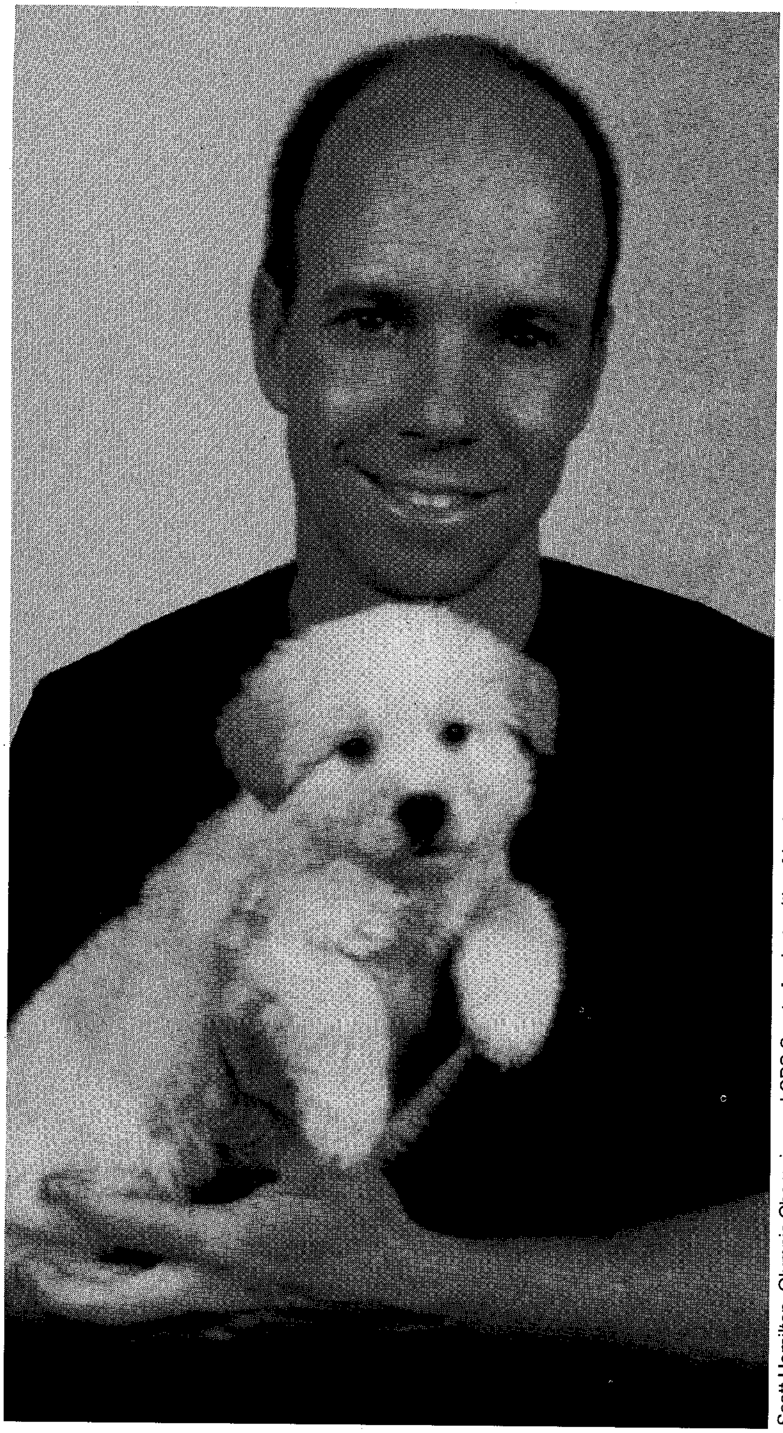

Photo by Mary Bloom

Scott Hamilton, Olympic Champion and CBS Sports Analyst, with a friend

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ties, and to embody his many victims during the fifties blacklist period to which he so gleefully contributed. Anyway, as she is in anything she does except *Encore! Encore!*, Headly's fabulous.

And Walter? As Tucci plays him, he is his own *noir.* He carries his intimations of catastrophe around with him, the way characters in James M. Cain were said by Edmund Wilson to carry around their built-in precipice, the way characters in Tom Wolfe's novels are in a night-sweat panic that their credit and charm will run out. Without ever really being told, we know that Winchell's childhood humiliations and resentments will orchestrate the adult failure he can't tap-dance away from. Josephine Baker (Victoria Platt) being refused service at the all-white Stork Club is, at long last, the nemesis as much invited as it's feared. (Klurfeld himself would write those columns accusing her, seriatim, of pro-Mussolini, pro-Communist, and anti-Semitic sympathies, after which Barry Gray, Ed Sullivan, the NAACP, and the New York *Post* would all pile on.)

Everywhere Walter looks, he seems to see his own spongy father (Mazursky himself!), who was always better at pinochle than he could ever be selling silk for women's underwear. Maybe—although the movie omits this famous tidbit, too—this, and not the Steichen portrait for *Vanity Fair,* was the face he saw in the Stork Club men's-room mirror, before Ed Sullivan flushed him head-first down a urinal.

And maybe *Winchell* will remind us how it worked in the pre-Drudge days, when newspaper columnists coerced exclusives by blackmail or payola; when the promise of a plug was as good as a casting couch; when they covered politics the way they covered sports—where most of them in fact began—as sycophantic fans of whoever leaked to them, whether J. Edgar Hoover or Roy Cohn or Frank Costello; when the pages of the tabloids were for sale, on a sliding scale that included centerfold photographs; when even a sainted Damon Runyon, as Jimmy Breslin has explained in his impatient biography, took it as journalistic gospel that you go along to get along and never bite the hand that feeds you, which is why he lied about Pershing in Mexico and Patton in Europe and somehow never noticed the real-estate swindle that created the IRT that brought all the little people to Times Square in the first place to dream those big-city dreams of license, celebrity, and scandal, of a hot-ticket floating operetta, of a rilly big forbidden shew. Better we should worry about media monopolies than deplore the prurience that is our birthright. ■

John Leonard's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

The Chic of Scarabée

In its stylish new midtown digs, Scarabée is trying to be French, but not too; also, the Great Chopped Chicken Liver Debate heats up.

LAY A MILLION DREAMS OF GLORY END TO END and what you have is New York City. I never cease to marvel at the brave arrivals and bitter exits in the endless tide of feeding ventures. It seems as if anyone who has ever waited tables or flipped an omelette or ended the year with money to burn yearns to open a restaurant. But the brains and whisk behind **Scarabée**—named for the sacred beetle of ancient Egypt—have serious credentials. Having learned his front-of-the-house moves at Daniel, Le Bernardin, and Chelsea Bistro, Karim El Sherif wanted a warm but laid-back lair with intimations of Egypt, his homeland, and French food with Mediterranean antics. Joseph Fortunato, with his flair for Middle Eastern innuendoes at Layla (after stints in Paris and at Picholine), would seem the ideal chef to deliver El Sherif's vision. And he does. With explosive flavors and creative riffs on Mediterranean classics.

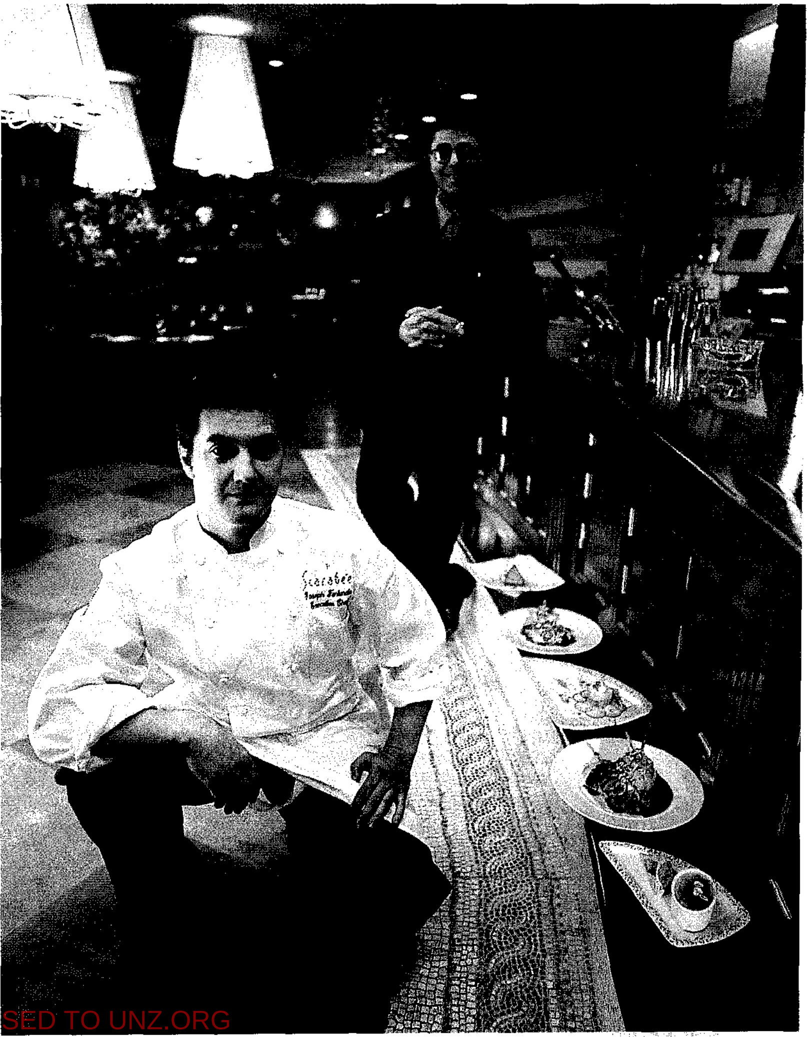
The menu is written in French, with translation, of course—El Sherif wants Scarabée to be elegant but accessible. French or English, it all sounds familiar . . . the new eclectic American cooking by any other name. Warm goat-cheese gateau. Grilled portobellos with white beans. Baby octopus with crisp black-olive polenta. Fennel-cured salmon with cucumber and avocado. Except that Fortunato is into high-risk, marshaling nine ingredients when it seems that five or six might do: Lemon confit and melon jus on that salmon. Fingerlings, baby beets, quail eggs, and balsamic vinegar to shore up his goat-cheese gateau. Vegetable escabeche and curried balsamic vinaigrette to keep the octopus from feeling lonely. Amazingly, these too-busy collages can be delicious.

And the Morris Nathanson design gives El Sherif the soothing warmth he asked for: recurring stripes in hues of desert sand and terra cotta on the tufted edge of all the wide circle booths, blue and beige stripes on one wall that seem to evoke flowing caftans, bare ebony tables with space between, the chandeliers' tall conical shades like the hats of whirling dervishes. The first night I visit, the house is almost empty. But a solicitous maître d' has poured two glasses of Pomerol on the house for our waiting guests. A tendril of cured beef with chopped cranberries and a ripple of aged balsamic vinegar appears like a jewel, the chef's *amuse-bouche.* "Definitely an amuse-brooch," my friend observes.

Everyone wants to order the salad of endive, pears, duck confit, crumbled gorgonzola, and spiced walnuts—a toss of food-lover faves that is unfocused but not fatally so. Asparagus with warm chanterelles, corn, and bacon in a white-truffle glaze is more successful. As for the tender, fragrant octopus, with its "vegetable escabeche," it's the menu-ese that's excessive, not the actual dish. Equally complex entrées, $18 to $26, are equally impressive: lamb chops and sausage beside a tower of cinnamon-scented bits of lamb shank crowned with herbed-garlic-whipped potatoes. Peppered filet mignon with a leek-reblochon-potato cake on a marrow-and-red-wine sauce. Truffle-marinated squab with a "risotto" of mushrooms and Israeli couscous in a small pumpkin. Free-range chicken dressed in mustardy crumbs with candied garlic on sauce diable. Monday night's marvelous rabbit fricassée with green lentils in white wine is typical of Fortunato's tweaked classics—like couscous royale on Thursday and Sunday's cassoulet. Only the swamplike brandade-stuffed crêpe and the too-fussed-up cavatelli fail to please.

The mezze and breads I loved at Layla appear at lunch. Pastry chef Dalia Jurgensen bakes rich, cakey olive focaccio. Her flat bread wraps a sensational cinnamon-scented lamb sandwich spiked with garlic-yogurt tzadziki, hummus, and preserved lemon, served with eggplant fries. Entrées like pomegranate-glazed

Beetlemania: Owner Karim El Sherif, standing, and chef Joseph Fortunato unveil their new midtown *collaboration.*



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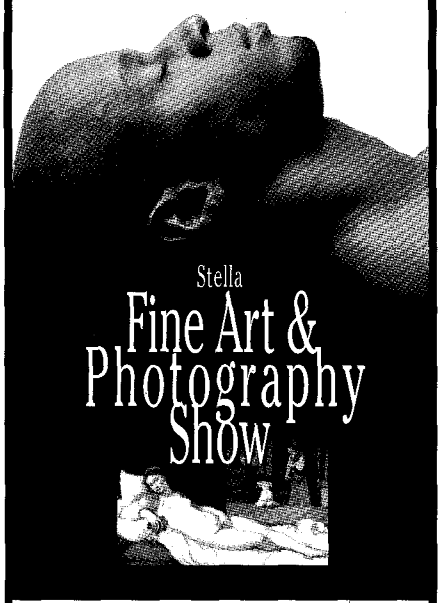

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salmon, so moist and tangy from its citrus-tahini vinaigrette, and the quail-and-wild-mushroom risotto are $14 to $19, but I'd be more than content with the $7 platter of four mezze spreads and grilled zatter bread. Rose water, almond milk, and halvah evoke the Middle East in Jurgensen's desserts. Chilled mango water with raspberry-cream granita clears the palate for her fabulous chocolates.

Long before someone turned on the lights in SoHo, midtown was almost the only place to go. Today this end of 51st Street may seem rather dowdy and off the track for Manolo Blahniks. But the neighborhood is already starting to discover Scarabée. And it's worth the hiccup of a detour for solid citizens who simply want to eat well and don't have a pathological need to migrate downtown to warehouse hives in robotic swarms.

Scarabée, 230 East 51st Street (758-6633). Lunch, Monday to Friday noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday to Thursday 5:30 to 10:30 P.M., Friday and Saturday till 11:30 P.M. Opens in December for brunch on Sunday. A.E., M.C., V.

ABOUT CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER. MY chopped-liver credentials were petulantly attacked two weeks ago by a chicken-liver amateur (in the true sense of that word). In several thousand words spread across the pale-apricot back page of the *Observer,* Ron Rosenbaum, who bills himself as the Edgy Enthusiast, slammed me for my recent reference in this magazine to the woebegone chopped chicken liver at Barney Greengrass. Edgy as he is, he assumes my attack on B.G.'s liver is an attack on himself. Apparently, just seven weeks ago he declared the Barney Greengrass chopped liver "a supreme achievement of Jewish American civilization." That I missed that particular column (eating out twice a day cuts into my reading time) is not important. Where I was when I read it or didn't read it is not an issue. We are both consenting adults.

But I sense a veiled racial innuendo when he characterizes my boldness in daring to judge chopped liver as equal to the "naïve, inexpert ineptitude" of Al D'Amato's pitiful attempt to seem haimish with his Esperanto-Yiddish use of the term *putzhead.* It's true I was born in Detroit, but we did have delis and a generous allotment of Jewish grandmothers. When you start early enough and have a certain taste-pitch, chopped liver is like riding a bicycle. You never forget how.

If Barney Greengrass's lily-yellow, overadulterated chopped I-know-not-what, with its blindingly big chunks of egg white, is Mr. Rosenbaum's madeleine, I weep for his deprived childhood. Eggs have always been cheaper than livers, I guess. Barney Greengrass is "the Sturgeon King." This revered and beloved institution is about *fish.* Seven decades of devotion to sublime smoked fish. This is not liver they're dishing out here, Ron. This is chopped chicken-liver helper. I've had *vegetarian* chopped liver that was better.

Still, I want to be fair. Perhaps Barney Greengrass was running low on chopped liver the fateful day I first tasted it and the kitchen had to toss in some scrambled eggs to stretch supplies. As soon as I recovered sufficiently from the searing sting of Mr. Rosenbaum's scurrilous attack, I set out to purchase in one afternoon half a pound of chopped liver at Carnegie, the Stage, the Second Avenue Deli, Katz's, Zabar's. I tasted them all side by side, using bites of plain bagel as a palate cleanser.

> *"If Barney Greengrass's lily-yellow, overadulterated chopped I-know-not-what, with its* **blindingly big chunks** *of egg white, is Mr. Rosenbaum's madeleine, I weep for his deprived childhood."*

Every one of them was better than the fresh batch of liver-manqué mush I brought home from Barney Greengrass. With its chunky, uneven stubble of liver bits, the Stage's excellent chopped liver tasted hand-chopped and classic. Softer and smoother, the Second Avenue Deli's harbored a unique hint of onion crunch. I think Katz's counterman was flirting with me. He gave me three quarters of a pound and charged me for a half. Pretty good. Even the silken-smooth mousselike stuff from Carnegie had a wonderfully appealing intensity, like the unsweetened chocolate in a Mexican mole.

I won't count the freshly chopped liver, tossed with curls of caramelized onion, that was delivered still-warm from the Brooklyn Diner Sunday morning by Sheldon Fireman himself. The clever rogue learned what I was up to and had the unfair advantage of making it to order. Except for an excess of salt, it was chopped-liver paradise, a step above my own splendid version (crusty, rare livers are my secret), even better than Grandma's (her secret was unconditional love). I forgive your hubris, Mr. Edgy. I am willing to be your Henry Higgins if you wish. We can discuss this further at dinner. ▬

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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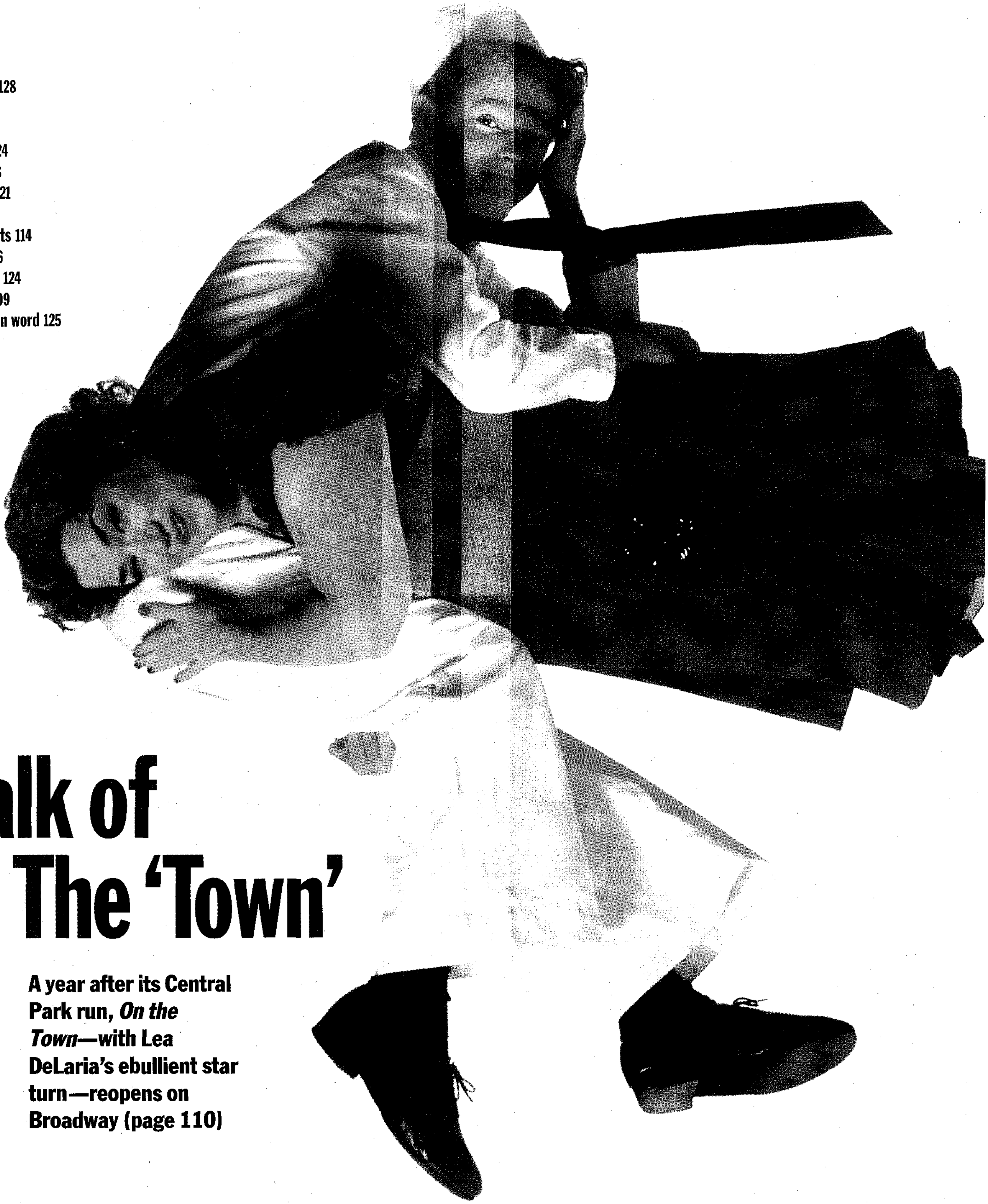


Talk of The 'Town'

A year after its Central Park run, *On the Town*—with Lea DeLaria's ebullient star turn—reopens on Broadway (page 110)

movies

Waking Ned Devine...Glamour Girls...Central Station

New Films

American History X—Edward Norton is a Neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: His firefighter father taught him to be racist. After Dad is shot dead trying to put out a blaze in a crack house controlled by black dealers, Derek becomes the youth leader of a Venice Beach white-power movement. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates—they gang-rape him in the shower for being friendly around a black inmate (Guy Torry, in a superb cameo)—he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**Antz**—This animated feature, with its deadpan witticisms, its heart-stopping shifts of perspective, is completely entertaining, a kids' movie that will leave grown-ups quoting the best lines to one another. Z (Woody Allen), who calls himself "the middle child in a family of 5 million," natters on to his shrink about depersonalization, and winds up the unwitting leader of a rebellion against a fascist society. (Denby; 10/12/98) (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–3; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Apt Pupil—A high-school student discovers a Nazi war criminal in his town and begins to blackmail the man. Starring Brad Renfro and Ian McKellen. Directed by Bryan Singer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Gemini; Lincoln Square; Marboro; Continental.*

Belly—Childhood friends take very different paths as adults. Starring Nas and DMX. Directed by Hype Williams. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; UA East; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex.*

Beloved—It has always been possible to make a good movie from a bad book, which is not what happened with *Beloved* but could have. Since Oprah Winfrey is never less than a sequoia of humanity, since Danny Glover is capable of whatever might be asked of him, and since Thandie Newton gives an astonishing performance, a good script and the right director might have triumphed over Toni Morrison's gothic merging of tanning-salon Holocaust tale, self-help homilies, and *The Exorcist*. But everything that takes place in this film exists so that by the end Sethe (Winfrey) can be saved from the ghost of her dead daughter by a vision of Negro female solidarity—all blown up into a three-hour, New Age revelation message. (Crouch; 10/26/98) (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–3; Regency; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Bride of Chucky—The killer doll returns for his fourth go-round, and this time he takes a wife. Starring Jennifer Tilly, John Ritter, and Alexis Arquette. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Celebrity—Kenneth Branagh is a rumpled journalist who leaves his wife to pursue a more glamorous, fame-filled life. Starring Judy Davis, Joe Mantegna, Charlize Theron, Famke Janssen, Melanie Griffith, and Leonardo DiCaprio. Written and directed by Woody Allen. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Opens 11/20.*

Central Station—A little boy loses his mother and depends on a bitter woman to take him home to Dad. Starring Fernanda Montenegro and Vinicius de Oliveira. Directed by Walter Salles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Opens 11/20.*

Crossing Fields—A woman is forced to examine the issues of adultery, betrayal, love, and sex in her small town. Starring Reedy Gibbs, Meadow Sisto, and J. K. Simmons. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Thalia Theater.*

The Cruise—Timothy "Speed" Levitch is a shambling, homeless, scraggly haired motormouth who conducts his own free-form New York City Gray Line bus tours. There's something Diane Arbus–y in the whole enterprise. Levitch, about whom we learn very little, is a whirling dervish in pain, and the camera's steady, unblinking gaze does him no favors. He describes New York as "a scintillating, streamlined mermaid who sings to me at night." We don't hear the song. (Rainer; 11/2/98) (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Opening Strivers Row

Kenneth Branagh is a remarkably Woody Allen–like journalist on the skids in 'Celebrity,' Allen's take on the pathetic lengths people will go to gain an audience. In the beginning, Branagh dumps his dowdy wife (Judy Davis) and, at last unencumbered, lives it up as an insecure model-chaser trying to break into any glamour industry that will have him (one attempt involves Melanie Griffith, above). Meanwhile, Davis, just trying to maintain her sanity, unwittingly receives the fame and fortune he's longing for—as a television personality. The urban morality tale starts November 20.

Photograph by John Clifford.

'CUE' Cover Photograph by Lois Greefield.

Dancing at Lughnasa—Five sisters in rural thirties Ireland struggle with the harsh hand life has given them. Starring Meryl Streep, Sophie Thompson, Michael Gambon, Catherine McCormack, Kathy Burke, Brid Brennan, and Rhys Ifans. Directed by Pat O'Connor. From the stage play by Brian Friel. (2 hrs.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of king Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full, scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Enemy of the State—Will Smith is an attorney being framed by an NSA operative (Jon Voight) for a congressman's murder. With Gene Hackman. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Embassy 1; Embassy 2–3.*

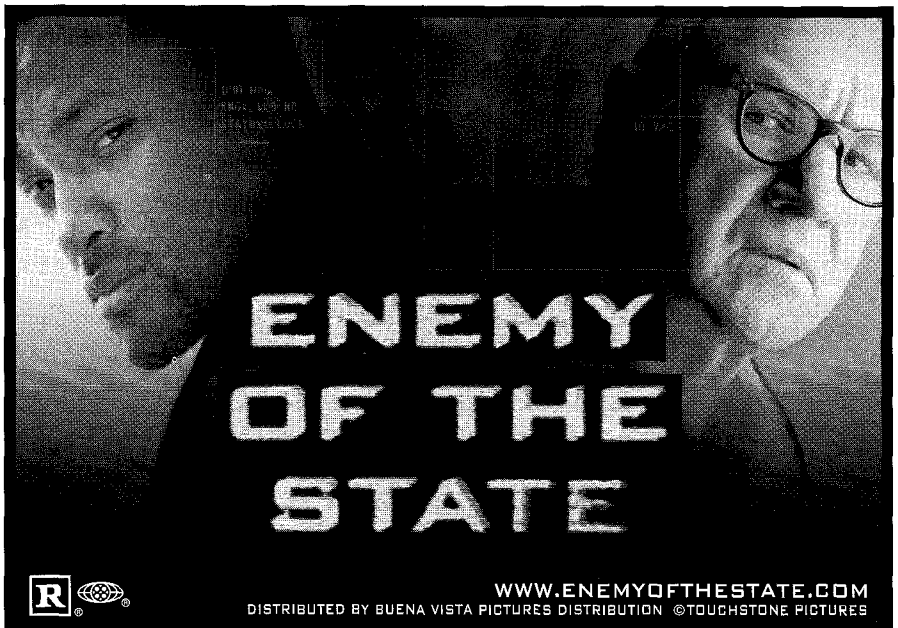
Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film, written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. The characters try to make connections and wind up nowhere; they love the wrong person, the forbidden person; they degrade themselves, destroy other people. Each scene offers one or another aspect of the alleged anxiety and terror lurking beneath the respectable surface of middle-class life. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Hard Core Logo—An aging punk rock-band takes one last tour through Western Canada. With Hugh Dillon, Callum Keith Rennie, John Pyper-Ferguson, and Bernie Coulson. Directed by Bruce McDonald. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer—The teen horror continues, but this time the girls are college freshmen, on spring break in the Bahamas. Starring Jennifer Love-Hewitt and Brandy. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

I'll Be Home for Christmas—A comedy of errors in which Jonathan Taylor Thomas has to make it home for the holidays—or forfeit the Porsche his



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father has promised him. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Impostors—Two Depression-era actors in search of the perfect roles offend a leading stage actor and end up hiding on a ship of fools. Starring Stanley Tucci, Oliver Platt, Alfred Molina, Teagle Bougere, Lizzie Bracco, Steve Buscemi, Billy Connolly, Allan Corduner, Hope Davis, Dana Ivey, Richard Jenkins, Matt McGrath, Isabella Rossellini, Campbell Scott, Tony Shalhoub, and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by Tucci. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Sutton.*

John Carpenter's Vampires—James Woods is a vampire-slayer in New Mexico. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. Writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and a little messy, just like life. At the beginning, Judith finds herself suddenly single after years as the wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Pat is the doorman in Judith's co-op. He's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. They get friendly, but because their emotions are so up-front, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

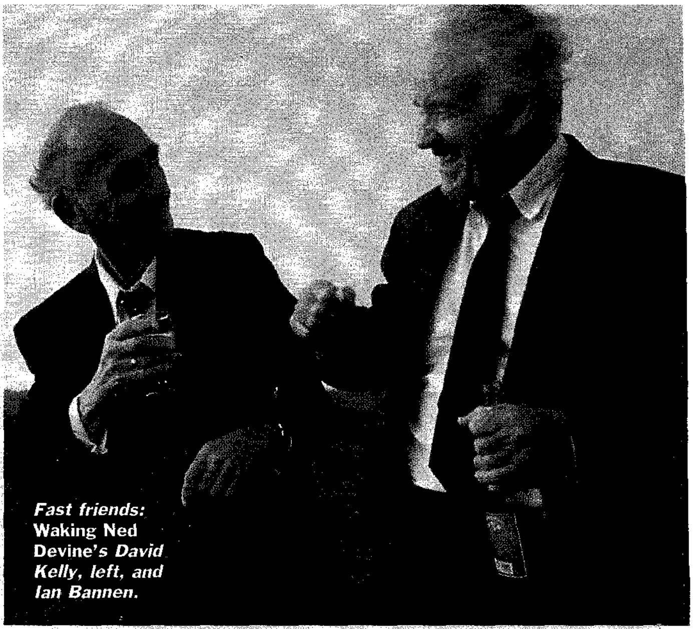
Lolita—This new version turns out to be a melancholy, rather touching account of a doomed love affair between a full-grown man and a very young woman. But that, of course, is not what Vladimir Nabokov's masterpiece is about. The book *Lolita* is truly shocking and quite impossible to adapt "faithfully." The book is a lyrical black comedy balanced between lust and humiliation, between perversion and rhapsody. It is a dizzying, morally dangerous work—and an extraordinary entertainment. Director Adrian Lyne and screenwriter Stephen Schiff, who did the adaptation, have seized on the romantic side of this amazing fable and left out most of the satire and malevolent humor. What we see is not a sui generis erotic comedy about a very specialized kind of obsession but a recognizable descendant of European films in which a poor sap (Jeremy Irons) falls into all-encompassing love and is tormented by an unreachable bitch (Dominique Swain). Humbert Humbert is no longer an ironic hero—a haughty and hypocritical creep who is redeemed—but a very earnest man who loves too much. The joke has vanished. (Denby; 10/12/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.; Union Square.*

Meet Joe Black—See Rainer, page 85. (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Orgazmo—A pious but hunky Mormon is ensnared in the world of pornography. Starring Trey Parker and Matt Stone. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

A Place Called Chiapas—A documentary of the Zapatista revolution and its leaders. Directed by Nettie Wild. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Pleasantville—Two nineties teenagers from a broken suburban home are magically zapped by a television repairman (Don Knotts) into the black-and-white world of a fifties television sitcom called *Pleasantville.* David (Tobey Maguire) knows every bit of trivia about the show; his twin sister, Jennifer (Reese Witherspoon), is hooked on the here and now. What David and Jennifer discover in moving about the town of Pleasantville is that the ideal is not so ideal after all. Their brave new world is inhabited by dimensionless dweebs. Their sitcom parents, George (William H. Macy) and Betty (Joan Allen), are like Ozzie and Harriet with extra treacle. The high-school basketball star, Skip (Paul Walker), is strictly golly-gee. The citizens aren't hollow, exactly; they're more like empty vessels waiting to receive the light. They fumble toward freedom, and as they do, little smudges of color creep into their world. They learn that life is not always pleasant, and the realization humanizes them. Amen. This is a prime piece of showbiz sentimentalism: It says that life isn't like Hollywood, yet its frame of reference is almost entirely Hollywood pap. It flatters itself that the peachy-keen sitcoms we sat through as kids—or that our kids sit through in cable-TV reruns—remain defining moments. (Rainer; 11/2/98) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Coronet; State; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre;*



Fast friends: Waking Ned Devine's *David Kelly, left, and Ian Bannen.*

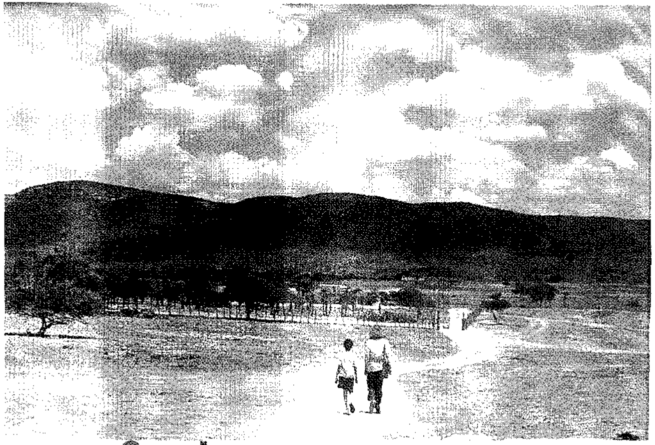
Talent

A Happy Couple

There may be no better way to pass a sunny afternoon than by sitting on a park bench between David Kelly and Ian Bannen, caught in the crossfire of their charm. In gruff brogues (Bannen is Scottish; Kelly is Irish), the two septuagenarian actors gab about everything—the merits of Daffy's (Kelly); high living in Arizona (Bannen)—and often at the same time. Mostly, they just pay each other compliments. "Lots of good parts aren't the main parts, you know," Bannen explains. "I had one in *The Offense,* as a suspected child molester." "Oh!" Kelly lights up. "And you were *bloody brilliant.*" Bannen continues: "In *Hope and Glory,* I had the best part, too, as the old grandfather in the end." Kelly nods: "A smashing performance!" After almost 50 years of acclaimed appearances on the stage and screen, the two are celebrating their first co-starring film roles in Ireland's latest cinematic sweet, *Waking Ned Devine* (starts Friday, November 20). They play lifelong friends who discover there's a lottery winner in their village and so set about persuading the lucky neighbor to share. Bannen and Kelly have always known of each other—they both got their start at the Gate Theatre in Dublin—but *Waking* was their first opportunity to work together and become friends. Kelly made his name onstage ("The Beckett thing has always been my sort of specialty," he says modestly); Bannen made his in film (he was nominated for an Academy Award for 1965's *Flight of the Phoenix*). What bothers Kelly and Bannen these days when they discuss the craft they've spent their lives perfecting is the attitude of today's young actors. "We belonged to a period where a creative artist was meant to be poor. You didn't need much to be happy and doing beautiful work that you loved," Kelly says. "But now I'm afraid 90 percent of actors are in it to be rich and famous, aren't they?" Bannen nods ruefully, and Kelly continues, "Well, their chances are like winning the lotto, maybe. It all happens sort of very fast now or it doesn't happen at all." "It's a fantastic phenomenon," says Bannen, "that lad in *Titanic,* isn't it? It's all gone mad." With *Waking Ned Devine's* strong word of mouth and Fox Searchlight's plans to release the film slowly, à la last year's *The Full Monty,* these gentlemen may find themselves celebrities at last—but they plan to keep their heads on straight. Bannen, for one, isn't allowed to get too excited about the prospect. Whenever he mentions it, he says, "my wife slaps me down."

Patricia Falvo

Photograph courtesy of Fox Searchlight.



Photograph by Walter Cargalho.

Opening
Journey of Hope

In Walter Salles's decidedly intelligent tearjerker 'Central Station,' a young Brazilian (former shoe-shine boy Vinicius de Oliveira) is left all alone when his mother is killed in front of a Rio train station. Beginning the search for a father he has never known, he relies on a cynical, reluctant surrogate (Fernanda Montenegro) to be his guide. Fortunately, the old crone is transformed by his innocence—after she gets over the urge to sell him for a quick profit. Starts November 20.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.

Practical Magic—Sandra Bullock and Nicole Kidman are two sisters whose aunts (Dianne Wiest and Stockard Channing) happen to be witches. With Aidan Quinn. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.*

River Red—The lives of two brothers are forever altered when the older murders their father and the younger takes the rap for it. Starring Tom Everett Scott, David Moscow, Cara Buono, Leo Burmeister, and David Lowery. Directed by Eric Drilling. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NC-17) *Murray Hill Cinemas.*

The Rug Rats Movie—A new baby joins the Pickles family and sibling rivalry ensues. Based on the animated television show. Directed by Norton Virgien and Igor Kovalyov. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) *Opens 11/20.*

★Rush Hour—A well-produced confection designed for quick payoff in the big cities, but it's pretty consistently funny. Jackie Chan is a cop from Hong Kong, Chris Tucker a popinjay on the LAPD. Each man has his own tricky, stylized movement, and each teaches the other how to move his way. The best bit: Chan fighting off assailants while catching a huge, priceless Ming vase that keeps tipping over. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *State; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay; Movieworld.*

★Saving Private Ryan—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second, we are above the water and the noise of bullets and mortar fire approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

Savior—Dennis Quaid is a diplomat living in Paris who, upon losing his family, decides to become a mercenary fighting on the Serbian side of the Bosnian war. With Nastassja Kinski. Directed by Predrag Antonijevic. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Opens 11/20.*

The Siege—This film starts out as a straightforward white-knuckler and ends up as a kind of paranoiac screed. In order to destroy what the FBI determines is an Arab terrorist threat in New York, the White House invokes martial law, and pretty soon upstanding Arab-Americans are being interned in detention camps and the Brooklyn Bridge is vibrating to the thwomp of Army combat boots. General William Devereaux (Bruce Willis) heads up the charge. It's all very p.c.: Denzel Washington's FBI terrorism-task-force chief, Anthony Hubbard, gets a Lebanese-American partner, Frank Haddad (Tony Shalhoub). We're also treated to an FBI-CIA face-off. Hub's nemesis, Elise Kraft (Annette Bening), is an undercover CIA operative who keeps interfering with his investigation. The paces these two are put through aren't on a much higher level than a standard TV cop series. An example of what can go wrong when talented people try to create a political thriller with ideas and still satisfy the box office. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Soldier—Kurt Russell is an aging soldier who must fight a new, ruthless generation to preserve his way of life. (1 hr. 39 mins; R) *Astoria.*

Storefront Hitchcock—British cult-rocker Robyn Hitchcock in concert. Directed by Jonathan Demme. (1 hr. 21 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sue—A young girl moves to Manhattan and tries to get a job and develop a social life. After she fails at both, she meets a man who gives her hope for the future. Starring Anna Thomson and Matthew Powers. Written and directed by Amos Kollek. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Opens 11/20 at Quad Cinemas.*

Ten Benny—A young wiseguy gets in over his head when he tries to take the shortcut to success. Starring Adrien Brody, Sybil Temchen, and Frank Vincent. Directed by Eric Bross. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) pines for high-school crush Mary (Cameron Diaz), so he sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on her. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★*Touch of Evil*—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. He overloads the medium: He shoots large round faces, three or more in a frame, from underneath the chins; he sends degraded, comical figures scurrying across the shadowed De Chirico landscapes of an arcaded Mexican border town; he builds conversations that contain allusions within allusions, each character sniffing like a hound at the scent of meaning. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Velvet Goldmine—Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) is a glamster who gets his first glimpse of glamdom nirvana when he witnesses a concert by the Iggy Pop–ish American singer Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) as he prances naked and dives through hoops of fire. Pretty soon Brian is a superstar himself, and Curt is on the junkie skids. Then Brian self-destructs, staging his own mock assassination during a concert and incurring the everlasting wrath of his fans when the hoax is revealed. He drops permanently from sight. None of this is as linear as it sounds and since everyone in the movie has the approximate human weight of a hologram, we're not really motivated to fit together the puzzle pieces of their lives. Hollow is as hollow does. *Velvet Goldmine* should be more startling than it is. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Crown Gotham; Lincoln Square.*

Waking Ned Devine—Two old friends discover there's a lottery winner living in their small Irish town, so they set about befriending their neighbor. Opens 11/20 at Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Square, and Cinema I. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Opens 11/20.*

The Waterboy—Adam Sandler is an accidental football star. With Kathy Bates. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; State; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

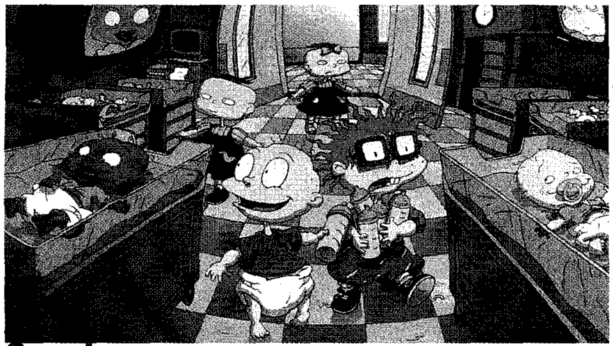
What Dreams May Come—Robin Williams finds his wife (Anabella Sciorra) in the afterlife with assistance from Cuba Gooding Jr. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square; Continental.*

The Wizard of Oz—The 1939 classic returns with digitally restored scenes and stereo sound. Starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, and Margaret Hamilton. Directed by Victor Fleming. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan
Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *American History X; The Cruise; Happiness; Life Is Beautiful; Orgazmo; Ten Benny.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Call theater for showtimes..*



Opening

A Pee Wee's Big Adventure

The No. 1 kids' television show, about an animated family called the Pickles, is now a film: In *The Rug Rats Movie,* a new brother arrives in the household, and (slightly) older sibling Tommy Pickles decides, naturally, that the infant must go. With the help of pals Phil, Lil, and Chuckie, Tommy and his cousin Angelica try to take the child back to where he came from—and end up on a hairy adventure filled with life lessons about the value of friends and family. Starts November 20.

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *A Place Called Chiapas; Storefront Hitchcock; Touch of Evil.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Celebration; Gods and Monsters.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Hard Core Logo.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Citizen Kane; Dancing at Lughnasa; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Lolita; Meet Joe Black; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary; Welcome to Woop Woop.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Belly; Beloved; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; The Siege.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Elizabeth; Pleasantville; The Waterboy; Velvet Goldmine; The Wizard of Oz.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Call theater for showtimes..*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Elizabeth; Happiness; I'll Be Home for Christmas; Pleasantville; The Siege.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Living Out Loud; River Red; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Wizard of Oz.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *American History X; The Impostors; The Waterboy.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Pleasantville; The Wizard of Oz.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires; The Siege; There's Something About Mary.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Velvet Goldmine.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Happiness.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Living Out Loud.* Opening 11/20: *Enemy of the State.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Antz; Beloved.* Opening 11/20: *Enemy of the State.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *I'll Be Home for Christmas.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Pleasantville; Rush Hour; The Waterboy.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Impostors; Next Stop, Wonderland.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Armageddon; Clay Pigeons; Halloween H20; The Negotiator; The Opposite of Sex; Ronin.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Meet Joe Black.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Living Out Loud.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Siege.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Meet Joe Black.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *American History X; Dancing at Lughnasa; John Carpenter's Vampires; Practical Magic; The Siege; There's Something About Mary.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Antz; Apt Pupil; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Elizabeth.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Belly.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Belly.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Celebration; Dancing at Lughnasa; Gods and Monsters; Happiness; Lolita.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *American History X; Antz; Apt Pupil; Elizabeth; I'll Be Home for Christmas; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Velvet Goldmine; What Dreams May Come; The Wizard of Oz.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Belly; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; The Wizard of Oz.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Belly; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Siege.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Siege.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Beloved.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (358-5800) *Crossing Fields.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Antz; Belly; Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Meet Joe Black; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Antz; Belly; Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Antz; Belly; Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas—.(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Belly; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Siege.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Belly; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Siege.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Antz; Belly; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Apt Pupil; I'll Be Home for Christmas; Living Out Loud; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Belly; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Antz; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Antz; Beloved; I'll Be Home*

Photograph courtesy of Paramount Pictures and Viacom International.

for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; The Waterboy.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; The Siege; What Dreams May Come.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Rush Hour.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Antz; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Meet Joe Black; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Practical Magic; The Wizard of Oz.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; I'll Be Home for Christmas; The Siege.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bride of Chucky; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Apt Pupil; Practical Magic; There's Something About Mary.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; John Carpenter's Vampires.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; The Siege.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Call theater for showtimes..*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Antz; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Antz; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home for Christmas; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Power of Glamour." 11/21–1/3: Films starring eleven actresses who were put under contract by their studios to be built into glamour queens. 11/21: *A Free Soul* (1931). 11/22: *Why Change Your Wife?* (1919) and *Zaza* (1923). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Mix: The 12th New York Lesbian & Gay Experimental Film/Video Festival." 11/18–11/22: More than 100 screenings. Call 501-2309 for info. "A Tribute to Peter Glushanok." 11/17: Two shorts of dance performances by Martha Graham. "Alexandr Dovzhenko." 11/17: *Zvenigora* (1928) Silent. "New Filmmakers." 11/18: Shorts and *Gothic Line* (1998). "Premiere." 11/23–11/26: *Cracking Up* (1994). 11/23: Shorts from Chile, Switzerland, and Venezuela. "Austria Presents." 11/24: *Lamorte* (1996). In English. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran." Through January 24, 1999. 11/21: *Dead End* (1978). 11/22: *Leila* (1997). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"A 70s Retrospective." 11/17–11/18: *Lenny* (1968) and *End of the Road* (1969). 11/19–11/21: *Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1973). 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

A Different Light—11/22: *Captive Wild Woman* (1943). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"A Gift From Mary Pickford." 11/18: *The Gay Desperado* (1936). 11/25: *One Rainy Afternoon* (1936). "La Vida Latina." 11/28: Shorts and *The Janitor* (1996). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Universal Horror Series." 11/23: *The Cameraman* (1928) and *Spite Marriage* (1929). "Edgar G. Ulmer." 11/17: *Strange Illusion* (1945), *The Strange Woman* (1946), and shorts made for the National Tuberculosis Association in the forties. 11/18: *Carnegie Hall* (1947), *My Son, the Hero* (1943), and *Jive Junction* (1943). 11/19: *Isle of Forgotten Sins* (1944), *The Wife of Monte Cristo* (1946), and *The Pirates of Capri* (1949). 11/20–11/21: *The Naked Dawn* (1955) and *Ruthless* (1948). 11/22: *The Black Cat* (1934) and *Bluebeard* (1944). 11/24: *Damaged Lives* (1933), *Girls in Chains* (1943), and *Her Sister's Secret* (1946). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Iranian Cinema." A retrospective of Dariush Mehrjui, pre-1979 selections, and contemporary films from Iran; through 12/3. "Women & Film in Iran." 11/18–11/23: Six of Iran's leading women filmmakers screen their films and hold discussions. "Independents Night." 11/19: *Corndog Man* (1998). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Catherine Deneuve: A Retrospective." 11/17: *Repulsion* (1965) and *The Hunger* (1983). 11/24: *O Convento* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 11/18: *The Mother and the Whore* (1974). 11/18 and 11/20: *La Belle Noiseuse* (1991). 11/20: *JLG* (1995). 11/21: *Pickpocket* (1959) and *Cleo From 5 to 7* (1962). Peter B. Lewis Theater; 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—11/24: *A Taxing Woman* (1987). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—11/18: *David* (1979). In German with English subtitles. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). Free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Big As Life: An American History of 8 mm Films." 11/19: Films by Rosenthal, Sogo, Polta, Harrar, Friedman, Johnsen. "Eisenstein." 11/17: *Bezhin Meadow* (1935–37). "Cinema Novo and Beyond." Forty years of Brazilian films, totaling 59 features and 16 shorts; Through 1/22. "New Documentaries." 11/19–11/20: *Wasteland* (1997). "René Clair in France." Through 12/98. 11/20 and 11/22: *Entr'acte* (1924), *The Crazy Ray* (1923), *Silence Is Golden* (1947), and *La Tour* (1928). 11/21: *The Imaginary Voyage* (1925), *The Italian Straw Hat* (1927), and *The Two Timid Souls* (1928). "Special Screening." 11/23: *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New Italian Cinema Events Film Festival—11/13–11/19: Contemporary Italian cinema. At Quad Cinemas, 34 W. 13th St. (255-8800).

Symphony Space—"The United Artists Adventure." 11/17: *To Be or Not to Be* (1942) and *The Great Dictator* (1940). 11/24: *The Thief of Bagdad* (1924) and *Tom Jones* (1963). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 11/21–11/22: *Human Bullet* (1968). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Festival

What Price Hollywood?

Say what you will about the oppressive studio glamour factories of the thirties that "manufactured" screen queens like Gloria Swanson and Delores Del Rio; the system at least spared us the desperate fashion of today's independent starlets (think Rose Magowan's dress at this year's Grammys). To celebrate the dignity that once was—as well as refute the idea that most studio-styled women were putty in star-making hands—the American Museum of the Moving Image presents "The Power of Glamour," a collection of 25 films starring eleven such man-made beauties, including Norma Shearer, below. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

art

Wolfgang Tillmans...Persian Paintings

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

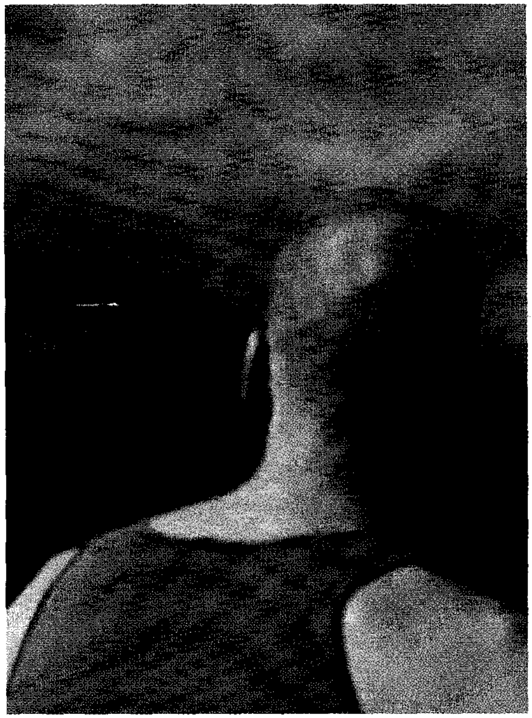
Stephen Antonakos—A survey of the artist's minimal graphite and colored pencil drawings from the sixties; through 12/16. Abrams, 177 E. 71st St. (535-9430).

Robert Baribeau/David Beck—New paintings of abstracted still-life subjects that employ scrawls, drips, splashes, and the artist's characteristic polka dots/A sculpture of an opera house with more than 200 animated figures performing and observing an extravagant performance of Giuseppe Verdi's *Aida*. Through 12/19. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

Charles Belle—Paintings by a French artist that depict blown-up images of flowers; through 12/12. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Photography
Jet Set

Air travel gets a whole new perspective in Wolfgang Tillmans's photographs of the Concorde taking off, in flight (below), and landing in his new book, 'Wolfgang Tillmans: Burg' (Taschen; $29.99), and show at Andrea Rosen Gallery, 525 West 24th Street; through November 28.



Susan Crile—Recent paintings that depict architectural motifs of the floors, marbles, and tiles of Verona; through 12/5. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Willem de Kooning—A two-part exhibition of drawings and sculpture made between 1960 and 1980; through 12/19. At Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7400) and Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

DeWitt Godfrey—A large-scale cylindrical steel sculpture and a monumental ink-on-paper drawing; through 12/24. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Arshile Gorky—Paintings and drawings executed between 1929 and 1942, the years during which the Armenian-born artist created his own unique synthesis of biomorphic abstraction and surrealism; through 12/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Robert Henri—A survey of paintings by the American artist (1865–1929) most often identified as the organizer of the 1908 landmark exhibition of The Eight, including portraits of family members, dancers, and works executed in America, France, Spain, and Ireland; through 12/16. Owen, 19 E. 75th St. (879-2415).

John Moore—New paintings of views of Tel Aviv that were begin in the fall of 1997 when the artist was working in Israel at the invitation of the Tel Aviv Museum of Art; through 12/31. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Sigmar Polke—New paintings that continue the artist's use of printing errors as a motif; through 1/16/99. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Ed Ruscha—A selection of paintings, drawings, and books from the sixties and seventies by the California artist known for his humorous combinations of word and image; through 12/5. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Don Van Vliet—New abstract paintings whose colors and forms draw on the landscape of the Mojave desert; through 12/5. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Anne Appleby—Monochromatic paintings whose colors refer to the cycles of nature; through 12/12. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Nell Blaine—Paintings made over the past twenty years by the second-generation New York School artist (1922–1996), and a group of watercolors completed over the last two years of her life, including landscapes of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and New York's Riverside Park, and interiors with bouquets; through 12/30. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Ross Bleckner—New paintings that are built up of numerous "cells" of paint and suggest chromosomes, strands of DNA, and microorganisms; through 12/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Charles Burchfield—Landscape paintings executed between 1912 and the sixties, many of which have not been previously exhibited, and rare early gouaches; through 12/31. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings made in New York during the fifties and sixties; through 12/3. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (644-7171).

David Hare—"Shaman's Fire," an exhibition of the artist's late paintings from the eighties and early nineties organized by the Greenville County Museum of Art, South Carolina; through 12/23. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Anton Heyboer—Works on paper and etchings made by the Dutch artist between 1957 and 1980; through 12/19. Baron/Boisanté Editions, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Jacob Lawrence—New paintings that continue the artist's exploration of builders and their tools as a subject; 11/18–12/30. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Loren Madsen—Recent word texts and statistical sculptures; through 12/12. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Jacqueline McBain—Still-life paintings that draw on the works of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Dutch floral artists; through 12/12. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Irving Petlin—Recent pastels, oil paintings, and drawings dedicated to the memory of the art historian Meyer Schapiro; through 1/9/99. Krugier, 755-7288).

Jackson Pollock—An exhibition concurrent with "Jackson Pollock: A Retrospective," at MOMA, of paintings and drawings from 1938 to 1944 that demonstrate the early influence of Picasso on Pollock; through 12/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Lucas Samaras—New works, including jewelry, X-ray film portraits, and pencil drawings; 11/18–1/2/99. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Francis Bacon—Paintings by the late British artist dating from 1950 to 1991 that have not been previously exhibited, through 1/16/99. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

John Baldessari—A group of paintings that the artist commissioned other painters to execute in 1969; through 12/19. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Ross Bleckner—Five new large-scale paintings whose surfaces are built up by a labor intensive process of assembling layers of small cells; through 12/19. Lehman Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Gregory Crane—Paintings of American landscapes activated by rushing streams, bonfires, speeding trains, and other moving things; through 12/31. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Kim Dingle—Paintings and sculpture chronicling the tomboyish adventures of two girls named Fatty and Fudge; through 12/19. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Jackie Ferrara/Judith Turner—An installation by the sculptor that transforms the gallery's walls into colored arches/Photographs of nature and architecture. Through 12/24. Taylor 'TZ' Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

Graham Gillmore/Kenneth Goldsmith—Recent paintings by both that incorporate text derived from popular music, the Internet, tabloids, newspapers, and other sources. Through 12/19. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Callum Innes—New abstract paintings from the artist's ongoing "exposed" series, in which a single

Photograph courtesy of the Andrea Rosen Gallery.

plane of color is applied to a canvas and then dissolved with a turpentine-laden brush; through 12/5. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

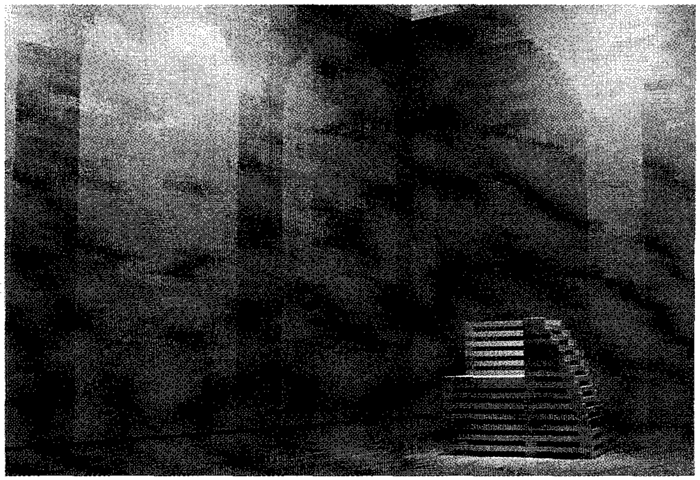
Gregory Johnston—Recent abstract paintings; through 12/22. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

LOT/EK Architecture/Peter Klare—An installation by the architectural partnership LOT/EK (Ada Tolla and Giuseppe Lignano) that transforms a petroleum trailer tank into a set of floating modules suitable for lounging and watching television/Paintings of what the artist considers "lower middle-class" furniture. Through 1/2/99. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Kim MacConnel—New paintings, photographs, sculpture, and 50 works on paper that represent the artist's investigations into all of the world's cultures; through 12/31. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Marco Maggi—Drawings of minutely scaled images that suggest diagrams of plate tectonics, DNA, or maps of city streets; through 12/20. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Suzanne McClelland—New paintings and drawings that explore language; through 12/31. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).



Installation In her latest sculpture installation, *Red Arches,* Jackie Ferrara has created a cloisterlike space whose walls are actually mounted panels composed of hundreds of pieces of hand-stained birch plywood. Ferrara's cedar chair, which can be used outdoors, is one of an edition of five. At Frederieke Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome Street; through December 24.

Joyce Melander-Dayton—Paintings of bowls on canvases threaded with jute twine and wool yarn to create geometric shapes with organic textures; through 12/2. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Helen O'Leary—Lyrical abstract paintings in which gestures coalesce in gridlike compositions; through 12/5. Gold, 474 Broadway (941-4641).

Fred Sandback—Recent single- and multi-paneled pieces of painted or unpainted wood incised with lines of varying width and depth; through 12/19. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Alan Uglow—Paintings from the artist's ongoing "Standard" series, plus taped sound scores, photographs, and freestanding structures that use the game of soccer as a structural armature; through 12/19. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Andy Warhol—The artist's "Camouflage" paintings from 1966, one of the last serial groups of paintings completed before his death 1987; through 12/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Chelsea

Willem de Kooning—A two-part exhibition of drawings and sculpture made between 1960 and 1980; through 12/19. At Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200) and Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7400).

Eugenio Dittborn—Recent airmail paintings; through 12/5. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Howard Hodgkin—Hand-painted prints from the sixties through the nineties; through 12/24. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Thomas Locher—Text works and aluminum sculptures incorporating text; through 1/9/99. Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (807-9494).

Reinhard Mucha—An installation of six wall vitrines that display photographs of the artist's son in and around construction sites; through 1/9/99. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Monique Prieto—Paintings of biomorphic forms on raw canvas; through 12/23. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Hiroshi Sugito—Paintings and drawings that depict various imaginary scenarios in interiors and landscapes as seen from a great distance; through 12/12. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (243-3335).

James Turrell—An early projection piece from 1967 and several new Magnatron television aperture works that continue the artist's use of light as material; through 12/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

CDS—CDS, 76 East 79 St. (772-9555). Drawings, paintings, constructions and sculpture by Latin American artists Aizenberg, Bonevardi, Fonseca, and Gramcko; through 1/31/99.

Spanish Institute—and Americas Society, 680 and 684 Park Ave. (249-8950). "El Alma del Pueblo," an exhibition of Spanish folk art organized by the San Antonio Museum of Art, including 250 objects on loan from 30 museums and private collections in Spain and the Americas; through 12/31.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Paintings and drawings by Spanish artists Joan Miró and Antonio Tàpies with Mexican painter Francisco Toledo's oil and sand works and drawings; through 12/5.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Court and Conquest: Ottoman Origins and the Design for Handel's *Tamerlano* at the Glimmerglass Opera." Rare Turkish and Persian illuminated manuscripts, arms and armor, textiles, and jewelry dating from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries juxtaposed with the ensemble of costumes created for Handel's baroque opera by theatrical designer Judy Levin; 11/19–1/23/99.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Sculptural land forms composed of domestic materials by Kim Yasuda, a window installation confronting love through correspondence by Steed Taylor, "Audio Project in the Elevator" by musician Tai Zervas, and "Crossing Lines," an exhibition of works by New York artists Burnham, Evangeline, Feingold, Gomez, Odita, and others; through 1/12/99.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Convivial," an exhibition of works by Innerst, Muniz, Cemin, and others; through 12/19.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Choice," the first of a yearlong series of projects experimenting with curatorial practice on a national and international level, featuring works by emerging artists chosen by twelve artist-curators, among them Ida Applebroog, Nicole Eisenman, Robert Gober, Frank Moore, Laurie Simmons, and Kiki Smith; through 1/2/99.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). "The Risk of Existence," an exhibit curated by painter Mark Greenwold of works by Bacon, Balthus, Cadmus, Close, Currin, Murphy, Nutt, Stout, Yuskavage, others; through 12/31.

Chelsea

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Three paintings by Francis Bacon, works by Louise Bourgeois, and 64 self-portraits by Franz Xavier Messerschmidt; 11/18–12/31.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). Ceramic figures by Kukuli Velarde; recent furniture by Michael Hurwitz and Randy Shull; through 12/12.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450). "The Cultured Tourist," juxtaposing nineteenth-century travel photographs with contemporary works exploring tourism by Auder, Bloom, Fraser, Friedlander, Maul, Muniz, Swenson, Winogrand, others; through 12/19.

Photography

Philip-Lorca diCorcia—Twenty new large-scale photographs of people taken on streets all over the world; 11/20–1/16/99. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Jim Dine—Large-scale photogravures and Iris prints that combine images with stream-of-consciousness writing; through 11/28. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

John Dugdale—Contemporary cyanotypes of New York and England, including several landscapes and portraits that recreate classic nineteenth century images through antique processes. through 1/3/99. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*. Through 11/29. . . . "Walker Evans Simple Secrets: Photographs From the Collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill." Works from every period of the photographer's career, including early New York abstractions, street scenes, portraits, and studies of New England and New York Victorian architecture; through 11/29.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, his famed Rayographs, and portraits of artists such as Dali and Joyce; 11/18–1/24/99.

Martin Kippenberger/Richard Prince—Photographs from Kippenberger's "Psychobuildings" series and Prince's "Adult Comedy Action" series. Through 12/19. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Dolorès Marat/George A. Tice—Color photographs taken in New York and Paris by the self-taught French photographer/Fifty gelatin silver and platinum/palladium prints, many not previously exhibited, of the Amish and Mennonites of Pennsylvania. Through 12/23. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Fifteen large-scale color images of unusual terrains, including landscapes of Iceland, Costa Rica, and Hawaii, by collaborators Virginia Beahan & Laura McPhee; through 12/31; black-and-white self-portrait photomontages from the forties and fifties by Val Telberg; through 12/23.

Abelardo Morell—New photographs illustrating *Alice in Wonderland*, camera obscura images, and pictures

Photograph by Stanley K. Patz.

of paintings and sculptures; through 12/5. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Dominique Nabokov/Norman Parkinson—Color documentary photographs of New York living spaces / Never-before-seen vintage fashion photographs from the fifties and sixties by a prominent British contributor to *Vogue, Queen,* and *Town and Country*. Through 12/5. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

John Schabel—Six new black-and-white photographs of western-American cities at night; through 12/5. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752).

Wolfgang Tillmans—Recent photographs of the Concorde jet—taking off, in flight, and landing—and works from the new book, *Wolfgang Tillmans: Burg* (Taschen; $29.95); through 11/28. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Ben Vautier—"Photo Rejects," conceptual assemblages, paintings, and sculptures incorporating and exploring photography; through 12/5. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Henry Wolf—A retrospective of photographs from the fifties through the nineties by a graphic designer, painter, photographer, professor and former art director of *Esquire* and *Harper's Bazaar*; through 12/11. Parson's School of Design, 66 Fifth Ave. (229-8987).

Museums

American Academy of Arts and Letters—"A Century of Arts and Letters: The Centennial Exhibition of the American Academy of Arts and Letters." An exhibition chronicling the Academy's 100-year history through paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints, photographs, books, manuscripts, musical scores, and other works from its collection; 11/19–12/13. 633 W. 155th St. (368-5900), Thurs.– Sun. 1-4.

American Craft Museum—"Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; through 1/3/99. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Sacred Arts of Haitian Vodou." The first exhibition to explore the arts of the African-Caribbean religion of vodou, featuring more than 500 objects on loan from public and private collections in the United States, Haiti, and Europe; through 1/3/99. . . . "Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28/99. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"India: A Jewelry Spectrum." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Indian jewelry; through 1/31/99. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West." An exhibit exploring the influence of Japanese art and design on Western fashion through than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present; 11/20–2/14/99. . . . Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24/99. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Chinese Snuff Bottles From the Pamela R. Lessing Friedman Collection." 130 bottles from the Qing Dynasty (1644–1911); through 12/6. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

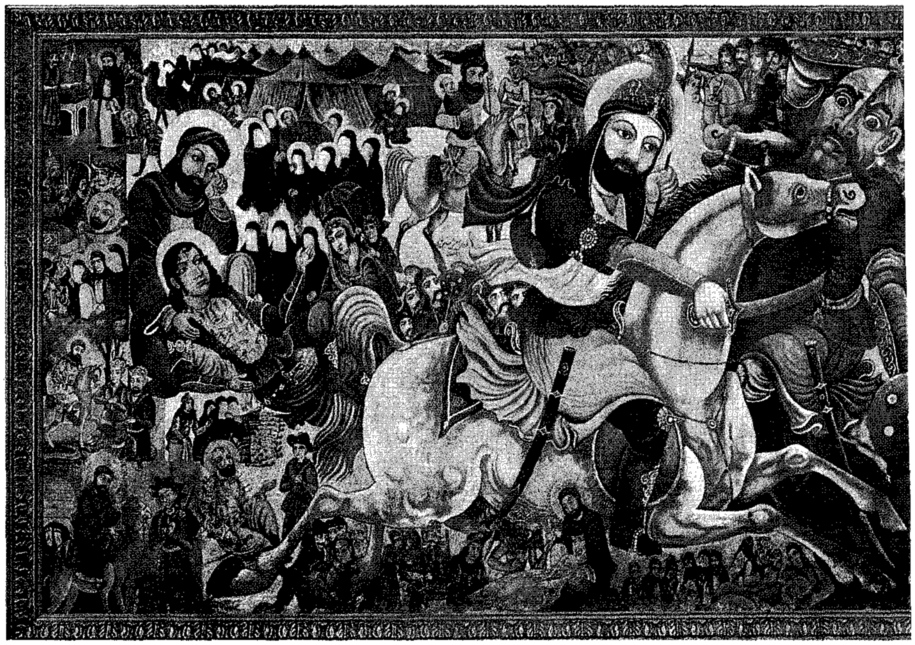
Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Unlimited by Design." An exhibition focusing on products, services, and environments designed to meet the needs of people throughout their lives; through 3/21. . . . "The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10/99. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13/99. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13/99. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13/99. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Willem de Kooning: Drawing Seeing/Seeing Drawing." Four groups of drawings created by the artist between 1958 and the late seventies; through 12/19. . . . "Trisha Brown: Free Measures: Drawings." The first museum exhibition of the choreographer's drawings; through 12/19. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; through 2/7/99. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by 17 artists born between 1900 and 1960; through 2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto-Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; through 2/28/99. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17/99. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.



On View **Along with extraordinary paintings, many of them borrowed from museums and private collections all over the world (above, *The Battle of Karbala*), "Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch, 1785–1925" features environments designed to suggest the settings in which they were originally displayed. At the Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; through January 24.**

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Grey Art Gallery—"Counter Culture: Parisian Cabarets and the Avant-Garde, 1875–1905." Illustrated books and journals, prints, posters, drawings, shadow puppet silhouettes, and ephemera from the Zimmerli Art Museum at Rutgers; through 1/16/99. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24/99. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design From France, 1958–1998." An exhibition exploring 40 years of French artistic and architectural practice, with works by Christian Boltanski, Yves Klein, Le Corbusier, Annette Messager, and others; through 1/10/99. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"The Art of 20th-Century Zen: Paintings and Calligraphy by Japanese Masters." Paintings and calligraphy by fourteen Zen masters; 11/19–1/10/99. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, of works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7/99. . . . "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31/99. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28/99. . . . "Edgar Degas, Photographer." The first exhibition to gather all of the surviving major photographs by the French artist (1834–1917), including figure studies, portraits of the artist's friends, and self-portraits; through 1/3/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926) who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24/99. . . . "Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17/99. . . . "Sacred Visions." Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; through 1/17/99. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28/99. . . . "Letters in Gold: Ottoman Calligraphy From the Sakip Sabanci Collection, Istanbul"; through 12/13. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; through 11/29. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "Félix Vallaton: Woodcuts and Three Paintings." Woodcuts from the 1890s paintings from the 1920s by a Swiss artist who worked in France; through 2/21/99. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; 11/24–5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; through 1/10/99. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"ORTworks: Modernizing Jewish Labor in the Early 20th Century." Rare photographs of Jewish beekeepers, seamstresses, blacksmiths, and other workers who received vocational and agricultural training from ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) programs from the twenties through the forties; through 2/11/99. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2/99. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2/99. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2/99. . . . "The New York School." Drawings ranging in date from the late forties through the early fifties by artists affiliated with the New York School, from the museum's collection; through 1/12/99. . . . "Miró's Black and Red Series: A New Acquisition in Context." The eight etchings of Joan Miró's 1938 Black and Red series, as well as 150 prints, illustrated books, drawings, posters, photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Miró and his contemporaries; through 2/2/99. . . . "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles." A selection of 100 works by influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers currently working in Japan; through 1/26/99. . . . "New Photography 14: Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, Sam Taylor-Wood." Photographs and works incorporating photography by four artists whose ideas have been nourished by their work in other media; through 1/12/99. . . . "The Mies van der Rohe Award for Latin American Architecture." Enrique Norton's award-winning entry for the Televisa Multipurpose Building in Mexico City (1995) and the submissions of nine of the 24 finalists for the award; through 12/15. . . . "Projects 65: Maurizio Cattelan." A site-specific work in which the artist has transformed an actor, using a mask and costume, into a caricature of Picasso in his later years; through 12/4. . . . "Ufa Film Posters, 1918–1943." Fifty posters for films produced or distributed by Ufa, Germany's legendary movie studio; through 1/5/99. . . . 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; 11/21–3/28/99. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2/99. . . . "New York Begins: A Rare Drawing of New Amsterdam, c. 1650." A watercolor drawing of New Amsterdam that is considered the oldest surviving visual representation of New York City, on loan from the Austrian National Gallery in Vienna; through 11/29. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31/99. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Claire McCardell and the American Look." Clothing, design sketches, photographs, and ephemera documenting the designer's career; through 1/9/99. . . . "C'AD Infinitum: Textiles, Techniques, & Technology." An exhibition exploring new computer technologies; through 1/2/99. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Faces of *Time*: 75 Years of *Time* Magazine Cover Portraits." Original works commissioned as *Time* magazine cover illustrations; through 1/3/99. . . . "Artists and the Avant-Garde Theater in Paris, 1887–1900"; through 1/3/99. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Dancing at the Louvre: Faith Ringgold's *French Collection* and Other Story Quilts." Quilt paintings from the series that tell the fictional adventures of an African-American woman in Paris, working as an artist and model during the heyday of Picasso, Matisse, and Gertrude Stein; through 1/3/99. . . . "Marcel Odenbach." A selection of video installations by the German artist; through 1/3/99. . . . "Ana Prada." Site-specific sculptures created from ordinary materials; through 1/3/99. . . . "Xu Bing: Introduction to Square Word Calligraphy." An installation of a classroom in which visitors are provided with traditional Chinese calligraphy instruments and practice pads and invited to learn the fundamentals of calligraphy; through 1/10/99. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20/99. . . . "Eight Million Stories: Twentieth-Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs From the New York Public Library." Works by Berenice Abbott, Lewis Hine, Edward Hopper, Martin Lewis, Weegee, and others; through 1/9/99. . . . "Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats." Books, manuscripts, drawings, and photographs of and by the Irish writer; through 5/22/99. . . . "Barney Tobey." A selection of cartoons by one of *The New Yorker*'s first staff cartoonists; through 1/9/99. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasures From Mount Vernon: George Washington Revealed." A rare collection of Washington items that have never been exhibited outside Mount Vernon, among them his letters, his camp bed used during the Revolutionary War, and his pistol and four swords, and a variety of personal objects; 11/20–2/22. . . . "New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21/99. . . . "19th-Century Etchings From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." American prints by Blance Dillaye, William St. John Harper, Thomas Moran, and others; through 1/10/99. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's early skyscrapers by the nineteenth-century architect (1837–1913); through 1/10/99. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 2/21/99. . . . "Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. . . . "David

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Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24/99. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; through 1/17/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Charles Dickens: A Christmas Carol." An exhibit featuring one of the library's greatest literary treasures, the original manuscript of *A Christmas Carol*, as well as items relating to the work; 11/24–1/3/99. . . . "Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 western-European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through 1/10/99. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17/99. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Looking at the 90s: Four Views of Current Mexican Photography." Works by 18 contemporary Mexican photographers selected by four Mexican critics and curators; through 1/3/99. . . . "Collecting for Queens: Selections From the Permanent Collection." Paintings, drawings, and photographs collected by the museum in the nineties, by Dawoud Bey, Chakaia Booker, John Coplans, Grace Hartigan, Theodore Roszak; through 1/3/99. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28/99. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Mark Rothko." A major traveling exhibition of 115 paintings and works on paper dating from the thirties to 1970; through 11/29. . . . "Bob Thompson." The most comprehensive survey of paintings by the African-American figurative expressionist (1937–1966) to date; through 1/3/99. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; through 1/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 11/18 at 7 and 11/19 at 10: "Impressionist & 19th Century Art." On view from 11/14. 11/19 at 2: "20th Century Works on Paper." On view from 11/14. 11/19 at 7 and 11/20 at 10 and 2: "20th Century Art." On view from 11/14. 11/23 at 10 and 2: "Important U.S. Stamps and Covers." 11/24 at 10: "Masterpieces of French and English Furniture." On view from 11/21. 11/24 at 7 and 11/25 at 10: "Latin American Paintings." On view from 11/21.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 11/18 at 1: "Modern Literature and Autographs." On view from 11/14. 11/24 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 11/21.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 11/18 at 10: "American Furniture and Decorations." On view from 11/15. 11/18 at 12: "American, Majolica, and American Indian Works of Art." On view from 11/15.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 11/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary." On view from 11/13. 11/22 at 12: "Tribal Art." On view from 11/18. 11/23 at 10:15 and 2: "Pre-Columbian Art." On view from 11/20. 11/23 at 7 and 11/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Latin American Art." On view from 11/20.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 11/19 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 11/14.

theater

Fool Moon...Lea DeLaria Goes On the Town

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Electra—Zoë Wanamaker has so far electrified audiences in London and Princeton with her interpretation of Agamemnon's grieving, vengeful daughter; she's very likely to do the same thing here, in this new production of Sophocles' play, ably adapted by Frank McGuinness, who updated last season's Tony-winning *A Doll's House.* Also starring Claire Bloom. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/19 for a 12/3 opening. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Fool Moon—That brilliant bit of physical tomfoolery from Bill Irwin (gentleman wag) and David Shiner (naughty wag) returns. One can only assume it will be as diverting this time around as it was in 1995 and 1993. Suckers for Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton should make reservations now—and brace themselves for the prospect of gentle public humiliation. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/17 for an 11/22 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

On the Town—With the exception of its dance numbers, this revival received mostly enthusiastic notices when the Public Theatre mounted it in Central Park two seasons ago. The show now opens on Broadway, newly choreographed, with the entire cast intact. (Hello, sailors!) They're a mostly unknown bunch—as befits the musical that gave Jerome Robbins, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green their Broadway debuts—but they're also an energetic one, as befits the story of a trio of sailors on shore leave. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/19 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Parade—This new musical joins two formidable forces in the theater—director Hal Prince (*Sweeney Todd, Kiss of the Spider Woman,* the original *Cabaret*) and writer Alfred Uhry (*Driving Miss Daisy, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). The seemingly un-songworthy subject, the wrongful lynching of a factory manager for the murder of a young white girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the music. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/17 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—This is a story about a boy who never grows up; Cathy Rigby, bless her, has also not outgrown her role. She's back, for a third time, flyin' and asking the kiddies to clap 'til their hands are raw. $25–$75. Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30, though schedule often varies; call for specific showtimes. Previews begin 11/20 for an 11/23 opening. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reseeing the play with a new British cast was eye-opening. Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig work wonders, as did their predecessors. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) Now starring Ute Lemper, Karen Ziemba, Brent Barrett, and Tom McGowan. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Shubert,*

Opening Take That!

Prickly and fragile actors, pray for strength: Gerard Alessandrini's newest edition of 42nd Street spoofery, *Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act!,* has arrived, and it is not gentle. Matthew Bourne's all-male *Swan Lake* has been reduced to a pair of Chelsea boys in feather knickers and Timberland boots. *The Lion King* has become a jungle of misshapen, disgruntled actors, groaning under the weight of their own costumes. This Jennifer Jason Leigh could not carry a tune if it came with a sturdy handle. And *Ragtime* soloists end every performance on loud, overwrought noooooooooootes! Opens November 17 at the Stardust.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard returns with the one-woman show that enraptured audiences last season at the Westbeth. She promises there'll be a lot of new material in this version, but its essence—catty, chatty, batty—should remain the same, and its targets will continue to be those who most deserve it. $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Talent

It's a Helluva Role

Just after *On the Town's* first Broadway preview four weeks ago, Lea DeLaria, who made her reputation doing stand-up comedy under the alias "The Fuckin' Dyke," started to cry. Not in front of anyone, of course—"that would ruin my butch image"—but discreetly, for a change, once she got behind closed doors. "I'm in Angela Lansbury's dressing room," she marveled, looking around the room. "What cosmic joke is *this*?" Indeed, DeLaria, 33, is one of the least likely figures to be crowned a Broadway queen. Born in Belleville, Illinois, the second youngest of five children, DeLaria first stepped on a stage at 15, singing with her father, Robert, a local jazz pianist. Ten years in Catholic school, "nine of which I spent in the principal's face over whatever torture I'd perfected for whatever nun that day," were followed by college "for about a second, on the drug-and-alcohol scholarship." She turned to musical theater. It didn't take long to discover "the parts that were out there weren't written for a girl like me . . . I don't eat a meal and then my finger." Changing tacks, she moved to San Francisco, got a day job in construction, and immersed herself in writing "experimental and weird" plays with names like *Dos Lesbos, Fantasy and Flesh,* and *Pay a Dollar, Talk to a Nude Girl.* One day a friend suggested they drop by a club that was having an open-mike comedy night; on impulse DeLaria stepped back on stage. (Sample joke, circa 1984: What does a lesbian bring to a second date? Answer: a U-Haul.) Performing took her all over the world, though her ultimate, secret destination was always Broadway. Then, in the summer of 1997, the Public offered her the part of a man-hungry cabbie—the role made famous by Nancy Walker—in *On the Town,* the company's first production of the season in Central Park. "I knew I was perfect for the role," she says with characteristic humility. "Hildy's the embodiment of New York City in one character: loud, brash, pushy, vulgar, sex-obsessed. She wants to get laid yesterday. It's something I can relate to." She knew the obstacles: resistance to "a fat chick" and "someone as famously gay as I was. There are quite a few people that wouldn't get on stage with me." Yet New Yorkers, as it turned out, considered DeLaria's larger-than-life persona a plus, not a hindrance, and the critics adored her, consistently singling her out in their mostly mixed reviews. At the Gershwin, where George C. Wolfe's production reopens this Sunday, DeLaria takes the final bow before the ensemble cast belts out its last "New York, New York." Stars she has idolized her whole life wade through crowds backstage to meet her. "I'm still waitin' for Sigourney," she says. "I have not yet managed to climb that Everest." HELEN EISENBACH

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic braids together the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—A show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Dennis Parlato plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/8/98. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

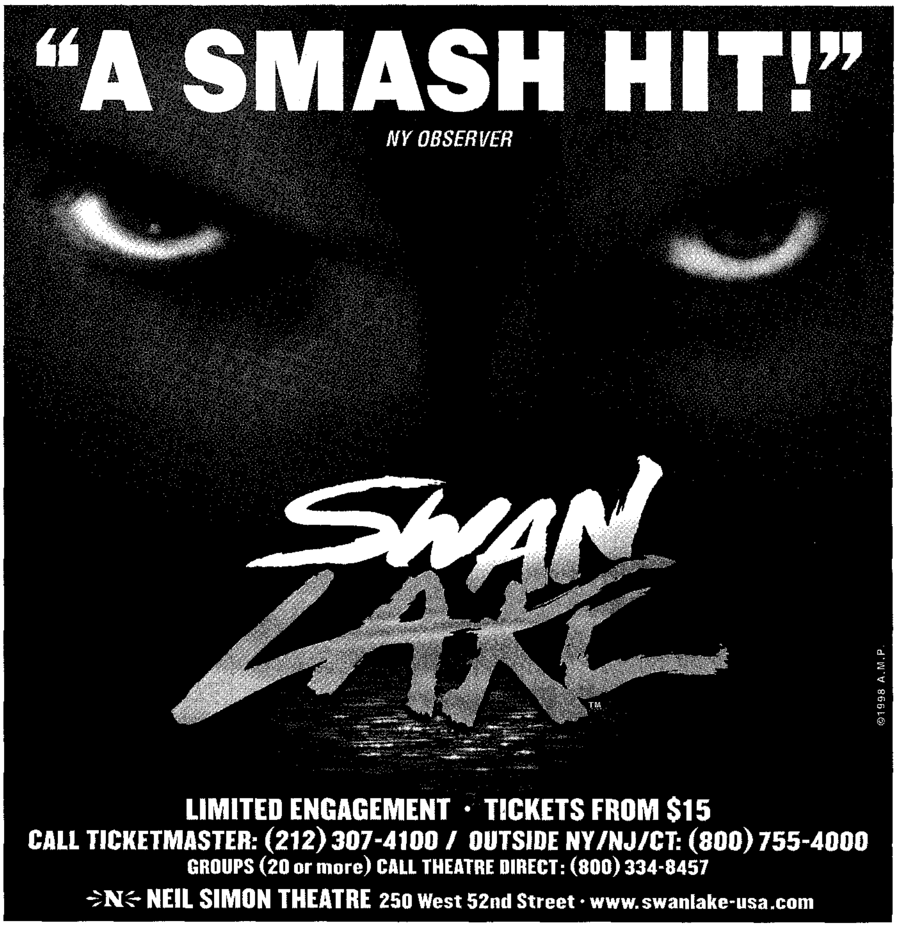
All Under Heaven—Valerie Harper stars as Pearl S. Buck, political activist, essayist, and first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. Written by Harper and Dyke Garrison. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 11/16. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. In previews for an 11/17 opening. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The New York Theatre Workshop—birthplace of *Rent, Slavs!,* and various bits of acclaimed marginalia, presents the newest play by Paul Rudnick, wicked author of *Addams Family Values, In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In the author's words: "It's a comedy about God, if that's not redundant." Heavens, no. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 12/10 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—A more recent play from Arthur Miller, first produced in London in 1991. Patrick Stewart (*Star Trek: The Next Generation*) plays Lyman Felt, a middle-aged man with two wives whose life unstrings when he gets into a near-fatal car crash and both spouses visit him in the hospital. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opens 11/16. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Stop Kiss—Diana Son's new play about a smart, single woman whose world flips upside-down when she falls in love with another woman. Starring Jessica Hecht (*Plunge, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 11/17 for a 12/6 opening. *The Public's Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*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Opening
Send In the . . .

***Fool Moon,* that brilliant bit of physical tomfoolery from Bill Irwin (gentleman wag) and David Shiner (naughty wag) returns to Broadway this season, and one can only hope it will be as diverting this time around as it was in 1995 and 1993. The show is dialogue-free, so there's no danger that the script has aged poorly, and it's always a pleasure watching this giddy, limber pair. Shiner's shtick is abducting audience members at random; Irwin struggles helplessly with cartons, costumes, and uncooperative microphones. Suckers for Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton should make reservations now—and brace themselves for the prospect of gentle public humiliation. Previews begin Tuesday for a November 22 opening at the Brooks Atkinson.**

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Waiting for Godot—This is Classic Stage Company doing what it does best—Beckett—and with a first-rate cast. John Turturro plays Estragon, Christopher Lloyd plays Pozzo, and Tony Shalhoub plays Vladimir. Directed by Andrei Belgrader. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/18 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—A devilishly cunning prestidigitator, this Alan Ayckbourn! In this, the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the drawing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. He manages to get them roisterously into one another's hair, exactly as entangled as he wants them at any skittish moment. We are in the same Regal Hotel suite in 2018, 1998, and 1978. But this is no standard hotel suite. Its communicating doors to the next suite are a whirling time machine with which the two female protagonists can time-travel. What the two women struggle to achieve is to change history: to undo two murders. (Simon: 9/7/98.) Starring Anne Bobby, Patricia Hodges, and Candy Buckley. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Corpus Christi—Terrence McNally's version of the Greatest Story Ever Told. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 11/29. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Duet!—Adobe Theatre's amusing spoof of a fifties romance—in which dead frogs, talking trees, and Mandarin renditions of "Anything Goes" all come mysteriously into play. $20–$45. Mon., Tues., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Impossible Marriage—Holly Hunter reassumes her rightful place on the New York stage in this new Beth Henley comedy about two sisters—one on the cusp of a bad marriage and one already in one. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

The Knee Desires the Dirt—A coming-of-age story about three generations of Louisiana women. $15–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/22. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Kuni-Leml—The Jewish Repertory Theatre opens its twenty-fifth season with a revival of this musical about a young woman whose father offers her hand in marriage to the wrong man. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Memory of Water—Three sisters, all of a distinctly different stripe, are reunited after their mother's death in this new play by British playwright Shelagh Stephenson. John Tillinger directs. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Miser—The Pearl Theatre Company revives Molière's tale of Harpagon, the skinflinty geezer who overworks his servants, swindles his own son, and tries to palm off his daughter to the first man who doesn't require a dowry. $20–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the young actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, as well as his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed one-man show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/29. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Old Settler—Primary Stages starts its season with this 1995 play by John Henry Redwood about two sisters, both middle-aged, and the effects a young boarder has on their relationship when he tries to woo one of them out of their Harlem tenement. Starring the very fine Leslie Uggams. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pericles—Shakespeare's late romantic drama, which most scholars assume he wrote with a collaborator, recounting the adventures of the prince of

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Tyre. Directed by Brian Kulick. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *The Public's Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May and starring their children. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

The Primary English Class—A revival of Israel Horovitz's 1976 comedy about a group of students who gather for an English-immersion class and the woman who teaches them. Didi Conn stars; Gerald Gutierrez directs.$30–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (307-4100).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a restaurant on East Sixth Street. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (799-4599).*

The Shaughraun—The Irish Rep. revives Boucicault's 1874 melodrama (complete with the requisite forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress) to open its tenth season. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Sweatshop—Janet Sarno stars in a drama by Louis LaRusso II about female sewing-machine workers attempting to unionize in 1958 Hoboken. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

This Is Our Youth—Second Stage reprises Kenneth Lonergan's pitch-perfect story of three young Upper West Siders, all adrift, all drug-prone, all slouching at various rates toward adulthood. Mark Brokaw once again directs; Mark Rosenthal, Mark Ruffalo, and Missy Yager star. $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Trainspotting—The play, which preceded the movie but followed the novel. Toilet scene still included. $19–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

The Trial of One Short-Sighted Black Woman Vs. Mammy Louise and Safreeta Mae—What Aunt Jemima would say if she popped off the pancake box. By Marcia L. Leslie. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden and David Margulies star in Jeff Baron's play about a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

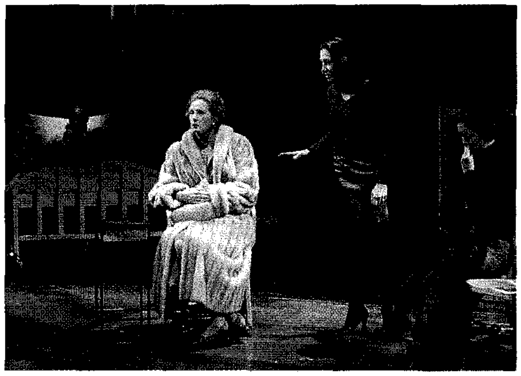
Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/3. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Wolf Lullaby—Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its season with Hilary Bell's play about a child murderer in a remote Tasmanian town. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Zora Neale Hurston—A revival of Laurence Holder's 1990 hit about the author, social critic, and queen of the Harlem Renaissance. $15–$35. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat. at 2, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
I Do, I Do

Patrick Stewart, whose bold, gleaming head has become a familiar landscape to fans of 'Star Trek: The Next Generation,' now stars in a last-generation Arthur Miller play, 'The Ride Down Mt. Morgan,' first produced in London in 1991. Stewart plays Lyman Felt, a middle-aged man with two wives whose life unstrings when he gets into a near-fatal car crash and both spouses visit him in the hospital. Opens November 16 at the Public.



Photograph by Michal Daniel.

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restaurants

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Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

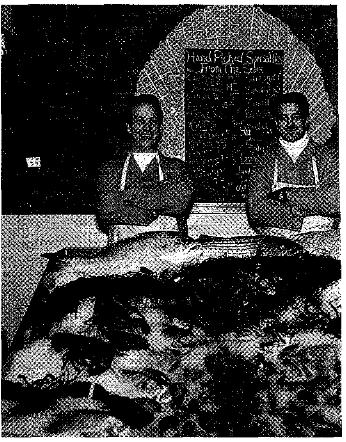
Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine

Shopping

They Can Get it For You Retail

Home cooks in search of the freshest fish have long ventured uptown to seafood shrines like Citarella and Jake's, but two new piscatory purveyors—both linked to estimable wholesalers—have just opened to the public downtown. Fish has transformed the space that used to be John's Pizzeria's extra room into a raw bar, retail fish store, and restaurant, where chef Sebastian Maczko (late of Chez Es'Saada) is turning out such eclectic seafood as brandade de morue with tomato fondue, and plantain-wrapped swordfish with yuca and black-bean salsa. (280 Bleecker Street; 727-2879.) On the increasingly chic stretch of Elizabeth Street below Houston, the Wild Edibles wholesale company, at right (supplier to Michael's and Lespinasse, among others), recently added a white-tiled retail annex, where the boat-fresh inventory—tuna, salmon, wild striped bass, mussels, and diver scallops on a recent visit—rotates daily. Live sea urchins, imported sardines, rouget, and king salmon are often available as specials, and if they don't have what you want, they will in 24 hours. (255 Elizabeth Street; 625-9971.)



Hand Picked Specialties From The Seas

Photographs by Robert Wright.

lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

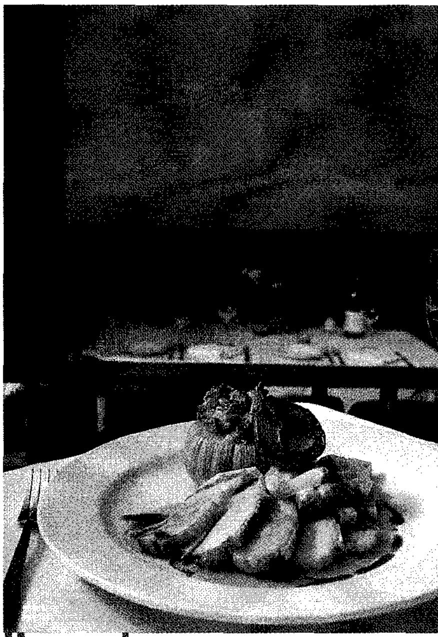
Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Photograph by Duane Winfield.

Happening

Whining and Dining

Thanksgiving at the Screening Room combines two Manhattan masterpieces: chef Mark Spangenthal's four-course feast followed (or preceded; your choice) by a screening of 'Hannah and Her Sisters,' Woody Allen's classic, Chekhovian tale of three sisters, in which not one but two big Thanksgiving meals are served. Your own, hopefully less dramatic, dinner will consist of such haute American fare as roasted-butternut-squash soup with chestnut butter, johnnycake with fricassee of autumn vegetables, turkey with corn bread and onion-and-sage dressing or pan-roasted venison with roasted Seckel pear and hard cider, and rum-and-pecan steamed pudding. The price is $54 per person, $35 for children under 10; the movie ticket is $5 extra. Showtimes are 1, 5, and 9 P.M.; dinner reservations available between 2 and 8:30 P.M. (54 Varick Street; 334-2100.)

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at*

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21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ASK GAEL

Are you picking on dear Mr. Cipriani?

I have nothing against Harry Cipriani except his foul pen, his toddler-low tables, and his contempt for the average customer. Even so, I tiptoed into lunch at Cipriani Wall Street and found, to my dismay, courtier service and some wonderful food. True, the house is up to its usual tricks: Crowding four masters of the universe at tiny cocktail rounds. Amiably rolling out extra tabletops for moguls left cooling their hooves at the bar. Billing an aggressive $17.50 for baby artichokes alla Romana. But my pasta e fagioli was first-rate. My liver Veneziana was sheer perfection—fresh, smartly seared, blushingly pink as I requested. I've always loved the baked noodles with ham (though not the price). Oozing charm from every pore, the maître d' cleverly charged us half-price. (55 Wall Street; 797-1563.)

20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tiramisu. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave.; nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and *under* per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bistro Latino—This second-story nightclub and restaurant evokes the tropics with its south-of-the-border décor, its luscious cocktails, its tango dancers, and especially chef Rafael Palomino's exotic South American menu. Start with the Colombian empanadas or the Ecuadoran seviche before moving on to the inevitable, flavor-packed paella. *1711 Broadway, at 54th St. (956-1000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

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142 West 44th Street
212-944-DOGE (3643)

is the theme at the American restaurant above Caroline's Comedy Club. The American fare is heavy on comfort food like five-cheese macaroni, maple-glazed pork chops, country meatloaf and barbecued chicken, which makes it a natural choice for parents looking to feed and entertain their restless, hungry kids. *1626 Broadway at 49th St. (757-4100). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Supper Club—Dine, dance, and dress up at this Art Deco re-creation of a forties-era supper club, complete with a seventeen-piece big band and a menu of culinary classics like baked oysters Rockefeller, lobster thermidor, and Dover sole á la meunière. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

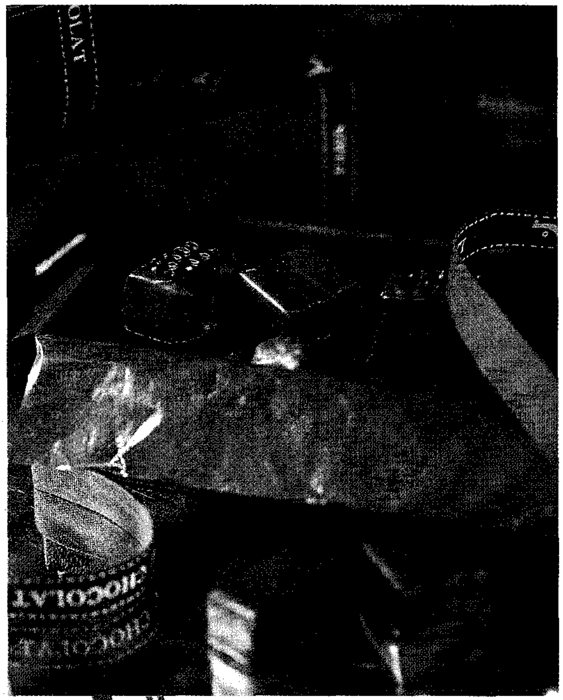
Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and rib-eye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, birya-



Tasting

Cocoa Loco

For the first time, the Paris-based Salon du Chocolat sets up temporary headquarters in New York next week. Work up a post-Thanksgiving appetite, somehow, and waddle over to the Puck Building between November 27 and December 1 to observe and sample the confectionery masterworks of luminaries like Pierre Hermé, François Payard, Claudia Fleming, and Maison du Chocolat's Robert Linxe. Intersperse Valrhona and Perugina pigouts with seminars on such hot topics as chocolate and foie gras (with D'Artagnan's Ariane Daguin), chocolate and coffee (with Maury Rubin and Corby Kummer), and chocolate and wine. ($10 per person, $5 for juvenile addicts; for information, call 695-2475.)

Photograph by Alexander Grablewski.

nis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mustang Grill—Choose from over a hundred premium tequilas, and a southwestern menu offering dishes like pecan-honey-crusted chicken, chili-crusted lamb with jalapeño-potato gratin, and—for the less adventurous—your basic quesadilla. The late-night kitchen, comfortable Mexican furnishings, and a new cigar lounge encourage lingering. *1633 Second Ave., at 85th St. (744-9194). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar & Grill—Bill Peet, André Soltner's former sous chef at Lutèce, has taken over the kitchen at this wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center. Peet has crafted a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild-mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crab cakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of

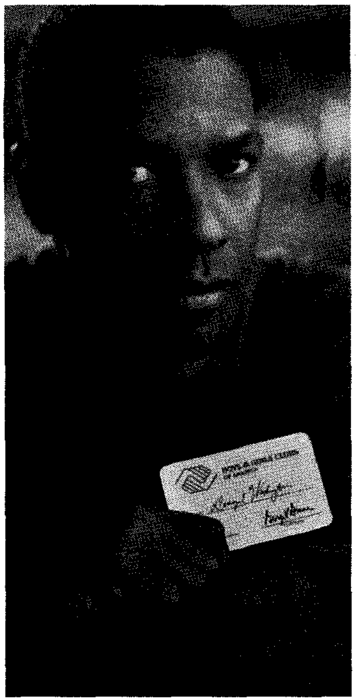
Opening

What Recession?

This Thursday, brothers Eric and Bruce Sobol launch their second Manhattan branch of Caviarteria at the posh SoHo Grand Hotel—one month before a third opens in the bowels of the restored Grand Central Terminal. The plush, 50-seat café will serve a roe-centric menu featuring sampler platters of Sevruga, Osetra, and Beluga, plus related luxuries like black-truffle soup, lobster medallions, smoked trout from Idaho and salmon from Scotland, and a terrific selection of champagnes by the glass. (310 West Broadway; 925-5515.)

Caviarteria
HO GRAND HOTEL

Photograph by Warren Salowe.



Denzel Washington

Put this card in the hands of a child and there'll be no room for a gun. A needle. Or a knife.

It's only a piece of paper, but that little membership card has helped keep millions of kids off drugs, out of gangs and in school. To learn how you can help the Boys & Girls Clubs, call: **1-800-854-Club.**

BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

Wolff *continued from page 34*

The press has treated this as a moral issue—a.k.a. the death of outrage—instead of understanding it as an information issue: Obviously there are countervailing messages making a stronger impact. It is, however, not necessarily clear that the national news media knows that its audience has other sources. It certainly is hard to imagine these million-dollar correspondents and anchor guys—few of them getting any younger, you'll notice—down in their finished basements channel-surfing, checking e-mail, personalizing bots, browsing porno sites, instant-messaging, downloading audio plug-ins.

It's not improbable that Sam Donaldson has no idea what has happened: That choice has exploded—and with that the fundamental premise of network news, that it represents America in its entirety, has shattered. That the nature of information itself has changed—specialized information, the sophisticated or the professional or the foreign or the weird and kinky and conspiratorial, is pretty much as easy to come by as the homogenized stuff. And, perhaps most profound, the point of view has shifted. Most of the opinions we receive every day are not from the professional opinion class but from the cacophony of e-mailers, posters, radio call-inners, whomever.

And—something else of no little consequence—whom, at this point, does Sam Donaldson work for, anyway? Everybody knows these news organizations have been bought, their allegiances altered, their agendas changed. The Tiffany Network was acquired by a real-estate-and-tobacco company, then by a defense contractor, which was in turn acquired by a radio-station owner who got rich off Howard Stern ("I own CBS," Stern says); CNN was acquired by Time Warner, NBC by GE, ABC by Disney, not to mention that everyone's hometown newspaper has been bought and made part of a chain. And we're supposed to pretend that everything is the same, that this turnover has no effect? What do these people takes us for?

THIS IS, FINALLY, HOW AN ELITE LOSES ITS position. The members of the elite just start to seem like dinosaurs. Life happens in exciting, interesting, novel ways, but they aren't part of it. They live some past life, or live in memories of some past life. The American people, riding economic and social forces, go one way—demonstrating an uncanny ability to get hip in an instant—while the upholders of conventional thinking are, necessarily, left behind. ■

high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Shapiro...Akers...Manson

Concerts

Tori Amos—So which is more intense? The gyrations of Ms. Amos's hips as they buck suggestively against her piano bench, or the buzzing of her fevered imagination? There's no saying, really, but it's a safe bet her fans are equally taken with both phenomena. 11/25 at 8 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $30–$35.*

Mary Chapin Carpenter—11/21 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $35–$45.*

Deftones—New metal for new, short-haired metalheads. With Quicksand and Pitch Shifter. 11/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $18–$20.*

"Indo-Caribbean Reflections"—East Indies meet West Indies in a cross-cultural swap meet of epic proportions. With JMC Triveni Band, Rikki Jai, Celia Samaroo, Terry Gajraj, Anand Yankaran, and others. 11/21 at 8 P.M. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College (718-951-4500). $22–$25.*

"Jazz Insights: The Vocalists"—Hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays: 11/17: John Hicks, Curtis Lundy, and Kenny Washington celebrate Betty Carter. 11/24: Annie Ross. All shows at 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $20.*

Kiss in 3-D—The original fearsome foursome has just released its first album in well over a decade, and it really wouldn't be fitting to see them any other way than in 3-D. Otherwise, how would you know just how long Gene's tongue really is, or just how fluffy Paul's chest has remained after all these years? 11/22: *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171).* 11/23: *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171).* 11/27: *Nassau Coliseum, Marshall Field Complex, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). $30–$85.*

"Listen, Listen: Music of Sandy Denny"—Peter Holsapple & Continental Drifters, the same crew who organized last year's magnificent Nick Drake tribute, reunite to pay homage to another great voice of seventies folk-rock—and another early death (though Denny's demise, unlike Drake's, was purely accidental). Kattell Keineg, Mike Mills, Susan McKeown, Darius Rucker, Susan Cowsell, and Vicki Peterson contribute vocals. 11/21 at 8 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $25–$30.*

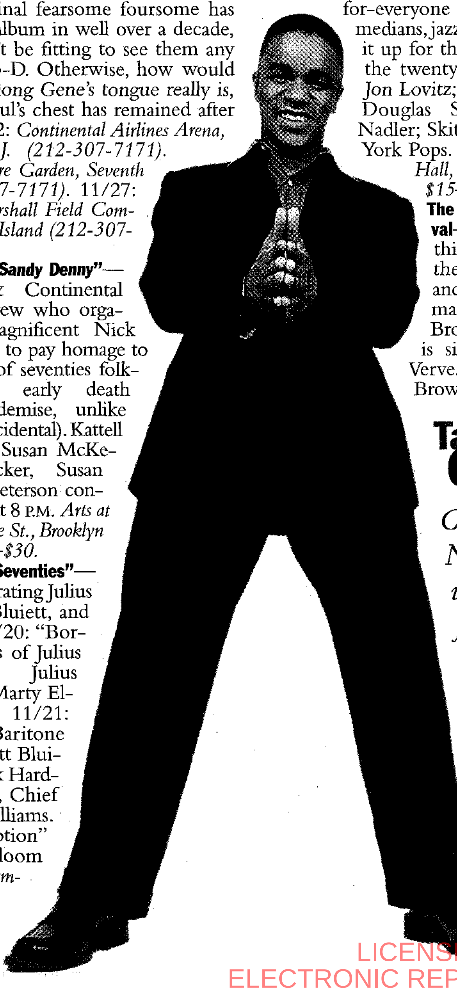
"Loft Jazz Scene of the Seventies"—Three concerts celebrating Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Bluiett, and Jane Ira Bloom. 11/20: "Bordertown: The Worlds of Julius Hemphill" with Julius Hemphill Sextet & Marty Ehrlich's Big Band. 11/21: "Hamiet Bluiett's Baritone Nation" with Hamiett Bluiett, James Carter, Alex Harding, Pablo Cologero, Chief Bey, and Buddy Williams. 11/22: "Music in Motion" with Jane Ira Bloom Quartet. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510). $25.*

Chuck Mangione—Contempo-jazz's smoothest flugelhornist breezes in with "Feels So Good" and other New Age–inflected sounds. With Diane Reeves. 11/19 at 8 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $25–$45.*

Marilyn Manson—Rock pundits expressed relief when Manson said earlier this year that he'd swap his Satanist's neo-goth bondage-wear for something more glammy and androgynous, à la Ziggy Stardust. His teasing the boundaries of gender identity, they hoped, might mean the least subtle man in rock had developed a slight interest in artistic complexity. And that he'd be willing to explore it even if it cost him a few of his screaming preadolescent fans. Those pundits didn't anticipate the scene last month, however, when thousands of screaming preadolescent fans (in neo-goth bondage-wear) piled into the Virgin Megastore for Manson's record-signing. Manson-style sexual ambiguity, it seems, has all the subtlety of a pair of assless pants, which he now wears in conjunction with molded-plastic breast buds and the indeterminate crotch lump of a Barbie doll. And that, apparently, is something every kid can relate to. With 12 Rounds. 11/23 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). Sold Out.*

"Melodies and Memories": Ninth Annual Lauri Strauss Leukemia Foundation Benefit—A true something-for-everyone smorgasbord, at which comedians, jazzbos, and society players mix it up for the $15-a-seat hoi polloi and the twenty-grand-a-head types. With Jon Lovitz; Judy Collins; Peter Yarrow; Douglas Sills; Vicki Lewis; Mark Nadler; Skitch Henderson & the New York Pops. 11/23 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $15–$25,000.*

The New York Autumn Blues Festival—The second weekend of this bluesathon ranges from the semi-slick to the down-and-dirty. 11/20 at 8 P.M.: Axman Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown jams with Clapton and is signed to jazz powerhouse Verve. And as his résumé implies, Brown plays like a velvet glove cast in iron—butter-smooth one bar, razor-sharp the next. 11/21 at 8 P.M.: The significantly more rural sounds—inspired by field hollers, country dances, etc.—of John Cephas & Phil Wiggins and John Jackson. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $21–$25.*



Talent
Good Vibes

Celebrating his Blue Note debut, youthful vibraphone master Stefon Harris brings his tastefully reserved chops back to the Jazz Standard—the site of his first big-room booking—November 17 through 22.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Ratdog—Bob Weir's jammy side project (even in these post-Jerry days of the Other Ones, the band retains that sad status) pays a semi-rare visit. With Alana Davis. 11/17 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000). $28.*

Eric Reed—The brainy young pianist puts his trio through the post-bop paces. 11/20 at 8 P.M. *Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd., Flushing (718-463-7700). $15–$20.*

Linda Ronstadt—Just imagine it: Say Linda had stayed with Jerry Brown, *and* Jerry'd had better luck with that presidential bid a few years back. First Lady Linda Ronstadt . . . Damn! 11/18 at 7:30 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $25–$50.*

Brian Setzer Orchestra—Say what you will about the current swing revival, Stray Cat alum Setzer can heat up a hall with the best of them. 11/20 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

"Soul Serenade: A Celebration of King Curtis"—Of the so-called Texas tenors, "King" Curtis Ousley was the swingingest, moaningest, and downright *rockingest*. This homage features another Lone Star legend (and probably the *second*-greatest tenorman the state has produced), David "Fathead" Newman, along with hometown slide-trumpet swinger Steven Bernstein, and Cornell Dupree. 11/20 at 8 P.M. *St. Ann Center, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $20–$25.*

A Tribe Called Quest—Q-Tip & Co. have announced that their recent *Love Movement* would be their final album. For those who remember the crew's stunning early-nineties work, the news is a tragedy. Anyone who caught Tribe's recent gig opening for the Beastie Boys, though, knows that the news is a bit of a blessing in disguise: Tired-sounding and uninspired, the band seemed to be losing steam at a prodigious rate. Maybe their own headlining date will put some spring in their stride. With Slum Village. 11/24 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

Underworld—A collective that, under different monikers, performs different creative functions. As Tomato, the London hipsters are one of the world's trendiest graphic-design and video-production firms. When they don their collective Underworld cap, the boys become one of the finest, most haunting ambient-techno acts out there. They probably won't reproduce the success of their ethereal "Born Slippy," which became a minor smash on the coattails of *Trainspotting.* But hey, what can you do? With DJ Carl Cox. 11/25 at 9 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

Widespread Panic—Before spawning Hootie & the Blowfish (but after, obviously, giving the world R.E.M.), Georgia brought forth Widespread Panic. These rock-and-roll EZ Pass holders jam with as much jangle as Stipe & Co., as digestibly as

Rucker et al. 11/21 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $22.50–$25.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—11/23: In town for the big Sandy Denny tribute out in Brooklyn the previous night, Peter Holsapple's Continental Drifters hit Manhattan for a lower-key wind-down gig. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 11/16: Passion Fruit. 11/18: Debbie Schwartz. 11/20: Cherry 2000. 11/21: Fontaine; Faker. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—11/22: Under the moniker Keep Bangin', the rhythm section from *Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk*—Jared Crawford, Raymond King, Darryl Dove Jr., and Larry Wright—takes a turn in the spotlight. *82 W. Third St. (477-0622).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 11/16: Virginia. 11/17: Vital Information; Steve Smith; Frank Gamble; Tom Coster; Jeff Andrews. 11/18: Eden White. 11/20: Patty Larkin. 11/21: North of the Border; Great Big Sea; Mary Jane Lamond. 11/24: Paul Ruderman. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 11/18: Kenny Lattimore. 11/19: Dr. Israel with Tru Mystic Sound System. 11/23: Neil Finn & Dave Dobbyn. 11/24: Idina Menzel; Francis Dunnery. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 11/16: Thunder Blues. 11/17: Anthony Kane. 11/18: Black Widow Band. 11/19: Seth Yacavone. 11/20: Frankie Lee. 11/21: James Cott. 11/23: Jimi Natale. 11/24: Scarlett Moore. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—11/20–11/22: St. Marks Place's grungiest room—and the venue of choice for such down-and-dirty legends as ? and the Mysterians—hosts a three-night garage-athon, aptly titled "Cavestomp '98." 11/20: Sky Saxon; the Chesterfield Kings; the Fuzztones; the Headless Horsemen; Plasticland Mount McKinleys. 11/21: Barry & the Remains; the Litter; the Fleshtones; the Raunch Hands; the Conquerers; the Mad 3. 11/22: The Pretty Things. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Irving Plaza—11/20: With their raucous shout-alongs and rabble-rousing power chords, Ireland's Saw Doctors can certainly get out the Irish-rock vote. It's really best to see these guys during, say, World Cup soccer, when nationalistic sentiment is running highest—but the band's shows are always decent excuses in their own right for jingoism and drunkenness. 11/19: Men at Work; Let's Go Bowling. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 11/16: Hamiet Bluiett Telepathic Orchestra. 11/22: God Is My Co-Pilot. 11/23: Hamiet Bluiett Telepathic Orchestra. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 11/19: Greg "Fingers" Taylor & Jumpin' Johnny Sanson Band. 11/20: Water Street. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 11/20: Skanatra. 11/21: Come; Two Dollar Guitar. 11/22: The Continental Drifters (see Acme Underground listing, above); Jeremy Wallace. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 11/18: 8 & 1/2 Souvenirs. 11/19: Mila Drumke. 11/20: Pushstars. 11/21: Plush; Two Dollar Guitar. 11/22: William Hooker. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 11/17: Billy Joe Shaver and his son, Eddy, make a rare New York appearance. 11/20: Hangdogs. 11/21: Buzzards. 11/22: Flying Neutrinos. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—11/19–11/20: You can keep your Faith Evanses and your Lauryn Hills. For our money, the *real* queen of the slow-jam is Angela Bofill. 11/21: Katende; Manhattan All Stars. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—11/19–11/20: Howard Jones is no longer blinded by science, but then again, he's no longer all that successful, either (hey, these things tend to be trade-offs, no?). Help the geek-chic poster boy recapture his glory days. *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big band swings with abandon—fronted by the best Sinatra impersonator this side of Harry Connick Jr. Late nights, various of the neo-swing revivalists take over for hot jazz and jump-blues. 11/20: Ron Sunshine. 11/21: Nick Palumbo. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tonic—11/22: A side project of a band that would barely rate a footnote in most rock encyclopedias, New York's the Pacific Ocean is the moonlight endeavor of a couple of members of Versus. Expect more of the dirgelike drones that have characterized the latter's numerous releases. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Tramps—11/20: Double-barreled Austin honky-tonker Junior Brown slings one of the strangest axes west *or* east of the Pecos. But his trademark "guit-steel"—a twin-necked beast that's half twanging Fender, half singing lap-steel—is much more than a novelty prop. Brown uses the instrument to jaw-dropping effect, blazing away behind his booming roadhouse baritone and in front of a crack quartet. A visit from Brown is always a treat. With Allison Moorer. 11/22: Roy Carrier. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—11/19–11/20: The Jefferson Airplane are long gone, but spinoff psychedelia act the Moby Grape resurfaced a few years ago to cash in on this whole crazy sixties-revival thing. 11/21: Jupiter Coyote. 11/22: Cause for Alarm; Electric Frankenstein. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30.; $10 minimum. 11/17: Gil Evans Orchestra. 11/18: Sherrie Maricle and Diva. 11/19–11/21: Claudio Roditi Quartet. 11/24: Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 11/16: Jazz Foundation of America All-Star Salute to Clark Terry. 11/17–11/22: Dee Dee Bridgewater. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/17–11/22: Tenor firebrand George Coleman burns the joint down. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—11/17–11/22: The past year and a half has been good to Stefon Harris. The vibesman, who's barely old enough to enter jazz clubs, has gotten gigs with Geri Allen, Buster Williams, and Joe Henderson; a handful of his own headlining dates; and a deal with Blue Note. His swinging debut, *A Cloud of Red Dust*, has just hit stores; see him in the setting where he *really* smokes, though—the club that gave him his first big-room break back in the day (1996, that is). Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering

Closing
Is That All There Is?

Sadly for torch-song enthusiasts, Rockefeller Center's Rainbow & Stars will shut its doors for good at the end of December. The Art Deco cabaret gets an appropriately swanky send-off, though, from ultra-diva Karen Akers, whose fifth run at the sky-high boîte begins November 17.

Photograph by Paul Greco.

after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 11/17–11/22: Louis Hayes Quintet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. 11/20: Elliott Sharp. 11/21: Charles Gayle. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 11/17–11/22: Marcus Roberts Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. Sundays: Pete Malinverni & Jody Sandhaus. Mondays: Emma Kemp. Tuesdays: Rosanna Vitro & David Hazeltine. 11/18–11/21: Warren Vache, Joe Puma, and Greg Cohen. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—11/19–11/20: Watching Janeane Garofalo's stand-up act is more like having a conversation with a *really* hilarious friend than like seeing a professional entertainer. Which is to her credit, of course: It's always an incredibly disarming moment when the bespectacled comic looks down at her clipboard and mutters, "Uh, did that . . . Did that . . . Oh! Okay, here's something!" 11/18: Ed Lover; Maija; D.J. Enuff. 11/20–11/22: Anthony Clark. Wednesdays, "Gemini Lounge," with the Sklar Brothers. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. $12.50–$24.50 cover; two-drink minimum. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 11/16–11/22: Dan Wilson; Mitch Fatel; Vic Henley; Greg Giraldo; Wanda Sykes-Hall. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 11/16–11/22: Carrie Karavas; Jerry Diner; Justin McKinney. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 11/18: Matt Cooper; Darcy Casteleiro. 11/20: Marc Maron; Eddie Brill; Dave Attel. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 11/20–11/21: Teddy Smith; Eddie Brill; William Stephenson; Sue Costello. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Talent

Semi-Permanent Midnight

"Thank God I did drugs," says stand-up comedian Rick Shapiro, "or I'd be selling Day-Glo file folders at Staples. I was a junkie and a prostitute instead." Grim as it sounds, the latter "career" path served Shapiro (pictured) well: After joining AA twelve years ago, he quickly tired of sipping coffee and talking about surrendering to a higher power, opting to turn his twelve-step testimonials into comic monologues. And though Shapiro's impromptu performances at the trendy SoHo meeting frequently mocked the self-involved recovery process, "my sponsor actually thought I was really funny, and told me I should do stand-up." Forty-five days into his sobriety, *Shapiro had the good fortune to follow Eddie Murphy at an L.A. comedy club.* "Eddie just played on the one heckler in the audience and built his entire act around him," Shapiro recalls. "I learned to do the same thing: Just pick a topic like small-dog owners and just go from there." Shapiro, now 39, was a good student: Back in New York again, he doesn't, of course, get superstar openers every gig—but then again, he doesn't seem to need them: For the past year, the (naturally) wired comedian has been drawing crowds to his Wednesday-night gig at Avenue A's Sidewalk Cafe; at the end of this month, he begins a slot at TriBeCa's Flea Theater, Saturdays at midnight. Despite the success Shapiro's achieved with his *hilariously vituperative ranting*, which was recorded for *Unconditional Love*, his first CD (released this fall), he will not abandon his checkered past entirely: "I still live in a cheap hotel room."

MAURA EGAN

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The warm and engaging Andrea Marcovicci begins a two-month run, 11/17. Last year, Marcovicci created a triumphal Mabel Mercer tribute; her new show focuses on the songs of Noel Coward, in honor of his 99th birthday. Tues.–Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. and 9 and 11 P.M. $40 cover; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through November, the marvelous Bobby Short is in for his annual six-week run, a pilgrimage to which has become a ritual for New Yorkers. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$6–$15, plus $10 minimum. Through January: Blossom Dearie. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

FireBird Café—Steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen at this Russian theme restaurant and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Tuesdays through 11/28: Judi Connelli. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eighth year running. Sets at 9 and 11 p.m. $25 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 cover, Mon. $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. 11/17–12/5: Karen Akers is a genuine diva, of the fabulous old-school, high-cheekboned variety. Who better to sing Rainbow & Stars into oblivion, as the club approaches its end. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Avenue B Social Club—Just down the street from Charlie Parker's old apartment, this cozy, two-floor joint is the perfect place to down a Brooklyn wheat beer and kick your feet up. The music—always free—ranges from excellent (pianist and downtown stalwart Matt Shipp is a regular) to the irritating (Unabomber-look-alike Reverend Vince Anderson's Sunday-night sets are eminently skippable). But no matter who's on the bill, the jukebox is among the best in the city. *99 Ave. B, between 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511). $.*

Dive Bar—Neither ultraglamorous nor off-puttingly grim, this most neighborly of Upper West Side pubs caters to regular working folks who want to drink some fine beer, eat a little greasy grub, and generally avoid hipsters, yuppies, and all other species of New York exotica. *732 Amsterdam Ave., at 96th St. (740-4658). $.*

Photograph by Bob Strain.

the mix

National Book Awards...Coretta Scott King

John Leonard's TV Notes

My Father's Shadow: The Sam Sheppard Story (11/17; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) picks up the story long after the *Fugitive* series it inspired, when Henry Czerny as Dr. Sam's troubled son, Sam Reese, hires an attorney (Ralph Small) to exonerate his father (Peter Strauss) for the rape and murder of his mother (Lindsay Frost). Of course, they discover DNA evidence pointing conclusively to the real killer. But not before we've flashed back to some fine performances by Jonathan Kroker as 17-year-old Sam Reese, by Czerny as a ghost-haunted adult, and by Strauss as the osteopath—coarsened by prison and turned alcoholic after his parole—who resembles not at all either David Janssen or Harrison Ford.

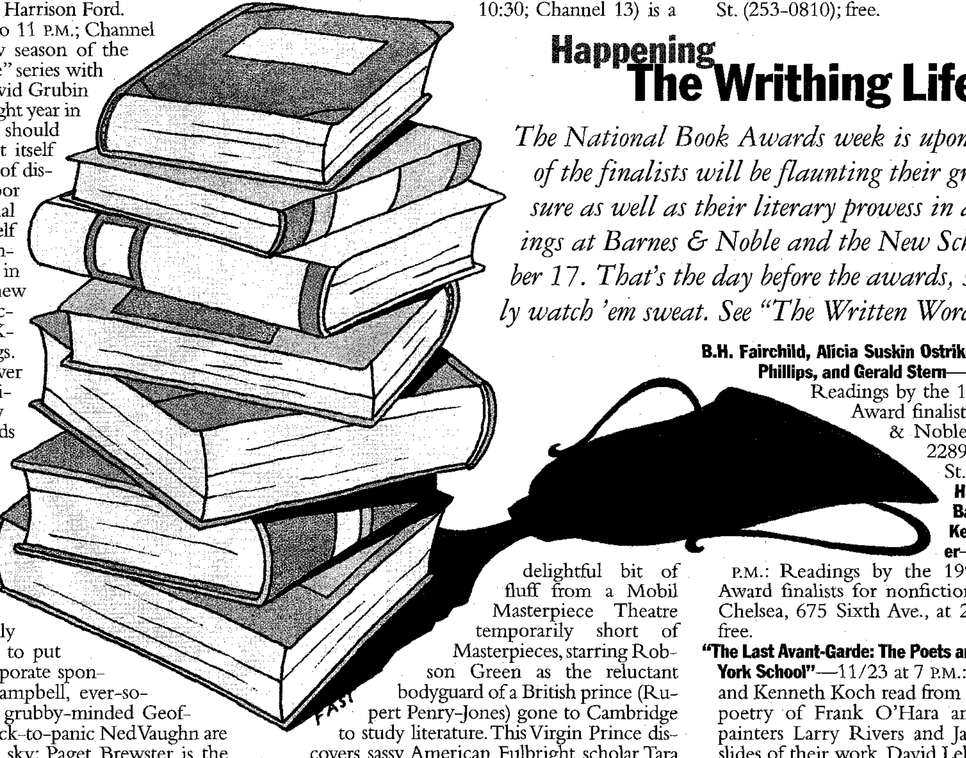
America 1900 (11/18; 8 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) inaugurates a new season of the "American Experience" series with a wholly absorbing David Grubin documentary on a fraught year in the life of a nation that should have felt terrific about itself but was in the process of discovering racism and labor strife at home, imperial wars abroad, nature itself despoiled, malign weather, and a queasy vertigo in the new century and new world of motion pictures, automobiles, X-rays, and lynchings. Footage here I've never seen, and expert testimony from a new batch of talking heads with something textured to say.

Max Q (11/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), a sort of cut-rate *Apollo 13,* portrays human ingenuity and computer fallibility in a space-shuttle mission that goes dreadfully wrong in the attempt to put up a satellite for a corporate sponsor. True-blue Bill Campbell, ever-so-stunning Tasha Smith, grubby-minded Geoffrey Blake, and too-quick-to-panic Ned Vaughn are the stars in this black sky; Paget Brewster is the heartthrob technogeek on the ground at Mission Control, in the usual sleeveless T-shirt. The nuts and bolts are as plausible as they are suspenseful; the very-long-distance romance is not too hard to tolerate; and the anti-Big Biz bias is refreshing.

Big and Hairy (11/22; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime), in which John-Boy Walton actually meets Sasquatch, is only for the young. You have to believe that Richard Thomas would welcome into his house a big and furry friend (Trevor Jones) that his lonely young son (Robert Burke) has just happened to find in the woods when his school basketball team needs somebody who can really score, after which somebody will have to be dropped from the twelve-headed team before the championship or the coach (Gregory Thirloway) will lose his job. Meanwhile, some even bigger and hairier parents are looking for their missing dribbler. And so harmlessly on.

Rear Window (11/22; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), needing some excuse to remake a movie that was perfect the first time, comes up with Christopher Reeve as a paraplegic architect who, between physical-therapy sessions, plays with all the latest photoscan and computer toys, as well as a very blonde associate (Daryl Hannah) whose interest in him seems more than professional. They suspect that the sculptor in the building across the way has not only murdered his lush of a wife but also maybe bronzed her for delivery to a gallery in someplace like Maine. Reeve communicates a number of painful truths about his condition—for one, the fierce thirst—that we have never received from actors just playing a role. And although Grace Kelly can't be improved on, the update works surprisingly well.

The Prince of Hearts (11/22; 9 to 10:30; Channel 13) is a delightful bit of fluff from a Mobil Masterpiece Theatre temporarily short of Masterpieces, starring Robson Green as the reluctant bodyguard of a British prince (Rupert Penry-Jones) gone to Cambridge to study literature. This Virgin Prince discovers sassy American Fulbright scholar Tara Fitzgerald and woos her with his bodyguard as his mouthpiece, which will be complicated by the unsurprising fact that the bodyguard has simultaneously discovered both Tara and poetry and is tempted to forget his lowly class origins, until, after lots of Shakespeare and Andrew Marvel, plus, of course, a staging of *Cyrano de Bergerac,* many amusing and several affecting things will happen, including the abolition of the monarchy.



Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 11/22: Andrea Barrett, author of *The Voyage of the Narwhal.* WPAT, 930 AM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 11/21: Robert MacNeil on *Breaking News;* Anna Thompson on her leading role in the film *Sue;* Lillian Ross on her memoir *Here But Not Here.* WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Vanessa Redgrave—11/22 at 3 P.M.: Reading from *Mrs. Dalloway,* by Virginia Woolf. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $25.

The 1998 National Book Awards Finalists—11/17 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their prize-nominated works of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and young people's literature. The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $5.

Allegra Goodman, Gayl Jones, Alice McDermott, and Robert Stone—11/17 at 12:30 P.M.: Readings by the 1998 National Book Award finalists for fiction. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Happening

The Writhing Life

The National Book Awards week is upon us, and many of the finalists will be flaunting their grace under pressure as well as their literary prowess in a series of readings at Barnes & Noble and the New School on November 17. That's the day before the awards, so you can really watch 'em sweat. See "The Written Word" for details.

B.H. Fairchild, Alicia Suskin Ostriker, Linda Pastan, Carl Phillips, and Gerald Stern—11/17 at 12:30 P.M.: Readings by the 1998 National Book Award finalists for poetry. Barnes & Noble Upper West Side, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Harold Bloom, Edward Ball, Yaffa Eliach, Beth Kephart, Henry Mayer—11/17 at 12:30 P.M.: Readings by the 1998 National Book Award finalists for nonfiction. Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1227); free.

"The Last Avant-Garde: The Poets and Painters of the New York School"—11/23 at 7 P.M.: Poets John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch read from their poetry and the poetry of Frank O'Hara and James Schuyler; painters Larry Rivers and Jane Freilicher show slides of their work. David Lehman, author of *The Last Avant-Garde,* is master of ceremonies. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $5.

Luc Sante, Rose Styron, Wendy Law Yone, Spalding Gray, and Michael Paterniti—11/20 at 7 P.M.: On the tenth anniversary of the pro-democracy uprisings in Burma, PEN writers read banned and controversial Burmese writings of the past decade. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $15.

Harry Mathews and Albert Mobilio—11/2 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

George Plimpton and Sam Waterston—11/17 & 11/18 at 6 P.M.: Reading from the work of James Thurber at the place where he made literary history. Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (360-1378); $20.

Mike Davis—11/19 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *Ecology of Fear.* Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., at

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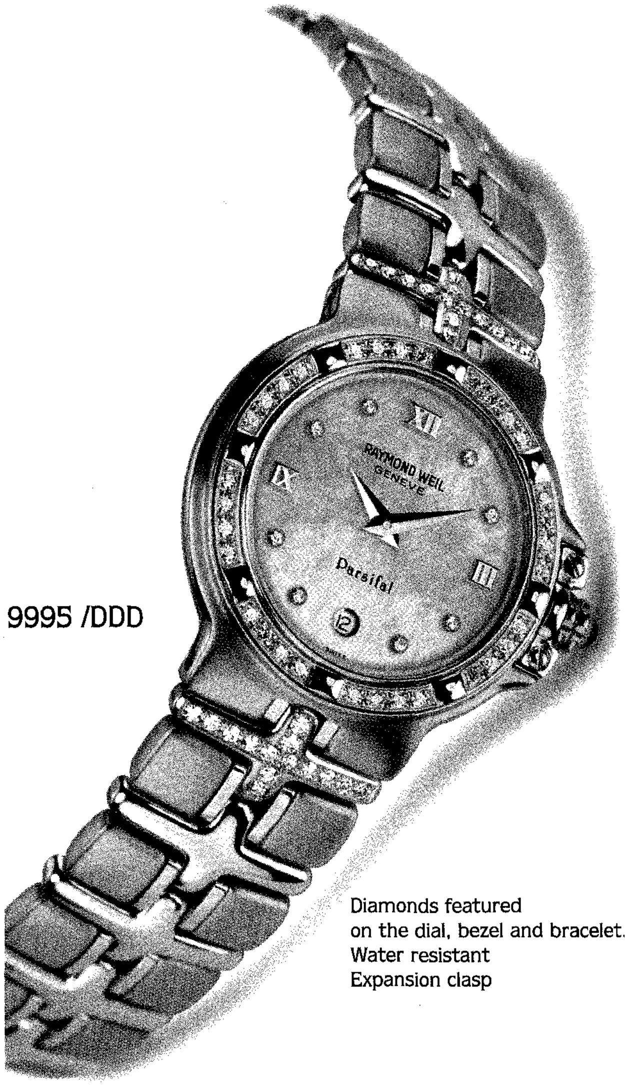
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51st St. (753-1722); $5–$10.

Mike McAlary—11/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Sore Loser.* The Black Orchid, 303 E. 81st St. (734-5980); free.

James Fenton, Francine du Plessix Gray, and Michael Cunningham—11/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Leonardo's Nephew, At Home With the Marquis de Sade,* and *The Hours,* respectively. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); $5.

Harold Evans—11/17 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *The American Century* reads. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Walter Mosley—11/20 at 7:30 P.M.: The best-selling author reads from *Blue Light.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Tribute to Gregor Von Rezzori—11/19 at 7 P.M.: Readings by Michael Ondaatje, Deborah Eisenberg, Volker Schlondorf, Elisabeth Sifton, and others. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); free.

Lectures and Panels

Coretta Scott King—11/18 at 8 P.M.: The widow of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. has been a progressive activist and civil-rights leader for more than 40 years. She delivers the Belfer Lecture on tolerance. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"Claire McCardell: The Mother of American Sportswear"—11/17 at 5:30 P.M.: Valerie Steele, co-curator of the retrospective exhibition "Claire McCardell and the American Look" moderates Amy Fine Collins, Bernadine Morris, Patricia Peterson, June Weir, and Kohle Yohannan in this panel discussion. The Fashion Institute of Technology's Katie Murphy Amphitheater, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7715); $30.

Nadine Strossen—11/22 at 7:30 P.M.: The president of the American Civil Liberties Union talks with CNN political and media analyst Jeff Greenfield. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

James Fenton—11/17 at 6 P.M.: A lecture on the history of taste, connoisseurship, dealing, and collecting. The Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); free.

Tours

The Queens Jazz Trail—11/22 at 10 A.M.: Explore the borough that was once the home of Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Hinton, Ella Fitzgerald, Lena Horne, Count Basie, Jimmy Heath, and Mercer Ellington after a "jazz brunch" at La Detente Caribbean restaurant. Call 996-1100 for info; $75 includes food and transportation.

Central Park—11/21 at 1 P.M: A tour exploring the park's hidden places and early history; stops include Strawberry Fields and the site of Seneca Village. Meet at the Northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West (439-1090); $10.

Events

Fall Antiques Show—11/19–11/22: 70 dealers exhibit antiques, furniture, folk art, textiles, and garden design. Park Avenue Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (777-5218); $12.

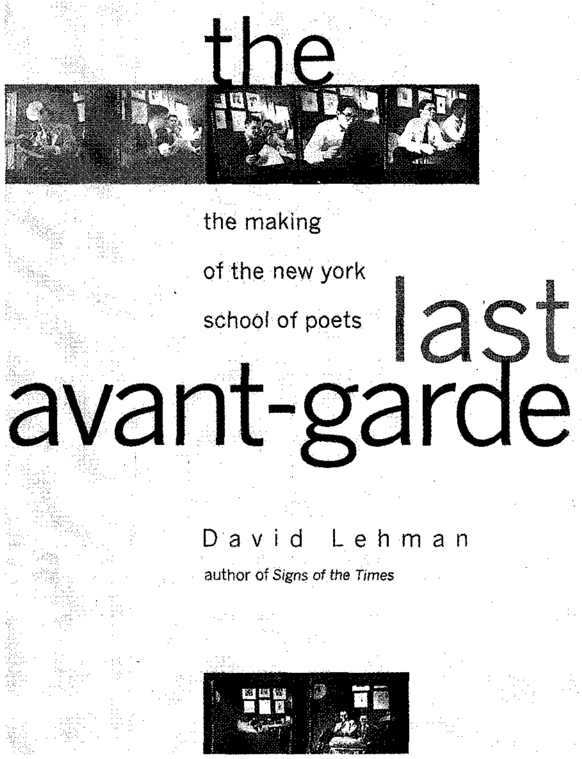
Stella Fine Art & Photography Show—11/20–11/22: 100 cutting-edge and emerging fine-art dealers, galleries, and artists exhibiting (and selling) paintings, prints, photography, drawings, and sculpture, from antique to contemporary. Seminars will be held throughout the show. Gramercy Park Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (255-0020); $10.

In Print

The Last Best Thing

The birth of the New York School of poets occurred not on the Lower East Side or in Greenwich Village but in Boston. In June of 1948, a young John Ashbery wrote his sestina "The Painter" shortly after finishing his junior year at Harvard; mailed it off to his friend and former classmate Kenneth Koch, who'd already migrated to Manhattan; and voilà—the birth of a movement. Or so says David Lehman in *The Last Avant-Garde.* The core group, which also included James Schuyler, gelled in '51, when Frank O'Hara got to New York to "kind of cobble everything together and tell us what we and they were doing," in Ashbery's words. "They didn't have a blueprint, of course," says Lehman, "but one after the other they left Harvard and came here and became chummy with the painters," notably Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. "Life in New York City tends to be fast and heterogeneous," Lehman says. "It's like an emulsion with everything blending and sticking together, and so the rapid shifts in tone and subject matter in their work reflect that experience." Like the Beat poets who came to overshadow them, the New Yorkers had an element of rebellion in their work. "But the Beats were more flagrant and flamboyant," says Lehman. "You could see their rebellion; you could smoke it! The New York School had Ivy League tweeds and short hair; their rebellion was artistic, not political." Lehman understands the "humor, chattiness, and quick-wittedness" of Ashbery, Koch, O'Hara, and Schuyler as a distinct expression of the city's influence. "Joy was as legitimate as melancholy to them," he says. "They saw no reason why being a poet meant that you had to be in agony." Lehman will be emcee on November 23 at the New School, when Koch and Ashbery read from their own poetry and the work of Schuyler and O'Hara, and painters Larry Rivers and Jane Freilicher offer a slide show. See "The Written Word" for details.

ARIEL LEVY



Benefits

New York Foundation for the Arts—11/20 at 7 P.M.: Visual art, videos, performances by Carmen Pelaez, and a D.J. dance party, to benefit up-and-coming artists who've received the NYFA Artists' Fellowships. De Chiara/Stewart gallery, 521 W. 26th St. (366-6900, ext. 365); $25–$100.

The American Ballet Theatre Benefit—11/18: A light supper catered by BondSt, cocktails, and dancing to benefit a company home to some of the world's most talented dancers and choreographers. Louis Vuitton, 116 Greene St. (840-5110); $125–$250.

"Research for Life"—11/23 at 6 P.M.: Cocktails, awards ceremony, auction, and dinner to benefit the Italian-American Cancer Foundation. The Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. and 61st St. (628-9090); $250–$50,000.

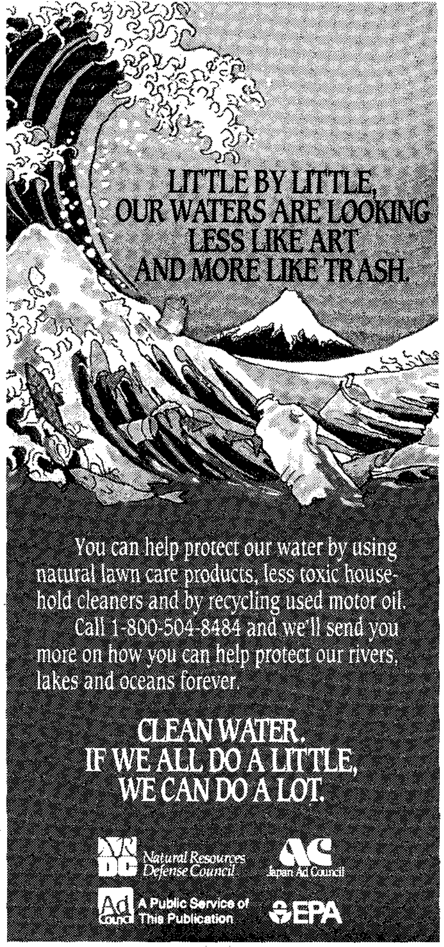
"Somebody Loves Me"—11/23 at 6 P.M.: Cocktails, dinner, and a concert of the music of George Gershwin with Jessye Norman, Audra McDonald, Ben Vereen, and Bobby Short to benefit the Partnership for the Homeless. Cocktails and a concert at the Community Church/Metropolitan Synagogue, E. 35th St. at Park Ave.; dinner at the Union League Club, E. 37th St. at Park Ave. (645-3444, ext. 102); $100–$1,000.

Exhibitions

"Behind the Screen: Making Motion Pictures and Television"—Through 12/6: The Museum of the Moving Image's interactive exhibit of various phases of TV and movie production. World Financial Center, 225 Liberty St. (718) 784-4520; $5.

"Elvis Presley 1956"—Through 11/30: Never-before-seen photographs of the King in his breakout year by Marvin Israel from a new book. Film Society of Lincoln Center, Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); free.

"Threepennies and a Touch of Venus: The World of Kurt Weill"—Through 12/3: A screening series celebrating the life of the acclaimed composer. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.



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Photograph courtesy of First Look Films.

Happening **You've seen the movie; now hear the book. Vanessa Redgrave—named for Virginia Woolf's sister Vanessa Bell—brings her interpretation of Clarissa to Symphony Space on November 22 with a reading from *Mrs. Dalloway.* See "The Written Word" for info.**

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"Eight Million Stories: Twentieth Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs"—Through 1/9/99: The 76 portraits on view record New Yorkers of all ages and social strata going through city life. New York Public Library, 42nd St. at Fifth Ave. (221-7676); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Street Trees: The Hunts Point Sculpture Garden"—Through 4/3/99: The first installment of a semi-annual collaboration between artists and community residents: sculptural interpretations of a city-street tree at two sites. Crames/Monsignor Raul del Valle Square, 163rd St. at Hunts Point Ave., and the courtyard of the Pio Mendez Houses on the corner of Hunts Point and Lafayette Aves. (831-2189); free.

"New York Photographs: Margaret Morton, Christine Osinski, Robert Rindler"—Through 12/5: Images of the city—dwellings built by the homeless, graffiti, building façades, and the tiny islands that surround Manhattan. Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, 7 E. 7th St. (353-4200); free.

Sports

Turkey Classic 5M—11/22 at 10 A.M.: "Run five miles, win a turkey" has always been a favorite saying of ours, and now we can put it into practice in Central Park with the New York Road Runners Club's annual five-mile race for poultry. You must register prior to race day, so call 860-4455 for more info; the race begins at the East Park Drive at 99th Street. The top three participants in the overall, men's, and women's sections will go home with the prized birds.

Open Recreation—Why not have your kids take advantage of some of the free activities and sports equipment you can borrow from the North Meadow Recreation Center? Go to the middle of the park at 97th Street to find the Center. Ages 10–18. Call 348-4867 for more info.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website each weekday. This week: A spiritual site for metaphysical journeys; a travel site that ensures an eventful vacation; an online book-lovers' network; an auction guide for cyber-bidding; and the first place on the Web every chick should click. But before you leave us at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," neighborhood guides, "First Words" for bibliophiles, and daily New York trivia.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							PHI FOX 1PM
JETS							TEN CBS 4PM
RANGERS			ANA MSG 10:30PM	LA MSG 10:30PM		SJ MSG 10:30PM	
ISLANDERS		COL FSNY 10:30PM			DAL FSNY 8:30PM	NAS FSNY 8PM	
DEVILS				CAR FSNY 7:30PM		FLA FSNY 1PM	CAR FSNY 1:30PM
	11/16	11/17	11/18	11/19	11/20	11/21	11/22

kids

Tinker Bell...Rumpelstiltskin

Children's Events

Golden Goose—In *Grimm Tales,* several folktales are performed by London's Young Vic Theatre Company in their earliest-known—and sometimes remarkably gruesome—versions. (See photo.) Recommended for children ages 6 and up. 11/20 to 1/3, **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200) $10–$25.

Sugarplum Fairies—Next week, **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** begins dancing "George Balanchine's *The Nutcracker.*" 11/27 through 1/3. $10 to $80; for an additional $20, ticket-holders can have a holiday photo taken with a character from the ballet. For tickets and information, call 870-5570.

Arias, Abbreviated—"Opera-in-Brief for the Family," a more-or-less-monthly series, presents *I Pagliacci.* Ninety-minute productions weave narrative and musical highlights, without skimping on sets and costumes. 11/21 at 11:30. **AMATO OPERA**, 319 Bowery, corner of 2nd St. (228-8200). $12. ●

Black Beauty—**THEATREWORKS**' musical—with book and lyrics by Mindi Dickstein—follows the life of a horse whose lofty aspirations are sometimes cut to size by the increasing dominance of the automobile. Based loosely on the novel by Anna Sewell. Recommended for kids ages 6 to 11. 11/21, 11/22, 11/28, and 11/29 at 12:30. Shows are approximately an hour in length. The Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Single tickets are $18.50.

Big Little Top—In **BIG APPLE CIRCUS**'s show *Happy On!,* legendary British ringmaster Norman Barrett ushers in his own delightfully absurd budgerigar act. No one sits farther than 50 feet from the sawdust, but be warned—those of you in the first couple of rows risk getting pulled into the ring. The circus tent is pitched at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center (307-4100) through 1/10. Tickets are $12–$58.

Ariel's Bubbles—The Little Mermaid's underwater escapades would seem to lend themselves especially well to Disney's now-familiar routine of repackaging its animated blockbusters for the ice. Figure skaters dressed as cartoon characters weave among enormous sets to a reconfigured soundtrack of the movie, while 24-foot fish puppets "swim" above. 11/17 to 11/22 at **NASSAU COLISEUM**, 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, New York; 11/24 through 11/30 at **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA**, 50 Route 120, East Rutherford, New Jersey. For tickets, call 212-307-7171. (Bring a new unwrapped toy to donate to Toys for Tots.) $13.50–$40.

Holiday Stage—Six sheep, three camels, two donkeys, and a Norwegian reindeer have set up housekeeping in midtown Manhattan for cameo appearances in the ever-popular **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** Christmas Spectacular. Through 1/3 (five Spanish-language performances are given 1/1 through 1/3). Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (247-4777 for information; 307-1000 for tickets). $27–$72. Kenny Rogers appears in a new musical he cowrote called *Christmas From the Heart,* with a dozen original songs—some of which you may have heard lately on the radio. **BEACON THEATER**, Broadway at 74th St. (307-7171). 11/18 through 1/3. $19–$69. Roger Daltry stars as Ebenezer Scrooge in a musical adaptation of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol.* The production boasts the largest theatrical set ever. Even in this city of superlatives, it's a claim no one seems to dispute. 11/27 through 12/27. **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza (307-7171). $19–$58.

Care to Dance?—The second of the season's bargain-priced **CARNEGIE HALL** family concerts, "Dances Around the World," includes "Holts's Jig" from St. Paul's Suite, a Haydn minuet, and Dvorák's Slavonic Dance No. 1, op. 46. Come an hour early to see members of the American Bolero Dance Company demonstrate several dances and hear storyteller Charlotte Blake Alston. Afterward, admission is free to a related 3:30 screening at the Museum of Television and Radio. 11/21 at 2. 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $5. ●

Global Warming—The Seventh Annual International Children's Television Festival at **THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO** begins this week with a program called "Musical Maniacs" that pairs watching with doing. Kids make their own music with percussionist David Pleasant before watching music-related television programming on a big screen. Included on the program are "Famous Fred" (from Wales) and a Danish short about a cat and a bird who dream they are in love to the strains of the Ella Fitzgerald–Louis Armstrong duet "Dream a Little Dream of Me." Intended for an audience of 5-to-10-year-old children, all festival programs are either in English, dubbed in English, or wordless. 11/21 and 11/22. The festival runs weekends through 12/13. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6000). Free with admission to the museum; suggested donation $6, $4 for seniors and students, $3 for children under 13.

To Your Health—Families can enroll in free or low-cost health insurance at a carnival sponsored by Community School District 15 and the Children's Defense Fund—New York. 11/21 from noon to 4 at P.S. 390, 47th St. between Third and Fourth Aves., Brooklyn. For further information, call 212-233-4000. ●●

She Won't Grow Up—Two-time Olympic gymnast Cathy Rigby returns to Broadway this week to play the lead in a musical production of J. M. Barrie's 1902 classic *Peter Pan*—for the third time. 11/20 through 1/3. **MARQUEE THEATRE**, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100). $25–$75.

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids
Patricia Falvo
Movies
Sam Grobart
Sports
Nick Meyer
In Concert
Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio
John Leonard
Television
Edith Newhall
Art
Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants
Stephanie Saulmon
Online
Jennifer Senior
Theater
Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Performance

The Ruses of Enchantment

The grisliest scene of all in the Young Vic's collection of Grimm Tales at the New Victory Theater, according to director Tim Supple, is "probably when one sister gets her toes cut off and the other is forced by her mother to cut off her heel to try to squeeze into the shoe." Not so bad, you might think, as watching a young girl eaten alive by a wolf (in "Little Red-Cap") or seeing the same wolf being sent to a torturous death by having heavy stones packed into his belly. But the foot-chopping scene in "Ashputtel," an early German version of "Cinderella," is especially horrifying to audiences, according to Supple, because they're expecting the daintier tale that's been bowdlerized by everyone from Doré to Disney. The six stories and a riddle—some of which will be familiar from their later versions—are told by eight actors playing fluidly changing roles, on a round stage with the audience seated on all sides. Quirky instruments—a hurdy-gurdy, a dulcimer, an mbira—and the simplest of costumes are all meant to conjure the power these stories once had to hold people of all ages around a flickering fire. Will malicious stepsisters and cruel furry animals send New York tots cowering under their seats? London's critics reported that on their side of the Atlantic, youngsters—who have been treated to two such collections of Grimm stories—howled with delight, taking enormous pleasure in seeing the stepsisters turned into statues doomed to watching their sister's happiness eternally, among other delicious comeuppances. Unlike the kind of dramas that do give kids nightmares, these Grimm stories never seem to be a slice of reality. Clearly, instead, as Supple puts it, "this is life as we feel it, not as it is." Which is probably just as well. **BARBARA ENSOR**

Photograph by Trimstam Kenton.

in concert

Constance Hauman at the 92nd Street Y

Classical Music

Tuesday, November 17

Sydney Symphony Orchestra—Performs the New York premiere of Koehne's *Elevator Music,* Strauss's *Symphonia Domestica,* and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat Major, with pianist Christian Zacharias. Edo de Waart, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Chamber Music Society—Performs the New York premiere of Rochberg's *Eden: Out of Time and Out of Space,* Boccherini's Quintet for Guitar and Strings in G Major, and Dvorák's Sextet for Two Violins, Two Violas, and Two Cellos in A Major. With guitarist Eliot Fisk. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 7:30; $25–$35.*

Wednesday, November 18

New York Philharmonic—Performs a "Rush Hour Concert" of Strauss's *Alpine Symphony.* Christian Thielemann, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 6:45; $14–$73.*

Collegiate Chorale—Performs Haydn's *Te Deum,* and Mozart's *Requiem* and *Exsultate, jubilate,* with soprano Pamela Coburn, mezzo Mary Ann Hart, tenor Gregory Cross, and others. Accompanied by the Orchestra of St. Luke's and conducted by Robert Bass. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$75.*

Romanesca—Violinist Andrew Manze, theorboist Nigel North, and harpsichordist John Toll perform *Phantasticus,* a program of seventeenth-century Italian, Austrian, and English music. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Thursday, November 19

New York Philharmonic—Performs Schuman's *Song of Orpheus,* with cellist Carter Brey, and Strauss's *Alpine Symphony.* Christian Thielemann, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

Samuel Ramey, Bass, and Warren Jones, Piano—Perform works by Handel, Duparc, Saint-Saëns, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$70.*

William Bolcom, Piano, and Joan Morris, Mezzo—Perform songs by Gershwin and Youmans. *Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

Friday, November 20

New York Philharmonic—See 11/19, at 2.

New York Pops—Performs a program of Brazilian music, with vocalist Susannah McCorkle, and flutist Paula Robison. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Saturday, November 21

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs works by Diamond, Shostakovich, Riegger, and Bizet, with cellist Daniel Lee. Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 11/19.

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs a family concert featuring dances by Dvorák, Haydn, Strauss, and others. André Raphel Smith, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $5.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Constance Hauman, Soprano, and William Vendice, Piano—Perform "Exiles in Paradise," a program of songs by Brecht, Weill, Schoenberg, and others, accompanied by commentary and film clips. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

Sunday, November 22

New York Chamber Symphony—See 11/21, at 5.

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Mozart's Coronation Mass, Raymond H. Chenault, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8:30; $16–$65.*

Dawn Upshaw, Soprano, and Richard Goode, Piano—Perform works by Schumann, Debussy, Strauss, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$60.*

Kyung-Wha Chung, Violin—Performs Schubert's Sonatina in A minor, Bartok's Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano, and Schumann's Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano in D minor. With pianist Itamar Golan. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $15–$35.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Aida,* 11/17 at 8; Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro,* 11/18 and 11/21 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème,* 11/19 at 8 and 11/21 at 1:30; Puccini's *Tosca,* 11/20 at 8; and Verdi's *La Traviata,* 11/23 at 8. Luciano Pavarotti will perform a 30th Anniversary Gala concert, featuring excerpts from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore,* Puccini's *La Bohème,* and Verdi's *Aida,* 11/22 at 3. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 11/17 at 7:30, 11/20 at 8, and 11/22 at 1:30; Verdi's *Rigoletto,* 11/18 at 7:30 and 11/21 at 8; and Floyd's *Of Mice and Men,* 11/19 at 7:30 and 11/21 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs a double bill of Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci,* 11/21 at 7:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Dance

Garth Fagan Dance—Performs *Nkanyit, Two Pieces of One: Green,* and other Fagan works, 11/17–11/21 at 8 and 11/22 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

BAM Next Wave Festival—A performance of Chandralekha's *Raga—In Search of Femininity,* combining yoga, martial arts, and traditional Eastern and Western dance techniques, 11/18, 11/20, and 11/21 at 7:30, and 11/22 at 3. *Majestic Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music (718-636-4100); $15–$40.*

Kathleen Cruz and Obkdance—Perform *Concrete & Soil,* five new dances by Cruz and Olasebikan Freeman, 11/20 at 9 and 11/21 at 8. *Westbeth Theater, 55 Bethune St. (924-0077); $12.*

651, An Arts Center—Presents "Dance and Spiritual Life," featuring the Bebe Miller Company performing Miller's *Blessed,* Urban Bush Women in Jawole Zollar's *Transitions,* and Dianne McIntyre and dancers in McIntyre's *Love Poems to God,* 11/21 at 8. *Opera House, Brooklyn Academy of Music (718-636-4181); $15–$35.*

Previews By the Numbers

In the game of musical chairs that is the cast of the Met's 'La Traviata,' at least one role has been decided. This Monday, Argentine accountant turned tenor Marcelo Álvarez will make his Met debut as Alfredo in Franco Zeffirelli's new production (see 'Opera').

Photograph by Janusz Kawa.

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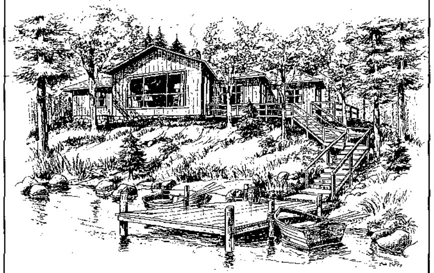

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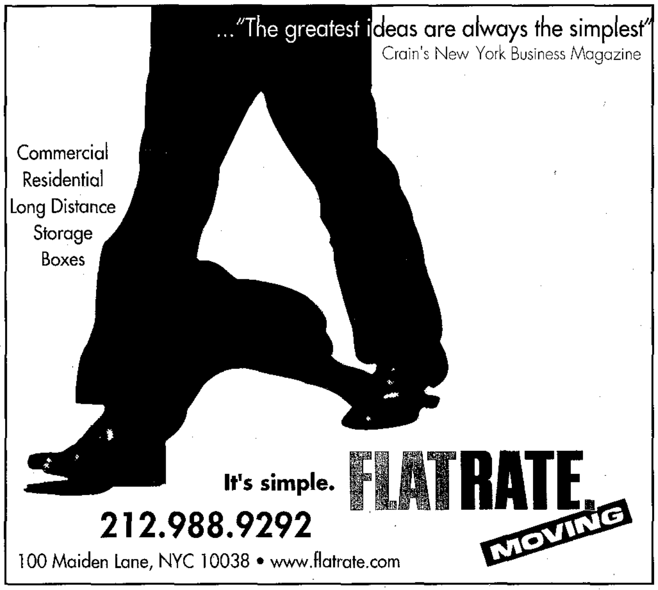
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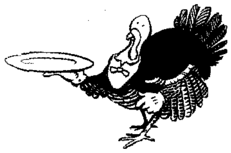

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Cosmopolitan, Playful, Intelligent—Beautiful, liberal, creative Catholic lady, emotionally and financially secure, witty, healthy, kind professional seeks strong and gentle male equivalent. Traveling world or in nice hometown, haven't met you - my soul mate. Am 40/look 35. If you are happy, responsible and looking for the "real thing", please call/write. 6152 ✉ ☎

Urbane Manhattanite—Jewish male, 50s, supportive, curious, communicative, creative - enjoys life's pleasures and diversions. Seeks slim, (212) companion for what may come. Photo/note. 6100 ✉

Pretty—Slender, sensual, stylish, smart, secure "sweetheart" seeks best friend/lover for life, with good-looking, fit, refined, romantic, 50s, "nice guy". 6130 ✉☎

South Florida Retired Judge—Now a partner in a prominent law firm, 41, handsome, Jewish, 6'2", athletic and in great shape, fantastic sense of humor, kind, passionate, loves romantic dinners, holding hands, and lives a "first-class life style". I have gone scuba diving in Australia, explored Europe and have *traveled throughout the world. I have* accomplished all of my professional and financial goals. Now I would like to meet my soul mate, lover and best friend so that *we can share our exciting lives together.* Seeking a truly exceptional, classy and pretty woman, 21-38, affectionate, highly educated and accomplished (JD/MD/MBA type), who is ready to be appreciated, loved and really enjoy all the best life has to offer. Note/photo/phone. 6133 ✉

What If...—A strikingly beautiful, tall, smart, spiritually aware, 5'8", very youthful, athletic, 42, world-traveling woman with a successful private practice met you: a healthy, adventurous, youthful, 38-48, nonsmoking, emotionally and financially fit man who is open to a deeply loving union with room for individuality? Photo, please. 6135 ✉ ☎

Sensuous Strawberry Blond—CPA/businesswoman, highly educated, Jewish, slim, 5'7", with great legs, seeks her *male counterpart, 45-54 - divorced or* widowed preferred, kids okay. Must have a lively sense of humor, be adventurous, passionate and ready to become my best *friend, lover and soul mate.* Note/phone. Photo optional. 6011 ✉ ☎

Dyke Of My Dreams, Where Are You?—Fun-loving, accomplished, white, professional, at 50 seeks courting and romance with spunky, nonsmoking, successful, baggage-free woman of substance. Note of introduction/recent photo, please. 6197 ✉

Handsome International Businessman—Seeking very pretty, sexy, stylish young lady, 22-32, college-educated - long walks on the beach, candlelight dinner, travel and great times. Photo/phone. 6118 ✉☎

Nice-Looking Man—Professional, warm, youthful, trim, 5'10", 57 - seeks a down-to-earth, stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. I love the arts, music, films, travel...or just a good conversation. Photo, please. 6150 ✉

Professional Man—Late 60s (looks younger), slim, fit, nice-looking, warm, witty, affluent, seeks pretty, slim, well-educated woman, 55-60, to share a good life. Note/photo, please. 6126 ✉

Attractive, Sophisticated Gentleman—Seeks cultured lady for love, laughter and adventure. She is 40ish and athletic; has traditional values; enjoys cooking in as much as going out; wants to love again. He is a man of substance and integrity, world-traveled, interested in the arts, multilingual, inventive, spontaneous, fun-loving; and seeks a long-term relationship. Photo. 6190 ✉

Recovering Mime—Talking one day at a time. Slim, attractive, divorced 51-year-old male. *Poison Ivy-educated,* itching for a good time. A well-developed sense of rhythm, with a passion for the great indoors. Enjoys movies, music, *dining out and long walks - all at the* same time. Seeks warm, caring lady to be my playmate and share life's adventures, i.e. - taxi rides and subways. Let's talk. Note and photo, please. 6165 ✉

Established But Irreverent—Producer/entrepreneur, seeks funky steady girlfriend (and more) with beauty, heart, brains and sense of humor, 30-35. Me: 48, tall, thin, handsome, in-shape, uptown/downtown, live in NYC and London, down-to-earth, emotionally and financially independent, no kids. You: a classic beauty who is comfortable in your own skin, in many worlds, and with me. Photo a must. 6131✉

Looking For A Nice Touch—45-year-old, white, very active male - enjoys fine dining, East End and NYC activities... very spontaneous, down-to-earth. Looking *to find a dream with a special woman,* to share the same goals and ideals. Children okay, with option for more. No head games apply. Picture. 6082 ✉

Gay White Male—45, busy executive, 6'1", gym shape, in search of quality man, 25-35. I am grounded, focused, creative and funny. Please be educated, sincere, masculine and athletic. Let's have fun traveling, dining, biking and enjoying the arts. Photo/note. 6199 ✉

Real Man Seeks Real Woman—Handsome, passionate, successful ad exec, 45, seeks beautiful, sexy, independent woman, 30-35, for intimate long-term relationship. Photo a must. 6079 ✉

New Age Male—Seeking his soul mate. I'm a nonpracticing Jewish, successful entrepreneur. Athletic, good-looking and loves tennis, golf and seminars. You must be 40ish, a nonsmoker, slim, fit and pretty, and wake up happy to be alive. Current picture; Manhattan or LI. 6116✉

Wealthy Only—I am a very beautiful, intelligent, affluent 35-year-old woman who is not afraid to laugh, love and be honest. Seeking a single, wealthy, 45-plus gentleman who likes to enjoy life to the fullest. Note, please. 6141 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Wild Chestnut Hair—Dreamy hazel eyes, brainy beauty with winning smile, into health, fitness, ballet and the arts. Seeks dynamic, highly successful professional man over 40. 6151 ✉ ☎

First Mate—Adorable, successful, charming Manhattanite looking for a captain, 50ish, upbeat, adventurous, ready to ride the waves. Photo. 6114 ✉

Fascinating, Passionate Brunette—Young 50, stylish, witty, spirited, successful professional. Seeks worldly, intellectually alive, warm man. 6177✉☎

Attentive, Romantic Guy—31, Jewish, 5'8". Outgoing, articulate, educated, affectionate. Enjoys irreverent humor (South Park/Stern). Ready for a relationship and to share my home and all the pleasures that life has to offer. Nonsmoker. Child/animal lover a plus. Exchange photo. 6106 ✉ ☎

Clark Seeks Lois—A caring, handsome prominent surgeon with rock-solid values, razor-sharp, clear mind/heart of gold, multifaceted, 5'10", lean, 43 - seeks refined, kind woman under 37 for glowing, sparkling romance, family. Phone/photo necessary. No Kryptonite. 6184✉☎

Extraordinary And Gorgeous—Black (you need not be) female, 30s, 5'6", 115 lbs, chic, elegant, professional, successful, *athletic (tennis, running), seeks 37-plus,* fit, financially secure male for dining, dancing, romance and all that is wonderful forever. Photo/note/phone. 6096✉

Your Appearance—(Lovely, very fit, shapely, 27-37) will captivate me when we meet, but afterward, your accomplishments, warmth, worldliness and unpretentiousness will inspire depth. A tall, slim, fine-looking, adventurous, intense but lovable, youthful, single white male, 41, will return kindness, integrity, professional and artistic achievement, lifestyle, lively fireside chats and sailing. Photo appreciated. 6171 ✉

Handsome, Easygoing—Divorced Jewish male, 57, seeks caring woman for sincere relationship. Photo a must. 6162 ✉

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Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

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310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Gay White Female—Late 40s, feminine, youthful, stylish, intelligent, looking for 40s, feminine, attractive woman who truly wants to feel close. 6149 ✉ ☎

Tall, Blond And Very Attractive—Successful professionally, with a wide range of interests. Seeking a man, 48-58, who is also accomplished, intellectual, capable of intimacy and, like me, is passionate about hiking, biking, the arts, music, travel, great restaurants and Italian cooking. Would also like someone who can kick back and relax. Note/photo appreciated - but will also respond to phone messages. 6173 ✉ ☎

Miles On Murphy Brown—Seeks Corky for marriage and children. 37-year-old investment banker is looking for a woman who likes to wake up at twelve noon, to work out at the spa, shop for designer clothes, eat gourmet food and travel the world. You'll help my business and charities. Photo/phone a must. 6127 ✉

Man Of Quality—Seeks woman of equality. Happy, divorced, tall, handsome Jewish financier, two great kids, 41, (212), with heart, integrity and zest for life, seeks counterpart. Note/photo/phone, please. 6181 ✉

Gorgeous, Classy, Sexy, English—Female, slim, blond, late 40s, affectionate, bright and easy to be with - seeking same, plus laughter and love in tall, secure, successful man for serious relationship. Workaholic welcome but be prepared to make some time to play. 6107 ✉ ☎

Long Legs And Hair—Pretty, arty therapist, 5'7", fit, 47, seeks kind, sexy, successful, previously married Jewish man for long-term relationship. 6155 ✉

Now I Am Ready—To share and enjoy life with a kind, amusing, supportive friend. I'm in my 50s, rather glamorous, work as a model and performer, love family life and domestic life, love music, cooking and animals. Marriage not important. I am financially secure. You should be too. Love to see a photo. 6084 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 6202 ✉

Bottom Line—Very pretty, slim, 5'4" brunette, 50, professional, financially secure; many interests, love NY and the country; genuine and fun-loving, with a twinkle in my eye and salsa in my soul. Looking for a kind, handsome, fit, 5'8"-plus, 45-55, sociable, financially successful soul mate with similar life style. Manhattan a must. Send note with photo. 6117 ✉

Early 40s White Male—Very successful and generous, looking for very pretty white female, 20-28, model type. Please send note and photo. 6157 ✉

Courageous—Athletic, iron worker, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs, blond, blue eyes, Woody Harrelson look-alike, seeks pretty, slim, athletic, sincere sidekick (26-32) for romantic and adventurous times. Recent photo/note. 6170 ✉

Slender Professional Woman—With a great sense of humor, into long relaxing weekends, travel, the arts, yoga, dining out, coffee and cooking. Looking for an upbeat, successful man, 35-45, who doesn't take life too seriously. 6136 ✉

Brooklyn—Retired professor, 60, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, liberal Catholic, owns huge beach house near subway, reads a lot. Seeks retired lady. 6073 ✉

Gringo Doc—Handsome, fit, 42, seeks caliente Latina, 21-35, for romance, salsa and amistad. Note/photo. 6167 ✉ ☎

Fit, Funny, Facile—Widowed Jewish professional, 62, seeks bright, upbeat, trim and attractive, emotionally and financially secure female counterpart for long-term relationship. Note/photo, please. 6087 ✉

Irish Ann-Margret Look-Alike—Seeks handsome, successful, strong, mature man (young 45-55). Share outdoor activities, family times, travel, Lincoln Center magic, friendship, romance and commitment (yoga and meditation a plus). Photo/note. 6198 ✉

Lovely, Latin MBA, Ad Exec—Shapely, leggy, 5'10" honey blond, sparkling brown eyes, wit and charm - seeks 6' plus, professional Christian gentleman, financially and emotionally sound, 40-50, fit, fun and ready to passionately tango through life! Interests range from NFL to opera; from tennis and scuba to gardening; from homemade pasta to Sacher torte in Vienna. If you have strong, open arms and heart to lead this dance, please send note/photo/phone. 6071 ✉

Seeking Fun, Romance And Family—40-something guy - keeps mind, body, heart and spirit in balance. Wants to meet a special, 30-something lady who is easy on the eyes and gentle on the soul. I offer integrity, intelligence, laughter and affection. Note/photo. 6153 ✉

Wishes Come True—With romance, sizzle, passion. Others say this 50, smokeless, tall, Jewish, blue-eyed gent with a 9-year-old girl is handsome. You're that head-turning, tall, slim, worldly, 38-45 woman who loves great food, dancing, '40s music, movies and life. Together we can turn our sizzle to steak. Photo/phone. 6122 ✉

Sleek Redhead—Playful, artsy, athletic, seeks trim, urban lion tamer, 48-58, for sane romp through life's jungle. 6110 ✉

Sweet, Smart—Gym-trim brunette, 25, 5'3", in finance, loves going out or staying in. Seeks 25-29, professional, Christian man with wit, character. Note/phone/photo. 6187 ✉

Leading Man To Play Opposite—Stylish, attractive, blue-eyed Jewish woman. Act II: Role requires quality man, 60s. She loves NYC, Berkshires, travel. Make her laugh, the part is yours. Note/photo. 6160 ✉

Gay White Male—Nice looking, fit, 43, 6'1", 185, brown hair/blue eyes. Creative professional, funny, emotionally secure. Looking for that certain "chemistry". Photo/note a must. 6124 ✉ ☎

Searching For Sir Galahad—65-76. By spiffy, cultured, attractive professional woman. NY and Massachusetts. 6180 ✉ ☎

Holiday Cheer—Join this successful, single Jewish male, 43, never married, 5'8", for the holiday season and beyond. I seek an intelligent, attractive female, 31-43, for happily ever after. Note/photo. 6115 ✉

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

A Little Picky!—Seeking mensch, 63 plus, who can still drive, walk, talk... Me? Widow, bright, slim, pretty, 5'4", professional, romantic, caring, fit, funny. Love earth, arts. Hate lonely. Paramus. 6168 ✉

Let's Plan Our Winter Vacation—39-year-old Jewish male, surgeon specialist, 5'11", warmest heart, charismatic smile, athletic (tennis, golf, running), dynamic, seeks upbeat, positive, thin, attractive, wonderful woman, 20-mid 30s, to simply share a life. Bio/photo. 6175 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Fun Female—Who hasn't had a date in 15 years! Newly single, tall, 41, great career, filled with energy, passion and love. Looking for soul mate, 35-55. Note/photo/phone, please. 6125 ✉

You Want To Have A Baby—And the father to be handsome, fit, caring, social and interested in marrying and loving you. I am 48, 5'10", a lawyer. You are pretty, slim, social and relaxed. Full photo. 6185 ✉

Former Southern Beauty Queen—Ivy grad, now successful NY media producer, mid 40s, 5'8", still slim, fit and lovely. Seeks successful, confident man, 50 plus. Note/photo. 6140 ✉ ☎

Rebecca DeMornay Look-Alike—Warm-hearted, fun-loving, intelligent, very successful, fit, down-to-earth, 37. Been around the world and have extensive interests from athletics to the arts. I now want to build a long-term relationship including children with a like-minded, successful, generous, solid, loving, optimistic man who is an unencumbered nonsmoker and who has good values and also loves and appreciates life's adventures. Photo/note. 6104 ✉ ☎

If You Don't Take A Chance...—You don't stand a chance. Brainy, sincere, elegant, very attractive (40, 5'7"), very athletic (avid skier, tennis player, runner), well-traveled, cultured Jewish professional, seeks very intelligent, optimistic, tactful, cosmopolitan, successful gentleman. Honesty, sincerity, kindness and sense of humor are important. 6148 ✉

Successful, Attractive NYC MD—Practicing Catholic, intelligent, caring, early 40s, seeks kindred spirit, i.e., family-minded, attractive woman with traditional values, early 30s. Photo/phone. 6075 ✉

Recipe For Angel Cake—Mix one slim, sexy, single white female, 30s, creative professional, fun and open attitude, seeking missing ingredient. Please be attractive, single white male, 36-45, fit, financially secure, with sense of humor. Are you the one to make my cake rise? 6128 ✉

NYMessage

Alone For Thanksgiving?—50s-70s.
Let's meet for cozy dinner, warm talk.
917-882-8963

Seeking A Very Pretty Blond—Blue-eyed Russian ballerina. We saw each other about three years ago in NYC. She was living in Brooklyn - had come here from Estonia when USSR collapsed. Have interesting news, but misplaced your telephone number. Please ask her to contact Herb. 6090 ✉

THE WORLD'S A
BETTER PLACE
WITH YOU IN IT!
DNL
Happy First Birthday

High Return On Investment—In this classy, blue-eyed, blue-chip lady - pretty, clever, independent, physically fit, Jewish. You're bright, accomplished, sexy, 50-55 years young. Let's enjoy a concert, an opera, and make our own music as well. Photo/note/phone. 6172 ✉

Athletic, Attractive Professional—Male, 38 - who enjoys the arts, traveling and quiet moments - seeking an attractive, vibrant professional female, 26-35, with a sense of humor and similar interests, who is ready for fun, friendship and possibly more. Note, photo and phone. 6097 ✉ ☎

Actress - Bright And Warm—Wants a healthy, grown-up, fit man, 55-65. 6113 ✉

Gay Male, Ivy Grad—Sane, kind, shy, successful, very fit, 43. Seeks same for lifetime romance. Photo/note. 6159 ✉

Absurdly Soulful—Hippie type - PhD, 41, seeks slim, sexy woman-child. 6102 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Sincere—6' gentleman, dentist, 42. Seeks pretty, kind, intelligent lady. Photo/bio. 6089 ✉

Beautiful Chinese Lady—Fit, tall, 36, seeks marriage-minded white male. 6156 ✉

Single White Male—55, handsome, passionate, loves golf in NY, skiing in VT, cooking in, eating out, reading and exercising. Looking for intelligent, attractive, athletic, nonsmoking, nice woman. Photo/note essential. 6166 ✉

CT Female, Italian-American—35, young-looking, pretty, fit, never-married, seeks sincere, attractive male for committed relationship. Note/photo. 6191 ✉

Jewish Male—Seeks Japanese-Jewish female to live, love, laugh. 6179 ✉

Sexy, Stunning, 5'10" Blond—Kind, caring, accomplished Jewish female seeks extraordinary, upscale man who is highly accomplished, generous, professional, extremely financially secure, 6' and over, 39-58, for commitment leading to marriage. 6076 ✉ ☎

The Best Is Yet To Come—And that's me! I am a Jewish, North Shore LI woman who is attractive, sophisticated, professional, fun-loving and adventurous. You are as curious as I am, 50-65, intelligent, interesting, informed and imaginative, who has a passion for love, life, laughter and a woman who is slender, sexy and beautiful inside/out. Monogamous and commitment minded. Note/recent photo. 6182 ✉

For Wonderful Life—Elegant lady, 5'6", slender, educated, passionate, fun, seeks gentleman, 50-65, kind, interesting, well-educated, generous of spirit. Photo. 6146 ✉

Professional, Attractive, Spanish Lady—5'3", slim, late 40s, looking for an attractive, professional white gentleman, early 50s, for monogamous relationship. 6193 ✉

Wild Thing—Outdoorsy Westchester exec, nonreligious, handsome, 48, 5'11", 160, works NYC, seeking a happy, slim, white/Asian lady who loves nature, the arts, and would love to start a family. Photo, please. 6132 ✉

Great Catch—Attractive, vibrant, intelligent, sensual, honest, accomplished, divorced Christian woman is looking for a successful professional for best friend, lover and forever. Sailing, traveling, sports, the arts, are a few of my interests. I am 5'4", 118, dark hair and eyes and a very young 46. Most importantly, I am a kind, loving person who wants to share this wonderful world with someone. Please be a nonsmoker. 6178 ✉ ☎

Male—62, 5'10", white, divorced, trim, athletic, good-looking, light-hearted, dependable, dancing, sports, MBA, hate Gingrich. My sweetheart: warm, sociable, bright, pretty, curvy, stylish, college, active, adorable, like holding hands, nature, music and movies. 6111 ✉

CT/NYC - Teacher—44, slim, 5'4", blond, green eyes, youthful, fit, Protestant, seeks honest man, 40-50, who enjoys exercise, travel, movies, concerts, history and exploring, for caring relationship. Note/photo. 6077 ✉

Handsome And Financially Secure—Asian Indian executive and investor, 46, (looks 36) - seeks pretty and intelligent female. Phone/photo. 6112 ✉

Teddy Bear Stuffed With Kindness—Sought by divorced Jewish female, 47, Modern Orthodox. Please be divorced/widowed Jewish male, Modern Orthodox, healthy, nonsmoker, intelligent, family-oriented, fun-loving, 45-55. 6091 ✉

Jet-Setting Heiress—Pretty, outdoorsy, upbeat, funny, 40, 5'5", 115, seeking a cerebral, stable, curious, well-rounded man with humor and gullibility. 6194 ✉ ☎

Christian Professional Male—44, financially independent, believes in understated elegance and strength of character. Seeks an equally independent female (prefer 30s) with no children, for friendship, marriage... and possibly children(?). Letter. 6139 ✉

European Architect—5'11"/45, handsome, athletic, very observant, good sense of humor, seeks very attractive, sexy, witty, bright woman under 40. 6186 ✉ ☎

Curvaceous And Vivacious Blond—Beautiful Manhattanite with a head for business, a zest for life, a heart of gold. If you, too, are a special someone - a young 45-60ish, successful and love to laugh, dream and play - please take the time to say hello. A sexy mind a plus. Phone/photo. 6081 ✉ ☎

Irish Cutie—5'1", 108 lbs, 40, divorced, athletic, old-fashioned, easygoing with no children, seeks white professional male, 5'8" or taller, 36-45, to share life's pleasures. Prefer LI. Photo/note. 6161 ✉ ☎

Smile!!!—Very successful dentist/corporate CEO, very handsome, 6', 175 lbs, in great shape - loves dancing, sports and travel. You're 5'5" plus, 35-45, very attractive, fit and willing to take this world by storm. Photo appreciated. 6095 ✉ ☎

Two Sparks Make A Fire—Lively, attractive blond, Manhattan Jewish widow, 65, seeks caring, trim, nice-looking, nonsmoking man for meaningful, warm relationship. Recent photo. 6164 ✉

Romeo—Very handsome lawyer, ex-model, 6'2", 39, Jewish, warm, fun-loving, seeks Juliet, 21-36. Photo a must. 6144 ✉ ☎

Successful, Creative VP—Boyish, handsome, adventurous...seeks exciting, bright, very pretty, trim, single white female, 40-49 - forever young together. Photo a must. 6070 ✉ ☎

Southern Belle—Seeking an active, sincere and financially secure man, mid 30s-40s, for meaningful relationship. I am a black, intellectual, brown-eyed beauty, cultured, athletic, mid 30s, who enjoys travel and fun. Note/photo, please. 6109 ✉

Curvy Beauty—Divorced, Jewish, 5'6", 125, brunette, 41, seeks nonsmoking male under 51. Note/photo. 6196 ✉

Marathon Man—I am a 5'8", 144 lb, good-looking, youthful 53, Jewish Ivy PhD, who summers (and winters) at the Jersey Shore. I seek a best friend to share beach runs, movies, travel, vegetarian dinners, Manhattan and more. You are an attractive, athletic, slender, nonsmoking woman under 45, who is down-to-earth, with an easy laugh. Photo appreciated. 6129 ✉

Handsome MD—41, athletic, down-to-earth, honest and caring, would like to meet a sensitive and caring female for dating and hopefully marriage. 6142 ✉

Sweet, Bright, Pretty, Petite—Chinese professional, 40 - loves music, city, cultural and traditional values. Seeks very successful, soft-spoken gent, 40-50s, 5'7"-5'11", who is caring, flexible, marriage-minded; enjoys theater, travel and laughter. NY/nearby. Photo. 6068 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome, Divorced—40 plus, educated, successful entrepreneur. Favorite things include NY art museums, skiing, tennis, travel, and most of all just laughing and hanging out with a best friend. Photo a must. 6121 ✉

I'm The One—Smart, real pretty author, Ivy, mom, 42, 5'3", 115, witty, warm, brave, pianist, looking for smart, attractive, successful guy who gets and has life. Pix/note - will reciprocate. 6158 ✉ ☎

Bright—Casual, youthful, boyish male, with quirky sense of humor, financially stable, seeks calm, self-possessed female who gets along well, shapely, ready to start a family. 6163 ✉ ☎

Tall, Beautiful Blond—Blue-eyed attorney seeks tall, smart, handsome male counterpart, 35-59. Christian/Catholic faith a plus. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 6188 ✉

Decent Guy—Single white male, 36, 5'9", 175, Wall Street professional, attractive, intelligent, no baggage. In search of attractive, single/divorced white female, 28-35. Must like museums, parks, travel and positive thinking. No games. Note/photo. 6189 ✉ ☎

Mensch, 64—Seeks wit/fit, keen/civic, zestful/puckish Ms. POB 171, NY 10028

Lovely Asian Gem (Truly Kissable)—Caring, worldly MD, artistic dancer, fine chef. Seeks: 36-46, handsome, cerebral, athletic, successful, generous. 6192 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Dynamic—Professional woman, seeks passionate man of substance, with similar qualities, to share life's joy. 45-55. Note/photo. 6099 ✉

Ski Partner Wanted—35, very pretty Jewish female, 5'5", 130, loves biking, camping, boating, world travel, movies. Seeks Jewish male nonsmoker to enjoy good times. Luv2ski44@aol.com Photo. 6078 ✉ ☎

Gay Older Man—Straight-acting, well-educated, athletic, secure, fun-to-be-with, seeks Bi/Gay younger man under 50, masculine, healthy, honest, for visits, on-going friendship. 6195 ✉

Let's Hear Wedding Bells—Professional male, Jewish, sincere, kind, fun, loving, with traditional values, seeks down-to-earth female, 36-42. Photo. 6074 ✉

Classy, Pretty, Fun-Loving—Sexy, petite, Jewish, educated and divorced, seeks classy, upscale, Jewish, communicative man for best friend, love forever. Manhattan only. 45 plus. Note/photo. 6120

Cerebral Jewish Man—40s, deeply into giving, likes everyday life to revolve around keeping a sensual lady fully spoiled. Seeking long-term link-up with privately assertive lady professional. 6108 ✉ ☎

Forget Leaping From Tall Buildings—Just make me laugh! Pretty, slim, fit, zany but grounded attorney, seeking eclectic man (46-56) of substance and integrity (even attorneys like integrity), who is stable, emotionally secure and open; enjoys cuddling, long kisses, conversation, friends, the Knicks, and weekend city strolls. Note/photo, please. 6072 ✉

Wanted: Jewish Cerebral Jock—Who is extremely successful, funny, down-to-earth and ready for next fall's wedding, by this wanton journalist, 37, beautiful, creative, powerful and funny. 6098 ✉ ☎

Culture Vulture—My passions include jazz, WBGO, theater, film, dining out, friends, beach. Very pretty, witty, 37, 5'2", petite blue/blond, health-care exec. Seek handsome, intelligent, professional and fit man, 35-45, with similar interests, great sense of humor. Soul mate and playmate. Glass half-full. Note/photo. 6143 ✉

Bicoastal Doc To Pro Athletes—Handsome, wealthy, widowed, 42, seeks beautiful, sensual younger lady, 21-28, for travel, romance, finer things in life. Note/photo. 6169 ✉ ☎

Jewish Southern Belle—Pretty, 43, 5'7", 120, classy, athletic, seeks classy guy for love and marriage. 6088 ✉

Partner Wanted—I'm tall, handsome, very successful, Jewish, divorced, 50, easygoing, very flexible and highly educated. You are very attractive, shapely, 32-45, have a positive attitude and love to laugh. Photo, please. 6147 ✉ ☎

All I'm Missing—Is a picture of you on my desk. I'm 34, 5'3", pretty, sweet, thin and fit, with a great sense of humor. This single Jewish professional female from NJ is looking to meet a handsome, intelligent, sincere, single Jewish professional male for a lifetime of love and devotion. Photo, please. 6103 ✉

Wanted: 50s Female Wasp—City and country, by male New Yorker. 6154 ✉

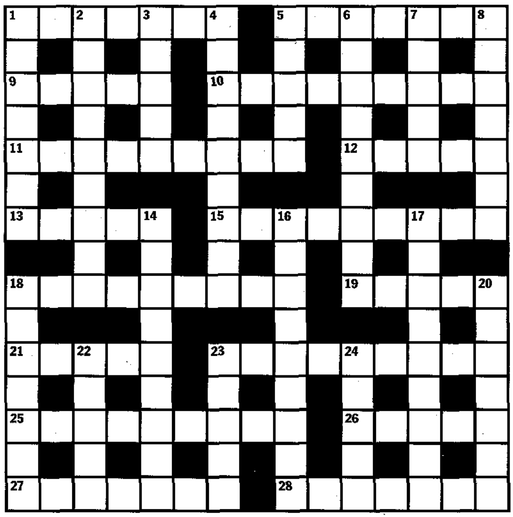
Dance On The Edge Of Atitlan—Beautiful blond, smart, slim, 43, wants to share adventurous travel and other passions with partner of exceptional intellect and integrity, whose life is now. Sailing, flying, skiing, opera, discussions of NY Times controversies a plus. 6134 ✉ ☎

Cat Woman, Snow White—Seductive, adroit, 40s, Ivy, creative director, dancer's body, seeks erotic, high-caliber, fit humanitarian. 6123 ✉ ☎

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Gain the utmost benefit from enterprise. (7)
5 Relative—an odious word! (7)
9 Card returned to a despicable man. (5)
10 Note for an alteration in the time. (9)
11 A cross on a church carpet. (9)
12 Fish taken tail-first by inexperienced novice. (5)
13 A bath can be invigorating—in all probability that's a unanimous feeling. (5)
15 Outspoken disapproval by builders about strike. (9)
18 Figure the class may be the only one of its kind. (9)
19 More mature, yet go hell for leather with little hesitation. (5)
21 Better Mediterranean holiday resort, right? (5)
23 Old soldiers aim to join the company. (9)
25 Having to do with imprisoned social worker being ashamed. (9)
26 A woman reading articles in French, Italian, and English. (5)
27 A plant's uprightness. (7)
28 Regret holding key information back, and withdraw. (7)



DOWN

1 Catches parents out. (7)
2 It's most important that boat carries a painter and medico. (9)
3 X used repeatedly. (5)
4 Yielding and giving up vehicle and furniture. (9)
5 Speak without qualification. (5)
6 The janitor's no casual worker! (9)
7 A drift reversed in Portugal. (5)
8 Put at a loss no more. (7)
14 These days the guy hires supporters. (9)
16 Ten trains are to be replaced immediately. (9)
17 A quiet bell-like sound which is found pleasing. (9)
18 A top man will get on within a month. (7)
20 Broadcast a tirade—quite wrongly. (7)
22 Cover over the chicken. (5)
23 He'll be sycophantic, but only till day-break. (5)
24 Many London shops display such material. (5)

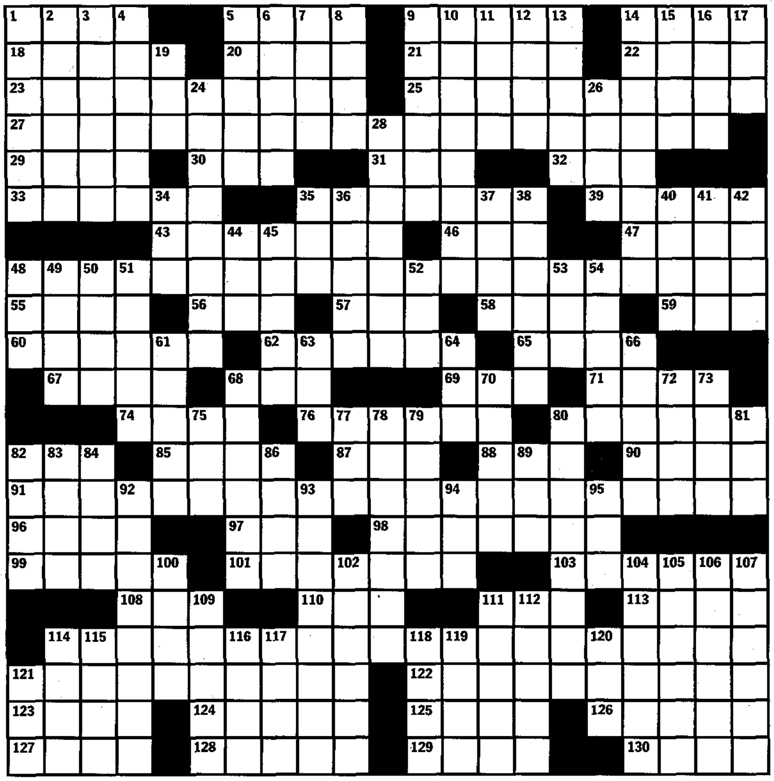
'Proverb': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

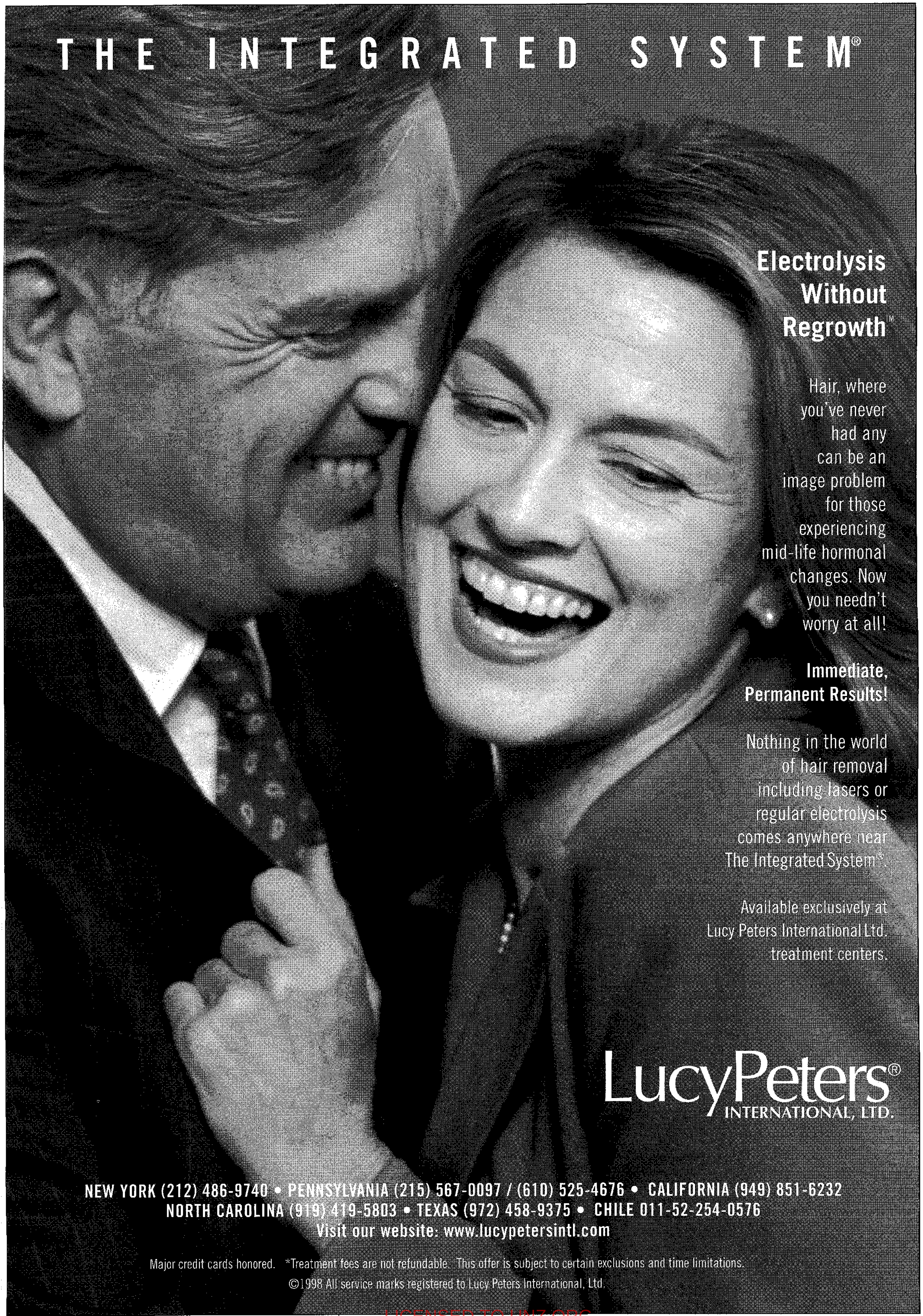
1 "Zip-——-Doo Dah"
5 Applaud
9 Leather band
14 Animation frames
18 Kewpies and Barbies
20 Brooklet
21 Recumbent
22 Melville adventure
23 Queenly second name
25 "Old Curiosity Shop" heroine
27 THE THEORY
29 Akron product
30 Employ
31 Shrieking sound
32 Room extension
33 Noisy sleeper
35 Local people unaffiliated with a college
39 "Old MacDonald" refrain
43 Beatle wife
46 Greek vowel
47 Amontillado container
48 THE THEORY: II
55 Bassoon's kin
56 Epoch
57 Beatty or Sparks
58 "The fat —— the fire"
59 Neptune's domain
60 Down-filled bedcovers
62 Abduct for ransom
65 Imprint on glass
67 Small combo
68 Tippler's oasis
69 Timothy Leary's drug
71 Chance-taking
74 Root used in poi
76 Previously: poetic
80 Damaged, as a fender
82 It gives a hoot
85 The Forsyte tale, e.g.
87 Fiscal sci.
88 Workmen's agcy. of the U.N.
90 Antelope's playmate
91 THE THEORY: III
96 "I can't believe —— the whole thing"
97 Madre's sister
98 "—— to Live," soap opera
99 One-dish meals
101 More irate
103 Take deep puffs
108 Gal of song
110 Hallow or velvet ending
111 Porker
113 City south of Moscow
114 THE PROVERB, with "The"
121 Forces a way through
122 Hawthorne's "The —— Face"
123 Designer of Art Deco fame
124 Remove errata
125 Caesar's conquest
126 Mosaic maker
127 Prison, British-style
128 Christmas costume
129 Chaplin's son, et al.
130 These hear

DOWN

1 Customizes
2 Completely exhausted
3 La corrida beast
4 Amorous runaway
5 Ship's staffs
6 Limber
7 Voice below soprano
8 Defendant's statement
9 Abdominal region
10 More crafty
11 "Goodbye, Columbus" author Philip
12 Poker chip-in
13 Martinique volcano
14 Clash of interests
15 Ostrich look-alike
16 Lounge about
17 After fa
19 Part of R.S.V.P.
24 Compulsions, phobias, etc.
26 Literary Gardner
28 Done over on a loom
34 Needle opening
35 Nursery-schooler
36 —— off (sporadically)
37 Kit for small articles
38 Talked back
40 Announcement from the kitchen
41 Understanding comment
42 Gumbo ingredient
44 Cassis apéritif
45 Port of Japan
48 "Le —— d'Or," 1907 opera
49 Adjoin
50 Opposite of blanc
51 Ignited again
52 Actress Lupino
53 Took the hook
54 Pierre's ink
61 Drink to
63 Dubliner's land: abbr.
64 Arafat's org.
66 Believer in Siva
68 Capital of Colombia
70 Eddy, as a whirlpool
72 Goblet feature
73 Retain
75 Stadium yell
77 VCR reverse button
78 Reverberating
79 Not a soul
80 Combat between planes
81 Towel off
82 Redding of rhythm and blues
83 "How's that again?"
84 Overdue
86 "It's —— to Tell a Lie"
89 Aloha gift
92 Current-events film
93 Most gung-ho
94 Word with Lingus, at JFK
95 Stimpy's TV pal
100 Table staple
102 Moses' obstacle
104 Make helpless, in a way
105 Anatomical ring of color
106 Parner of Loewe
107 Brand of glue
109 Ancient harps
111 Pen name: abbr.
112 Slanted lettering, for short
114 Antitoxins
115 Golden-rule preposition
116 Theda of the silents
117 "I'd consider —— honor"
118 Future chickens
119 Cafeteria tote
120 N.Y. winter time abbr.
121 Cribbage piece



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 99.



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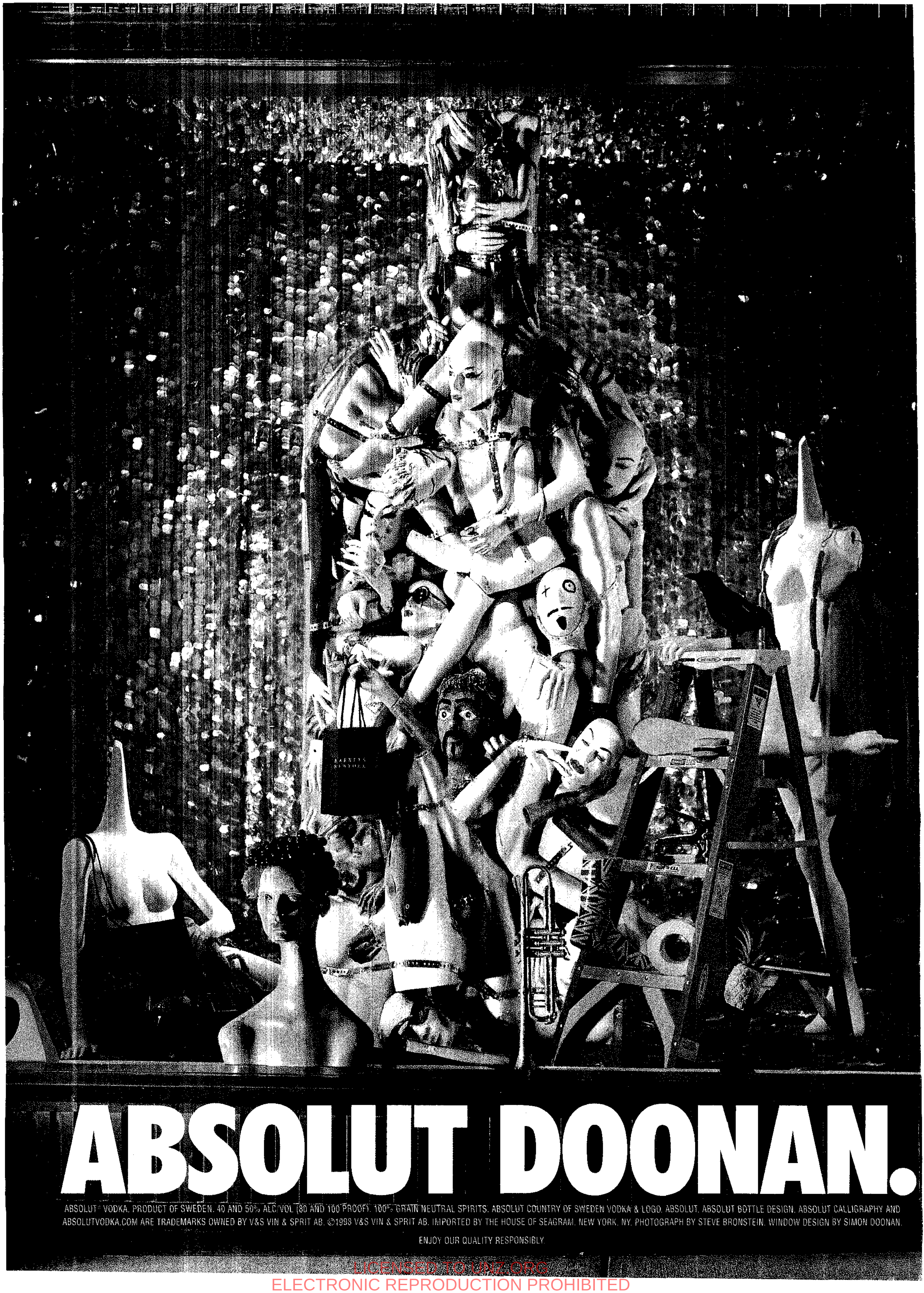

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